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SHAKESPEARE'S LIBRARY.

PART II.—VOL. II.

—o—

THE THIRD PART OF HENRY VI.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

KING LEAR. TIMON OF ATHENS.

TAMING OF A SHREW.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY
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Shakespeare's Library

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PLAYS ROMANCES NOVELS POEMS AND HISTORIES

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SHAKESPEARE

IN THE COMPOSITION OF HIS WORKS

With Introductions and Notes

SECOND EDITION

CAREFULLY REVISED AND GREATLY ENLARGED

The Text now First formed
from a New Collation of the Original Copies

VOLUME THE SIXTH

LONDON
REEVES AND TURNER 100 CHANCERY LANE W.C.
1875

THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

EDITION.

The True Tragedie of Richard[1] *Duke of Yorke, and the Death of Good King Henrie the Sixt, with the whole contention betweene the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants.* Printed at London by P. S.[2] for Thomas Millington, *and are to be solde at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwal.* 1595. 8°.

[1] This play is only divided from the former, says Dr Johnson, for the convenience of exhibition; for the series of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two scenes of any play more closely connected than the first scene of this play with the last of the former.

[2] Peter Short, the same person who printed the first edition of "Henry IV.," which appeared in 1598.



The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the good King Henry the Sixt.

—o—

Enter RICHARD *Duke of* YORKE, *The Earle of* WARWICKE, *The Duke of* NORFFOLKE, *Marquis* MONTAGUE, EDWARD *Earle of* MARCH, *Crookeback*[1] RICHARD, *and the yong Earle of* RUTLAND,[2] *with Drumme and Souldiers, with white Roses in their hats.*

War. I WONDER how the King escapt our hands.

Yorke. Whilst we pursude the horsemen of the North,
He slilie stole awaie and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike eares could neuer brooke retrait
Charged our maine battels front, and therewith[3] him

[1] The edition of 1619 inserts "then" before this word.

[2] This may be a mistake, or, what is more likely, inserted in the old copies as is usual at the commencement of an act, where names of characters are introduced that do not actually come on till afterwards. The present scene is in London, but Rutland first appears at Sandall.

[3] The edition of 1619 reads "there with." Either form was indiscriminately used, and instances of both may be found in

Lord Stafford and Lord Clifford all abrest
Brake in and were by the hands[1] of common Souldiers[2] slain.

Ed. Lord Staffords father Duke of Buckinghame,
Is either slaine or wounded dangerouslie,
I cleft his Beuer with a downe right blow:[3]
Father that this is true behold his bloud.

Mon. And brother heeres the Earle of Wiltshires
Bloud, whom I encountered as the battailes ioind.

Rich. Speak thou for me and tell them what I did.[4]

York. What[5] is your grace dead my L. of Summerset?

Nor. Such hope haue all the line of Iohn of Gawnt.

Greene's "Planetomachia," 1585. This would have been scarcely worth noticing, had not Mr Knight quoted the variation.

[1] The edition of 1619 reads "th' hands."

[2] The inconsistency of this with a previous scene, where York kills Clifford, I have already mentioned. The present account appears more consonant with history, though it ought to be mentioned that the commentators do not agree on this point.

[3] This phrasë also occurs twice again below.

[4] It is evident, says Mr Knight, that Richard here either points to the body of Somerset, or throws down his head. There is a stage direction to this effect in the amended play. This appears to be an anachronism; for at the time of the first battle of St Albans, at which Richard is represented in the last scene of the First Part to have fought, he was, according to Malone, not one year old, having been born at Fotheringay Castle, October 21st, 1454. At the time to which the third scene of the first act of this play is referred, he was but six years old; and in the fifth act, in which Henry is represented as having been killed by him in the Tower, not quite seventeen. See Malone's "Shakespeare" by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 366.

[5] The folio of the amended play reads "but," which has a contemptuous force scarcely implied by the old reading, which, however, was adopted by Malone. Mr Collier and Mr Knight have judiciously adopted the reading of the folios.

Rich. Thus doe I hope to shape king Henries head.
War. And so do I victorious prince of Yorke,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster vsurpes,
I vow by heauens[1] these eies shall neuer close.
This is the pallace of that fearefull king,
And that the regall chaire? Possesse it Yorke:
For this is thine and not king Henries heires.
York. Assist me then sweet Warwike, and I wil:
For hither are we broken in by force.
Nor. Weele all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks gentle Norfolke. Staie by me my Lords,
And souldiers staie you heere and lodge this night:
War. And when the king comes offer him no
Violence, vnlesse he seek to put vs out by force.
Rich. Armde as we be, lets staie within this house!
War. The bloudie parlement shall this be calde,
Vnlesse Plantagenet Duke of Yorke be king
And bashfull Henrie be deposde, whose cowardise
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leaue me not my Lords: for now I meane
To take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor him that loues him best,
The proudest burd[2] that holds vp Lancaster.
Dares stirre a wing if Warwike shake his bels.[3]

[1] The edition of 1619 reads "heaven," which is also the reading of the amended play.

[2] The amended play reads "he," which scarcely carries out the allegory sufficiently.

[3] The allusion is to falconry. The hawks had sometimes *little bells hung upon them*, perhaps to *dare* the birds; that is, to fright them from rising. See Malone's "Shakespeare" by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 368.

Ile plant Plantagenet : and root him out who dares ?
Resolue thee Richard : Claime the English crowne.

Enter king HENRIE *the sixt, with the Duke of* EXCESTER, *The Earle* of NORTHUMBERLAND, *the Earle of* WESTMERLAND *and* CLIFFORD, *the Earle of* CUMBERLAND, *with red Roses in their hats.*

Kin. Looke Lordings where the sturdy rebel sits,
Euen in the chaire of state : belike he meanes
Backt by the power of Warwike that false peere,
To aspire vnto the crowne, and raigne as king.
Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy father.
And thine Clifford : and you both haue vow'd reuenge,
On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.

North. And if I be not, heauens be reuenged on me.

Clif. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What ? shall we suffer this, lets pull him downe
My hart for anger breakes, I cannot speake.

Kin. Be patient gentle Earle of Westmerland.

Clif. Patience is for pultrouns such as he[1]
He durst not sit there had your father liu'd ?
My gratious Lord : here in the Parlement,
Let vs assaile the familie of Yorke.

North. Well hast thou spoken cosen, be it so.

Kin. O know you not the Cittie fauours them,
And they haue troopes of soldiers at their becke ?

Exe.[2] But when the D. is slaine, theile quicklie flie.

[1] So all the early editions. The second folio of the amended play, "and such is he." Steevens says the second folio reads, "and such *as* he," which may have been the case in his copy. That belonging to me reads as above.

[2] In the amended play this speech is given to Westmoreland, but Theobald and other editors have returned to the reading of the original drama. I do not exactly see the absolute necessity for the change. Westmoreland had been speaking just before, and Henry's address to Exeter may be considered accidental.

Kin. Far be it from the thoughtes of Henries hart,
To make a shambles of the parlement house.
Cosen of Exeter, words, frownes, and threats,
Shall be the warres that Henrie meanes to vse.
Thou factious duke of Yorke, descend my throne,
I am thy soueraigne.

York. Thou art deceiu'd : [1] I am thine.

Exe. For shame come downe he made thee D. of Yorke.

York. Twas [2] my inheritance as the kingdome is.

Exe. Thy father was a traytor to the crowne.

War. Exeter thou art a traitor to the crowne.
In following this vsurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his naturall king.

War. True Clif. and that is [3] Richard Duke of Yorke.

Kin. And shall I stande while thou sittest[4] in my throne?

York. Content thy selfe it must and shall be so.

War. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

[1] This is omitted in the amended play, and Mr Knight thinks the rejection "assuredly weakens the passage." This is scarcely the case, if York be supposed to speak the remaining words energetically, and, as Mr Collier justly observes, it is perfectly consonant with the metre. It was perhaps rejected because the same expression occurs immediately afterwards. If it had been retained, we should have had a repetition of the same sentence within a very few lines of each other.

[2] The amended play reads "it was," although modern editors, with the exception of Mr Knight, have unnecessarily returned to the old reading. In the same line we have "earldom" in the amended play, instead of "kingdom." Mr Knight reads, "Twas *mine* inheritance."

[3] It is curious to notice the variations in the different editions. That of 1619 reads "and that's," the first folio reads "that's," and the second folio "and that's." Thus, if modern editors had gone to the edition of 1632, they might have been saved the trouble of referring to the old copies. Mr Collier reads "that is;" but, though agreeing with the metre, where is the authority?

[4] The two editions of 1600 and 1619 read "sitst."

West. Why? he is both king & Duke of Lancaster,
And that the Earle of Westmerland shall mainetaine.
War. And Warwike shall disproue it. You forget
That we are those that chaste you from the field
And slew your father, and with colours spred,
Marcht through the Cittie to the pallas gates.
Nor. No Warwike I remember it to my griefe,
And by his soule thou and thy house shall rew it.
West. Plantagenet of thee and of thy sonnes,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, Ile haue more liues,
Then drops of bloud were in my fathers vaines.
Clif. Vrge it no more, least in reuenge thereof,
I send thee Warwike such a messenger,
As shall reueng his death before I stirre.
War. Poor Clifford, how I skorn thy worthless threats.
York. Wil ye we shew our title to the crowne,
Or else our swords shall plead it in the field?
Kin. What title haste thou traitor to the Crowne?
Thy father was as thou art Duke of Yorke,[1]
Thy grandfather Roger Mortimer earle of March,
I am the sonne of Henrie the Fift who tamde the French.
And made the Dolphin stoope, and seazd vpon their
Townes and prouinces.
War. Talke not of France since thou hast lost it all.
Kin. The Lord protector lost it and not I,
When I was crownd I was but nine months old.

[1] This is a mistake, according to Malone. The father of Richard, Duke of York, was Earl of Cambridge, and was never Duke of York, being beheaded in the life-time of his elder brother, Edward, Duke of York, who fell in the battle of Agincourt. The first folio of the amended play reads, "My father," which is probably an error of the press.

Rich. You are[1] olde enough now and yet me thinkes you lose,
Father teare the Crowne from the Vsurpers head.
Ed. Do so sweet father, set it on your head.
Mon. Good brother as thou lou'st & honorst armes,
Lets fight it out and not stand cauilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets & the king will fly.
York. Peace sonnes:
North. Peace thou and giue king Henry leaue[2] to speake.
Kin. Ah Plantagenet, why seekest[3] thou to depose me?
Are we not both[4] Plantagenets by birth,
And from two brothers lineallie discent?
Suppose by right and equitie thou be king,
Thinkst thou that I will leaue my kinglie seate
Wherein my father and my grandsire sat?
No, first shall warre vnpeople this my realme,
I and our colours often borne in France,
And now in England to our harts great sorrow
Shall be my winding sheete, why faint you Lords?
My titles better farre than his.
War. Proue it Henrie[5] and thou shalt be king?
Kin. Why Henrie the fourth by conquest got the Crowne.
York. 'Twas by rebellion gainst his soueraigne.

[1] The edition of 1619 reads "Y'are." The amended play agrees with our text.

[2] It is "leauē" in the original.

[3] The edition of 1619 reads "seek'st.

[4] This repetition does not occur in the editions of 1600 and 1619.

[5] The second folio (1632) reads, "*But* prove it Henry," which addition appears authorised, if not necessary, by the previous line:—

"But, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?"

Kin. I know not what to saie my titles weake,
Tell me maie not a king adopt an heire?
War. What then?
Kin. Then am I lawfull king. For Richard
The second in the view of manie Lords
Resignde the Crowne to Henrie[1] the fourth,
Whose heire my Father was, and I am his.
York. I tell thee he rose against him being his
Soueraigne, & made him to resigne the crown perforce.
War. Suppose my Lord he did it vnconstrainde,
Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the Crowne?[2]
Exe. No, for he could not so resigne the Crowne,
But that the next heire must succeed and raigne.
Kin. Art thou against vs, Duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
Kin. All will reuolt from me and turne to him.
North. Plantagenet for all the claime thou laist,
Thinke not king Henry shall be thus deposde?
War. Deposde he shall be in despight of thee.
North. Tush Warwike, Thou art deceiued? tis not thy
Southerne powers of Essex, Suffolke, Norffolke, and of Kent,[3] that makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke vp in despight of me.
Clif. King Henrie be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vowes to fight in thy defence.

[1] The edition of 1600 reads, "Henerie," and this is important, because it clearly proves that Malone was right in saying this word was frequently used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries as a trisyllable. In the present line the metre requires it.

[2] That is, to the prerogative of the crown. Dr Johnson proposes to read "prejudicial to his son," but the amendment does not appear necessary, and the doctor had probably forgotten that Richard II. left no issue.

[3] The edition of 1619 omits the word "of," and the amended play reads, "nor of Kent."

Maie that ground gape[1] and swallow me aliue,
Where I do kneele to him that slew my father.
Kin. O Clifford, how thy words reuiue my soule.
York. Henry of Lancaster resigne thy crowne.
What mutter you? or what conspire you Lords?
War. Doe right vnto this princelie Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

Enter Souldiers.

And ouer[2] the chaire of state where now he sits,
Wright vp his title with thy vsurping bloud.
Kin. O Warwike, heare me speake.
Let me but raigne in quiet whilst[3] I liue.
York. Confirme the crowne to me and to mine heires
And thou shalt raigne in quiet whilst thou liu'st.
Kin. Conuey the souldiers hence, and then I will.
War. Captaine conduct them into Tuthill fieldes,
Clif. What wrong is this vnto the Prince your son?
War. What good is this for England and himselfe?
North. Base, fearefull, and despairing Henry.
Clif. How hast thou wronged both thy selfe and vs?
West. I cannot staie to heare these Articles. [*Exit.*[4]
Clif. Nor I, Come cosen lets go tell the Queene.

[1] So in Phaer's translation of the Fourth Æneid:—

"But rather would I wish the *ground* to *gape* for me below."

This quotation is given by Steevens.

[2] The second folio reads, "o'er," generally adopted, but apparently not an improvement. Mr Knight has judiciously restored the reading of the first folio.

[3] The edition of 1619 reads, "while."

[4] In the edition of 1619, this stage-direction is erroneously placed at the end of Clifford's speech.

North. Be thou a praie vnto the house of Yorke,
And die in bands for this vnkingly[1] deed. [*Exit.*

Clif. In dreadfull warre maist thou be ouercome.
Or liue in peace abandon'd and despisde. [*Exit.*

Exe. They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeeld my Lord.

Kin. Ah Exeter?

War. Why should you sigh my Lord?

Kin. Not for my selfe Lord Warwike, but my sonne.
Whom I vnnaturallie shall disinherit.
But be it as it maie: I heere intaile the Crowne[2]

[1] The edition of 1619 reads, "unkindly," and the amended play, "unmanly."

[2] The following account is taken from MS. Rot. Harl. C. 7 Membr. 4, *dorso*: "On halmesse evyn, abowt thre after noyne, comyn into the Comowne Howus, the Lordys spiritual and temporal, excepte the Kyng, the Duk of York, and hys sonys; and the Chawnceler reherset the debate had bytwyn owre soveren Lord the Kyng and the Duk of York upon the tytelys of Inglond, Fraunce, and Lordschep of Erlond, wyche matter was debat, arguet, and disputet by the seyd lordes spiritual and temporal byfore owre soveren Lord and the Duk of York long and diverse tymys. And at the last, by gret avyce and deliberacion, and by the assent of owre soveryn Lord and the Duc of York, and alle the lordes spiritual and temporal ther assemelyd by vertu of thys present parlement, assentyt, agreyt, and accordyt, that our sovereyne Lord the Kyng schal pessabylly and quyetly rejoys and possesse the crowne of Inglond and of Fraunce, and the Lordchip of Irlond, with al hys preemynences, prerogatyves, and liberteys during hys lyf. And that after hys desese the coroun, etc., schal remayne to Rychard Duk of York, as rythe inheryt to hym and to hys issue, praying and desyring ther the comownes of Inglond, be vertu of thys present parlement assemylet, to comyne the seyd mater, and to gyff thereto her assent. The whyche comyns, after the mater debatet, comynt, grawntyt, & assentyt, to the forseyd premisses. And ferthermore was granted and assentyt, that the seyd Duk of York, the Erl of March, and of Rutlond, schul be sworne that they schuld not compas ne conspyrene the kynges deth, ne hys hurt duryng hys lyf. Ferthermore the forseyd Duk schulde be had, take, and reportyt as eyr apparent prince and ryth inheryter to the crowne aboveseyd.

To thee and to thine heires, conditionallie,
That here thou take thine oath,[1] to cease these ciuill
Broiles, and whilst I liue to honour me as thy king and
Soueraigne.

York. That oath I willinglie take and will performe.

War. Long liue king Henry. Plantagenet embrace him?

Kin. And long liue thou and all thy forward sonnes.

York. Now Yorke and Lancaster are reconcilde.

Exe. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes,
[*Sound Trumpets.*

York. My Lord Ile take my leaue, for Ile to Wakefield,
To my castell.[2] [*Exit Yorke and his sonnes.*

War. And ile keepe London with my souldiers.
[*Exit.*

Nor. And Ile to Norffolke with my followers.
[*Exit.*

Mon. And I to the sea from whence I came. [*Exit.*

Ferthermore for to be had and take tresoun to ymagine or compas the deth or the hurt of the seyd Duk, wythe other prerogatyves as long to the prince and eyr parawnt. And ferthermore the seyd Duk and hys sonys schul have of the kyng yerly ten thousand marces, that is to sey, to hemself five thousand, to the Erl of Marche three thousand, the Erl of Rutland two thousand marces. And alle these mateyrs, agreyd, assentyt, and inactyt by the auctoritie of thys present parlement. And ferthermore, the statutes mad in the tyme of Kyng Herry the Fowrth, whereby the croune was curtaylet to his issu male, utterly anullyd and evertyth, wyth alle other statutes and grantys mad by the seyd Kynges days, Kyng Herry the fift, and Kyng Herry the sixte, in the infforsing of the tytel of Kyng Herry the Fourth in general."

[1] The edition of 1619 reads, "an oath," which agrees with the amended play.

[2] That is, Sandal Castle, near Wakefield. Our poetical readers may not think it irrelevant to be referred to Mr Leatham's pleasing poem on this venerable ruin.

Enter the Queene and the Prince.

Exe. My Lord here comes the Queen, Ile steale away.

Kin. And so will I.

Queene. Naie staie, or else I follow thee.[1]

Kin. Be patient gentle Queene, and then Ile staie.

Queene. What patience can there?[2] ah timerous man,
Thou hast vndoone thy selfe, thy sonne, and me,
And giuen our[3] rights vnto the house of Yorke.
Art thou a king and wilt be forst to yeeld?
Had I beene there, the souldiers should haue tost
Me on their launces points, before I would haue
Granted to their wils. The Duke is made
Protector of the land: Sterne Fawconbridge[4]

[1] The editions of 1619 reads, "Ile," and the amended play, "I will."

[2] The editions of 1600 and 1619 read, "What patience can there be?"

[3] The edition of 1600 reads, "ouer."

[4] So, in Marlowe's "Edward II:"—

"The haughty Dane *commands the narrow seas.*"

The person here meant was Thomas Nevil, bastard son to the Lord Fauconbridge, "a man," says Hall, "of no lesse corage then audacitie, who for his euel condicions was such an apte person, that a more meter could not be chosen to set all the worlde in a broyle, and to put the estate of the realme on an yl hazard." He had been appointed by Warwick vice-admiral of the sea, and had in charge so to keep the passage between Dover and Calais, that none which either favoured King Henry or his friends should escape untaken or undrowned: such at least were his instructions with respect to the friends and favourers of King Edward, after the rupture between him and Warwick. On Warwick's death, he fell into poverty, and robbed friends and enemies indiscriminately. After various excesses, one of which was an attempt on the metropolis, he was taken at Southampton, and beheaded. He is called "pyratum ad marem" in MS. Cotton. Nero, B. i. fol. 61. Ritson says he was beheaded at Southampton; but Warkworth's "Chronicle," p. 20, gives a different account. See the "Paston Letters," ii. 82.

Commands the narrow seas. And thinkst thou then
To sleepe secure? I heere diuorce me Henry
From thy bed, vntill that Act of Parlement
Be recalde, wherein thou yeeldest to the house of Yorke.
The Northen[1] Lords that haue forsworne thy colours.
Will follow mine if once they see them spred,
And spread they shall vnto thy deepe disgrace.
Come sonne, lets awaie and leaue him heere alone.

Kin. Staie gentle Margaret, and here me speake.

Queene. Thou hast spoke too much alreadie, therefore be still.

King. Gentle sonne Edwarde, wilt thou staie with me?

Queene. I, to be murdred[2] by his enemies. [*Exit.*

Prin. When I returne with victorie from the field,[3]
Ile see your Grace, till then Ile follow her. [*Exit.*

Kin. Poore Queene, her loue to me and to the prince
Her sonne,
Makes hir in furie thus forget[4] hir selfe.
Reuenged maie shee be on that accursed Duke.
Come cosen of Exeter, staie thou here,
For Clifford and those Northern Lords be gone
I feare towards Wakefield, to disturbe the Duke.

Enter EDWARD, *and* RICHARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

Ed. Brother, and cosen Montague, giue mee leaue to speake.

Rich. Nay, I can better plaie the Orator.

Mon. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

[1] So in the original for "Northern."

[2] The edition of 1619 reads "murdered."

[3] The first folio reads, "to the field." It is corrected in the second folio, and therefore Malone had no need to recur to the older copies.

[4] The edition of 1619 reads, "thus to forget."

Enter the Duke of YORKE.

York. Howe nowe sonnes what at a iarre amongst your selues?

Rich. No father, but a sweete contention,[1] about that which concernes your selfe and vs, The crowne of England father.

York. The crowne boy, why Henries yet aliue,
And I haue sworne that he shall raigne in quiet till His death.

Ed. But I would breake an hundred othes to raigne one yeare.[2]

Rich. And if it please your grace to giue me leaue,
Ile shew your grace the waie to saue your oath,
And dispossesse king Henrie from the crowne.

Yorke. I prethe Dicke let me heare thy deuise.

Rich. Then thus my Lord. An oath is of no moment
Being not sworne before a lawfull magistrate.
Henry is none but doth vsurpe your right,
And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath.
Then noble father resolue your selfe,
And once more claime the crowne.

[1] Mr Knight observes this speech is printed as prose in the edition of 1595, but it is also so printed in the two later editions of 1600 and 1619. I do not, therefore, understand Mr Knight's note, for I do not think it could be arranged as verse by any ingenuity. Let the reader try. The amended play reads, "a *slight* contention," which Theobald, with his characteristic fondness for alteration, changed for the old reading. Mr Collier judiciously deprecates this system. In this case, the amended reading seems on many accounts preferable. Richard wishes to explain that they are not quarrelling, and he accordingly says it is only *a slight contention*.

[2] See the passage in the amended play, and Upton's "Critical Observations on Shakespeare," ed. 1748, p. 301. Edward's notions of right in such cases had been anticipated by Cicero:—

"Nam si violandum est jus, regnandi gratia
Violandum est."

Yorke. I, saist thou so boie? why then it shall be so.
I am resolued to win the crowne, or die.
Edward, rhou[1] shalt to Edmund Brooke Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
Thou cosen Montague, shalt to Norffolke straight,
And bid the Duke to muster vppe his souldiers,
And come to me to Wakefield presentlie.
And Richard thou to London straight shalt[2] post,
And bid Richard Neuill Earle of Warwike
To leaue the cittie, and with his men of warre,
To meete me at Saint Albons ten daies hence.
My selfe heere in Sandall castell will prouide
Both men and monie to furder our attempts.
Now, what newes?

Enter a Messenger.[3]

Mes. My Lord, the Queene with thirtie thousand men,
Accompanied with the Earles of Cumberland,

[1] So the original copy, for "thou." A similar instance has previously occurred. See p. 440, vol. v.

[2] So all the editions; but Mr Knight reads "shall," a change for the worse.

[3] In the folio of 1623, it is "Enter Gabriel," which Mr Collier thinks was the name of the actor of the part. There was a player of the name of Gabriel Spencer in Henslowe's company in 1598, who was killed by Ben Jonson in September of that year. Heywood mentions him in the "Apology for Actors," p. 43, which, if Mr Collier had not corrected himself with respect to an entry in Henslowe's Diary, I should have read "Gabriel Singer," and not as it is printed in Mr Collier's edition. Possibly, says Mr Collier, he was one of the Lord Chamberlain's servants at an early date, when the third part of "Henry VI." was played, and, as the actor of the part of messenger, his name might be inserted in the MS. used for the Globe or Blackfriars' Theatre. See Collier's "Shakespeare," v. 240.

Nnrthumberland[1] and Westmerland, and others of the House of Lancaster, are marching towards Wakefield, To besiedge you in your castell heere.

Enter sir IOHN *and sir* HUGH MORTIMER.

Yorke. A Gods name, let them come. Cosen Montague post you hence: and boies staie you with me. Sir Iohn and sir Hugh Mortemers[2] mine vncles, Your welcome to Sandall in an happie houre, The armie of the Queene meanes to besiedge vs.

Sir Iohn. Shee shall not neede my Lord, weele meete her in the field.

York. What with fiue thousand souldiers vncle?

Rich. I father, with fiue hundred for a need, A womans generall, what should you feare?

York. Indeed, manie braue battels haue I woon In Normandie, when as the enimie Hath bin ten to one, and why should I now doubt Of the like successe? I am resolu'd. Come lets goe.

Ed. Lets martch awaie, I heare their drums. [*Exit.*

[1] So in the original, for "Northumberland." The edition of 1619 reads, "with others." Ritson says that the queen was not actually present at this battle, not returning out of Scotland till some little time afterwards. This insurrection, which the duke, not in breach of, but in strict conformity with, his oath to the king, and in discharge of his duty as protector of the realm, had marched from London to suppress, was headed by the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Northumberland, and the Lord Nevil, who, in direct violation of a mutual agreement, and before the day prefixed for the battle, fell suddenly upon the duke's army, and made him and Salsbury prisoners. Malone, however, appears to think that York did break his oath, and that so far the author of our play is right. (Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii. 386.)

[2] The edition of 1619 reads "Mortimer."

Alarmes, and then Enter the yong Earle of RUTLAND *and his Tutor.*

Tutor. Oh flie my Lord, lets leaue the Castell,
And flie to Wakefield straight.

Enter CLIFFORD.

Rut. O Tutor, looke where bloudie Clifford comes.
Clif. Chaplin awaie, thy Priesthood saues thy life,
As for the brat of that accursed Duke
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.
Tutor. Oh Clifford spare this tender Lord, least
Heauen reuenge it on thy head : Oh saue his life.
Clif. Soldiers awaie and drag him hence perforce :
Awaie with the villaine. [*Exit the Chaplein.*
How now, what dead alreadie? or is it feare that
Makes him close his eies?[1] Ile open them.

[1] The following account is given by Hall : "While this battaill was in fighting, a prieste called Sir Robert Aspall, chappelain and scole master to the yong erle of Rutlande, ij. sonne to the above named duke of Yorke, scace of the age of xij. yeres, a faire gentelman and a maydenlike person, perceivyng that flight was more savegard then tariyng, bothe for hym and his master, secretly conveyd therle out of the felde, by the lord Cliffordes bande, toward the towne, but or he could entre into a house, he was by the sayd lord Clifford espied, folowed, and taken, and by reson of his apparell, demaunded what he was. The yong gentelman dismayed, had not a word to speake, but kneled on his knees imploryng mercy, and desiryng grace, both with holding up his handes and making dolorous countinance, for his speache was gone for feare. Save him sayde his chappelein, for he is a princes sonne, and peradventure may do you good hereafter. With that word, the lord Clifford marked him and sayde : by Gods blode, thy father slew myne, and so will I do the and all thy kyn, and with that woord, stacke the erle to the hart with his dagger, and bad his chappeleyn bere the erles mother and brother worde what he had done and sayde. In this acte the lord Clyfford was accompted a tyraunt and no gentelman, for the propertie of the lyon, which is a furious and an unreasonable beaste, is to be cruell to them that withstande hym, and gentle to such as prostrate or humiliate themselfes before hym." Rutland also compares Clifford to the lion, a simile borrowed in all probability from Hall.

Rut. So lookes the pent vp Lion on the lambe,
And so he walkes insulting ouer[1] his praie,
And so he turnes againe to rend his limmes in sunder,
Oh Clifford, kill me with thy sword, and
Not with such a cruell threatning looke,
I am too meane a subiect for thy wrath,
Be thou reuengde on men, and let me liue.

Clif. In vaine thou speakest poore boy: my fathers
Bloud hath stopt the passage where thy wordes shoulde
enter.

Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it againe? he
is a
Man, and Clifford cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge sufficient for me.
Or should I dig vp thy forefathers graues,
And hang their rotten coffins vp in chaines,
It could not[2] slake mine ire, nor ease my hart.
The sight of anie of the house of Yorke,
Is as a furie to torment my soule.
Therefore till I root out that curssed line
And leaue not one on earth, Ile liue in hell therefore.

Rut. Oh let me praie, before I take my death.
To thee I praie: Sweet Clifford pittie me.

Clif. I, such pittie as my rapiers point affords.

Rut. I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill
mee?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But twas ere I was borne:[3]

[1] The edition of 1619 reads "o'er," which agrees with the amended play.

[2] The word "not" is accidentally omitted in Steevens's reprint of Pavier's edition.

[3] This is a chronological error. Rutland, according to Hall, was born in 1448, but certainly before the battle of St Alban's in 1455, when old Clifford was slain. It is necessary, however,

Thou hast one sonne, for his sake pittie me,
Least in reuenge thereof, sith[1] God is iust,
He be as miserablie slaine as I.
Oh, let be liue in prison all my daies,
And when I giue occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause? Thy Father slew my father, therefore Die.[2]
Plantagenet I come Plantagenet,
And this thy sonnes bloud cleauing to my blade,
Shall rust vpon my weapon, till thy bloud
Congeald with his, doe make me wipe off both.
[*Exit.*

Alarmes, Enter the duke of YORKE *solus.*

Yorke. Ah Yorke, post to thy castell, saue thy life,
The goale is lost thou house of Lancaster,
Thrise happie chance is it for thee and thine,
That heauen abridgde my daies and cals me hence,
But God knowes what chance hath betide my sonnes:
But this I know they haue demeand themselues,
Like men borne to renowne by life or death:
Three times this daie came Richard to my sight,
And cried courage Father: Victorie or death.
And twise so oft came Edward to my view,
With purple Faulchen painted to the hilts,[3]
In bloud of those whom he had slaughtered.[4]

in the conduct of the drama, to imagine him a mere child: yet when did child speak in the language of young Rutland?

[1] That is, since. This form of the word is very common in old writers.

[2] Clifford here kills young Rutland. The requisite stage-direction was first added in the edition of 1632.

[3] So in "Henry V.," act. iii. sc. 5:

"With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur."

[4] In the original, the letter "u" is blotted over, apparently done when originally printed.

Oh harke, I heare the drums! No waie to flie:
No waie to saue my life! And heere I staie:
And heere my life must end.

Enter the Queene, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and souldiers.*

Come bloudie Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchlesse furie to more bloud:
This is the But, and this abides your shot.
[Sig. B] *North.* Yeeld to our mercies proud Plantagenet.
Clif. I, to such mercie as his ruthfull arme
With downe right paiment lent vnto my father,
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his carre,
And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.
York. My ashes like the Phœnix maie bring forth
A bird that will reuenge it on you all,
And in that hope I cast mine eies to heauen,
Skorning what ere you can afflict me with:
Why staie you Lords? what multitudes and feare?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can flie no longer:
So Doues doe pecke the Rauens piersing tallents:
So desperate theeues all hopelesse of their liues,
Breath out inuectiues gainst the officers.
York. Oh Clifford, yet bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy minde orerun my former time:
And bite thy toung that slaunderst him with cowardise,
Whose verie looke hath made thee quake ere this.
Clif. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckle thee blowes twise two for one.
Queene. Hold valiant Clifford for a thousand causes,
I would prolong the traitors life a while.
Wrath makes him death,[1] speake thou Northumberland.
North. Hold Clifford, doe not honour him so much,
To pricke thy finger though to wound his hart:

[1] The editions of 1600 and 1619 and the amended play read "deaf."

What valure were it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand betweene his teeth,
When he might spurne him with his foote awaie?
Tis warres prise to take all aduantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach in warres.
[*Fight and take him.*
Clif. I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the gin.
North. So doth the cunnie struggle with the net.
York. So triumphs[1] theeues vpon their conquered Bootie: So true men yeeld by robbers ouermatcht.
North. What will your grace haue done with him?
Queen. Braue warriors, Clifford & Northumberland
Come make him stand vpon this molehill here,
That aimde at mountaines with outstretched arme,
And parted but the shaddow with his hand.
Was it you that reuelde in our Parlement,
And made a prechment of your high descent?
Where are your messe of sonnes to backe you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lustie George?
Or where is[2] that valiant Crookbackt prodegie?
Dickey your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutinies?
Or amongst[3] the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Looke Yorke? I dipt this napkin in the bloud,
That valiant Clifford with his rapiers[4] point,
Made issue from the bosome of thy boy.
And if thine eies can water for his death,
I giue thee this to drie thy cheeks withall.
Alas poore Yorke? But that I hate thee much,
I should lament thy miserable state?
I prethee greeue to make me merrie Yorke?
Stamp, raue and fret, that I maie sing and dance.

[1] Probably "triumph."
[2] The edition of 1619 reads "wher's."
[3] The edition of 1619 reads "mongst."
[4] The edition of 1600 reads "rapier."

What? hath thy fierie hart so parcht thine entrailes,
That not a teare can fall for Rutlands death?
Thou wouldst be feede I see to make me sport.
Yorke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a crowne.
A crowne for York?[1] and Lords bow low to him.
So: hold you his hands, whilst[2] I doe set it on.
I, now lookes he like a king?
This is he that tooke king Henries chaire,
And this is he was his adopted aire.
But how is it that great Plantagenet,
Is crownd so soone, and broke his holie oath,
As I bethinke me you should not be king,
Till our Henry had shooke hands with death,
And will you impale your head with Henries glorie,
And rob his temples of the Diadem
Now in this[3] life against your holie oath?
Oh, tis a fault too too[4] vnpardonable.

[1] Here Margaret places a paper crown on York's head. This also appears from "Richard III.," act. i. sc. 3.

> "The curse my noble father laid on thee,
> When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper."

Douce, who quotes this passage, reads "noble brows," but I do not know on what authority. According to history, the crown was not placed on York's head by Margaret.

[2] The edition of 1600 reads "while."

[3] Read "his."

[4] "Too-too" is one word, and ought to be so printed. According to Grose, it is still used in the North, "absolutely for very well or good," but Watson, in his "list of uncommon words used in Halifax," says it is "often used to denote exceeding," in which latter sense it is here used. Thoresby, in his Letter to Ray, 1703, has the word *toota* in a similar signification. See Hunter's "Hallamshire Glossary," p. 162, and Grose's "Provincial Glossary," ed. 1839, p. 168. See also the fifth volume, p. 440, where the same word occurs. It also occurs in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," act ii. sc. 2. "I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are *too-too* strongly embattled against me." The word is correctly printed in the first folio, but Mr Knight has divided it

Off with the crowne, and with the crowne his head,
And whilst we breath, take time to doe him dead.
Clif. Thats my office for my fathers death.
Queene. Yet stay: & lets hear the Orisons he makes.
York. She wolfe of France, but worse than Wolues of France:
Whose tongue[1] more poison'd then the Adders tooth:
How ill beseeming is it in thy sexe,
To triumph like an Amazonian trull
Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captiuates?
But that thy face is visard like, vnchanging,
Made impudent by vse of euill deeds:
I would assaie, proud Queene, to make thee blush:
To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,
Twere shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shamelesse.
Thy father beares the type[2] of king of Naples,
Of both the Cissiles and Ierusalem,
Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?
It needes not, or it bootes thee not proud Queene,

into two, while other editors generally only print one portion of the word. In the present case, Mr Knight has entirely misunderstood its meaning and force, placing a comma in the middle of this single word. See the "Library Edition of Shakespeare," vi. 291. In several other places, all the editors of Shakespeare, from the time of Rowe, have misunderstood the word. It would not be difficult to supply instances. Let the following suffice:—

> "O! that this *too-too* solid flesh would melt,
> Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew."—"Hamlet," act. i. sc. 2.

The word is not always printed in the early editions with a hyphen, but I have never met with an instance of a comma being placed in the middle of it in any of the four folios.

[1] The edition of 1619 reads "tongue's." In "Wily Beguilde," 1606, we have a similar line:—

> "Whose tongue more venome than the serpents sting."

[2] That is, the distinguishing mark.

Vnless the Adage must be verifide :
That beggers mounted, run their horse to death.[1]
Tis beautie, that oft makes women proud,
But God he wots thy share thereof is small.
Tis gouernment, that makes them most admirde,
The contrarie doth make thee wondred at.
Tis vertue that[2] makes them seem deuine,
The want thereof makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as opposite to euerie good,
As the Antipodes are vnto vs,
Or as the south to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygers hart wrapt in a woman's hide?[3]
How couldst thou draine the life bloud of the childe,
To bid the father wipe his eies withall,
And yet be seene to beare a womans face?
Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,
Thou indurate, sterne, rough, remorcelesse.
Bids thou me rage? why now thou hast thy will.
Wouldst haue me weepe? why so thou hast thy wish,
For raging windes blowes[4] vp a storme of teares,
And when the rage alaies the raine begins.
These teares are my sweet Rutlands obsequies,

[1] "Set a Begger on horsebacke, and they say he will neuer light."—Greene's "Orpharion," 1599, p. 19. So Claudian :—

"Asperius nihil est humili, cum surgit in altum."

[2] The word "that" is omitted in the edition of 1600.

[3] This is the celebrated line parodied by Greene. Nicholson has copied it in "Acolastvs His Afterwitte," 1600 :—

"O wooluish heart wrapt in a womans hyde."

[4] The edition of 1619 correctly reads "blow." The amended play reads :—

"For raging wind blows up incessant showers."

The commentators have brought together several parallel passages, which the reader will find in Malone's "Shakespeare" by Boswell, xviii. 339.

And euerie drop begs vengeance as it fals,
On thee fell Clifford, and the false French woman.[1]
North. Beshrew me but his passions move me so,
As hardlie I can[2] checke mine eies from teares.
York. That face of his the hungrie Cannibals
Could not haue tucht,[3] would not haue staind with bloud,
But you are more inhumaine, more inexorable,
O ten times more than Tygers of Arcadia.
See ruthlesse Queene a haplesse fathers teares.
This cloth thou dipts in bloud of my sweet boy,
And loe with teares I wash the bloud awaie.
Keepe thou the napkin and go boast of that,
And if thou tell the heauie[4] storie well,
Vpon my soule the hearers will sheed teares,
I, euen my foes will sheed fast falling teares,
And saie, alas, it was a pitteous deed.
Here, take the crowne, and with the crowne my curse,
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy two[5] cruell hands.
Hard-harted Clifford, take me from the world,
My soule to heauen, my bloud vpon your heads.
North. Had he bin slaughterman of all my kin,

[1] So all the three quartos. The amended play reads :—

"'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-woman,"

[2] Read "can I."

[3] The second folio thus reads the commencement of this speech :—

"That face of his,
The hungry Caniballs would not have toucht,
Would not have stayn'd *the roses just* with blood."

The words in italics are neither in the first folio, nor in the earlier copies.

[4] This word is omitted in the edition of 1619, but is supplied in the amended play. It is found in the edition of 1600, though Mr Knight asserts the contrary.

[5] The edition of 1619 reads "too," as also the amended play.

I could not chuse but weepe with him to see,
How inlie[1] anger gripes his hart.
Queene. What weeping ripe, my Lorde Northumberland?
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quicklie drie your melting tears.
Clif. Thears for my oath,[2] thears for my fathers death.
Queene. And thears to right our gentle harted kind.[3]
York. Open thy gates of mercie gratious God,
My soule flies foorth to meet with thee.
Queene. Off with his head and set it on Yorke Gates,
So Yorke maie ouerlooke the towne of Yorke.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *with drum and Souldiers.*

Ed. After this dangerous fight and haplesse warre,
How doth my noble brother Richard fare?
Rich. I cannot ioy vntil I be resolu'de,
Where our right valiant father is become.
How often did I see him beare himselfe,
As doth a lion midst a heard of neat,
So fled his enemies our valiant father,[4]
Me thinkes tis pride enough to be his sonne.
[*Three sunnes appeare in the aire.*
Ed. Loe how the morning opes her golden gates,[5]

[1] The edition of 1619 reads, "inward." Mr Knight does not notice the old reading, which agrees with the amended play.

[2] The edition of 1600 reads, "mine oath," but the amended play returns to the older reading.

[3] So all the editions, but we no doubt must read, "our gentle-hearted *king*," as in the amended play.

[4] The edition of 1619 reads :—

"So fled the enemies from our valiant father."

[5] Let the reader compare this and the next line with any of Greene's works, and I think the conclusion will be that Greene

And takes her farewell of the glorious sun,
Dasell mine eies or doe I see three suns? [1]
Rich. Three glorious suns, not separated by a racking
Cloud, but seuered in a pale cleere shining skie.
See, see, they ioine, embrace, and seeme to kisse,
As if they vowde some league inuiolate:
Now are they but one lampe, one light, one sun,
In this the heauens doth[2] figure some euent.
Ed. I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the sonnes of braue Plantagenet,
Alreadie each one shining by his meed,
May ioine in one and ouerpeere the world,
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,

was not the author of them. Something similar occurs in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," act iii. sc. 2.

> "But we are spirits of another sort.
> I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
> And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
> Even till the Eastern gate, all fiery-red,
> Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
> Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams."

The second folio reads, "morning love," but the two early quartos as I have quoted it.

[1] "The duke of Yorke, called erle of Marche, somwhat spurred and quyckened with these noveltyes, retired backe, and met with hys enemyes in a fayre playne, nere to Mortimers Crosse, not farre from Herford east, on Candelmas day in the mornyng, at whiche tyme the sunne (as some write) appered to the erle of March, like iij. sunnes, and sodainly ioyned all together in one, and that upon the sight thereof, he toke suchen courage, that he fiercely set on his enemie, and them shortly discomfited; for which cause men imagined that he gave the sunne in his full brightnes for his cognisaunce or badge."—*Hall.* The same account is borrowed by Holinshed. A curious early illuminated picture of this occurrence may be seen in MS. Harl. 7353, a vellum roll, in which a scroll is put into the mouth of the king, with the legend, "Domine! quid vis me facere?"

[2] Probably "do."

Ile beare vpon my Target, three faire shining suns.
But what art thou?[1] that lookest[2] so heauilie?
Mes. Oh one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the noble Duke of Yorke was slaine.
Ed. O speake no more, for I can heare no more.
Rich. Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all.
Mes. When as the noble Duke was put to flight,
And then pursu'de by Clifford and the Queene,
And manie souldiers moe,[3] who all at once
Let driue at him and forst the Duke to yeeld:
And then they set him on a molehill there,
And crownd the gratious Duke in high despite,
Who then with teares began to waile his fall.
The ruthlesse Queene perceiuing he did weepe,[4]
Gaue him a handkercher to wipe his eies,
Dipt in the bloud of sweet young Rutland
But[5] rough Clifford slaine: who weeping tooke it vp.
Then through his brest they thrust their bloudy swordes,

[1] The edition of 1619 here inserts, "Enter a Messenger," which Mr Collier overlooked when he denied the existence of any such direction in the earlier copies. See Collier's "Shakespeare," v. 251. "Enter one blowing," is the quaint direction of the folio in the amended play. Dr Johnson says that "the generous tenderness of Edward, and savage fortitude of Richard, are well distinguished by their different reception of their father's death." The one was the natural ebullition of filial affection—the other, not savage fortitude, but all feeling of affection lost in the reflection that he had risen one step nearer the throne.

[2] The edition of 1619 reads, "look'st."

[3] That is, "more." Mr Knight is scarcely justified in modernizing this genuine old word. A little farther on he has altered "handkercher" to "handkerchief," against all authority.

[4] This is at variance with the account given in a former scene, where it is certainly implied that York did not weep till afterwards. The same oversight occurs in the amended play.

[5] Read, "By."

Who like a lambe fell at the butchers feete.
Then on the gates of Yorke they set his head,
And there it doth remaine the piteous spectacle
That ere mine eies beheld.
Ed. Sweet Duke of Yorke our prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone there is no hope for vs ;
Now my soules pallace is become a prison.
Oh would she breake from compasse of my breast,
For neuer shall I haue more ioie.
Rich. I cannot weepe, for all my breasts moisture
Scarse serues to quench my furnace burning hart ;[1]
I cannot ioie till this white rose be dide,
Euen in the hart bloud of the house of Lancaster.[2]
Richard, I bare thy name, and Ile reuenge thy death,
Or die my selfe in seeking of reuenge.
Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee,
His chaire and Dukedome that remaines for me.
Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely Eagles bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing gainst the sunne.[3]

[1] The edition of 1619 reads, "hate," but the amended play returns to the reading of our text. Mr Knight has not noticed this important variation.

[2] This line occurs in the "First Part of the Contention," word for word. In the "Third Part of Henry VI." it is omitted in Richard's speech, and occurs in a different form in the Second Part.

[3] According to Pliny, the eagle holds up its brood to the sun, as soon as hatched, to prove whether they are genuine or not. Chaucer alludes to this in the "Assemblie of Foules."

> "There mighten men the royal egal find,
> That with his sharp look persith the sonne."

And Spenser, in his "Hymn of Heavenly Beauty," st. 20,

> "Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
> To imp the wings of thig high-flying mind,
> Mount up aloft, through heavenly contemplation,
> From this dark world, whose damps the soul do blind,
> And, like the native brood of eagles kind,
> On that bright sun of glory fix thyne eyes,
> Clear'd from gross mists of frail infirmities."

For chaire, and dukedome, Throne and kindome saie :
For either that is thine, or else thou wert not his ?

Enter the Earle of WARWIKE, MONTAGUE, *with drum, ancient, and souldiers.*

War. How now faire Lords : what fare? what newes abroad ?

Rich. Ah Warwike ? should we report [1] the balefull Newes, and at each words deliuerance stab poinyardes In our flesh till all are told, the words would adde More anguish then the wounds.
Ah valiant Lord the Duke of Yorke is slaine.

Ed. Ah Warwike Warwike, that Plantagenet,
Which held thee deere : I,[2] euen as his soules redemption,
Is by the sterne L. Clifford, done to death.[3]

War. Ten daies a go I drownd those newes in teares.
And now to adde more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things [4] since then befalne.
After the bloudie fraie at Wakefield fought,
Where your braue father breath'd his latest gaspe,
Tidings as swiftlie as the post could runne,
Was [5] brought me of your losse, and his departure.

[1] The metrical arrangement of this speech is much confused. It would be assisted by the edition of 1600, which reads,

"Ah *gentle* Warwicke, should we *but* reporte."

[2] The word "I" is omitted in the edition of 1600.

[3] That is, "killed." This was a common expression long before Shakespeare's time, and is used very frequently by Spenser. So Chaucer, "Legend of Thisbe," 184,

"And his sworde that hath done to deth."

See Grey's "Notes on Shakespeare," 8°. Lond. 1754, ii. 37, for a long note on this phrase, containing numerous examples.

[4] The edition of 1619 reads, "newes."

[5] Probably "were," or perhaps we might read "tiding" for "tidings" in the previous line.

I then in London keeper of the King,
Mustred my souldiers, gathered flockes of friends,
And verie well appointed as I thought,
Marcht to saint Albons to entercept [1] the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along,
For by my scoutes I was aduertised,[2]
That she was comming, with a full intent
To dash your late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henries heires and your succession.

[1] The edition of 1600 reads, "t'entercept."

[2] Although contemporary historical illustrations are not necessary, yet the following extract from a MS. at Lambeth Palace is so strikingly corroborative, that I cannot resist the temptation of inserting it: "Blyssyt be God! diverse of owre adversaryes be owrethrowyn, and we undyrstond the prevyté and fals ymaginacions of the French party. Also ther is oon callyt John Worby, of Mortlond, a spye, in the county of Herteford, servaunt to Sere John Russel, in the county of Wyscetre, takyn be the Lord Suthwell, and the seid a spye ther takyn, hath confessyt that Kyng Herry, late Kyng of England, in dede but not in ryth, and sche that was Queyn Margarette hys wyf, and Edward hyr son, the duk of Brytayn, Edward the Duk of Burgoyn, Syr Wylliam Taylbos, the Lord Roos, Sir Richard Tunstall, Thomas Ormond, Sir W. Catisby, Thomas Fytze Harry—thes lordes and knightes be in Scotlond with the Scottes. The duk of Excetre, Erl of Penbrok, the Baron of Burford, John Ayne—thes schal lond at Bumeryes be the appoyment of Robert Gald, Captene of the Duk of Burgoyne. Duk Herry of Calabere, the Lord Hungyrford, the Lord Mortone, the Duk of Somersete, with sixty thousand men of Shayn, thes schal londyn in the coost of Norfolk and Suffolk. The Lord Lewys, the Duk of Spayne, Herry the Dolfyn of Franch, Ser John Fosbrew, Ser John Russel of Wycetre, Ser Thomas Burtayn, the erlys brothere of Denschyre, Ser Thomas Cornwaylys; thes lordes and knytes schal londyn at Sanewych by appoyment. Than comyng after thes lordyes and knytes byfore wryten to assiste them with al the powre possibille they may make; the Kyng of Fraunce with a hundred thousand: the Kyng of Denmarke with twenty thousand; the Kyng of Aragon fifty thousand; the King of Slavern with twenty thousand; the Kyng of Cesyl with twenty-five thousand; the Kyng of Portyngale with ten thousand; the whych he appoyntyt to enter the reme of Inglond."

Short tale to make, we at Saint Albons met,
Our battels ioinde, and both sides fiercelie fought:
But whether twas the coldnesse of the king,
He lookt[1] full gentlie on his warlike Queene,
That robde my souldiers of their heated spleene.
Or whether twas report of his successe,
Or more then common feare of Cliffords rigor,
Who thunders to his captaines bloud and death,
I cannot tell. But to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came.
Our souldiers like the night Owles lasie flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flaile,
Fel gentlie downe as if they smote their friends.
I cheerd them vp with iustice of the cause,
With promise of hie paie and great rewardes,
But all in vaine, they had no harts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the daie,
So that We fled. The king vnto the Queene,
Lord George your brother, Norffolke, and my selfe,
In hast, poste hast, are come to ioine with you,
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight againe.

Ed. Thankes gentle Warwike.
How farre hence is the Duke with his power?
And when came George from Burgundie to England?

War. Some fiue miles off the Duke is with his power,
But as for your brother he was latelie sent[2]

[1] The edition of 1600 reads, "Who lookt," which agrees with the amended play. The edition of 1619 places this line in parentheses.

[2] This circumstance is not warranted by history. Clarence and Gloster, as they were afterwards created, were sent into Flanders immediately after the battle of Wakefield, and did not return until their brother Edward got possession of the crown, Besides, Clarence was not now more than twelve years old. Isabel, Duchess of Burgundy, whom Shakespeare and the author of "The True Tragedie" call the Duke's aunt, was

From your kind Aunt, Duches of Burgundie,
With aide of souldiers gainst this needfull warre.
Rich. Twas ods belike, when valiant Warwike fled.
Oft haue I heard thy praises in pursute,
But nere till now thy scandall of retire.
War. Nor now my scandall Richard dost thou heare,
For thou shalt know that this right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint Henries head,
And wring the awefull scepter from his fist:
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,
As he is famde for mildnesse, peace and praier.
Rich. I know it well Lord Warwike blame me not,
Twas loue I bare thy glories made me speake.
But in this troublous time, whats to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coates of steele,
And clad our bodies in blacke mourning gownes,
Numbring our *Auemaries* with our beades?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes,
Tell our deuotion with reuengefull armes?
If for the last, saie I, and to it Lords.
War. Why therefore Warwike came to find you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me Lords the proud insulting Queene,
With Clifford and the haught[1] Northumberland,
And of their feather manie mo proud birdes,
Haue wrought the easie melting king like waxe.

daughter of John I., king of Portugal, by Philippa of Lancaster, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt. They were, therefore, only third cousins. (Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii. 410).

[1] This word is common with contemporary writers. So Marlowe,

"This *haught* resolve becomes your majesty."

He sware consent to your succession,
His oath inrolled in the Parliament.
But now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate his oath or what besides
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power I gesse them fifty thousand strong.[1]
Now if the helpe of Norffolke and my selfe,
Can but amount to 48. thousand,[2]
With all the friendes that thou braue earle of March,
Among the louing Welshmen canst procure,
Why via, To London we will march amaine,
And once againe bestride our foming steedes,
And once againe crie charge vpon the foe,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flie,
Rich. I, now me thinkes I heare great Warwike speake ;
Nere maie he liue to see a sunshine daie,
That cries retire, when Warwike bids him stay.
Ed. Lord Warwike, on thy shoulder will I leane,
And when thou faints, must Edward fall :
Which perill heauen forefend.
War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke,
The next degree is Englands royall king :
And king of England shalt thou be proclaimde,
In euery burrough as we passe along :
And he that casts not vp his cap for ioie,
Shall for the offence [3] make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,

[1] The amended play reads "thirty thousand strong." Malone has strangely confused Warwick's enumeration of the Queen's forces with those of Warwick himself.

[2] The edition of 1619 reads, "eight and forty thousand," but the amended play reads, "five and twenty thousand."

[3] The edition of 1600 reads, "th' offence." The very same line occurs in the "First Part of the Contention." See vol. v. p. 421.

Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,
But forward to effect these resolutions.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Duke of Norffolke sends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puissant power,
And craues your companie for speedie councell.

War. Why then it sorts[1] braue Lordes. Lets march away. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter the King and Queene, Prince EDWARD, *and the Northerne Earles, with drum and Souldiers.*

Queen. Welcome my Lord to this braue town of York.
Yonders the head of that ambitious enemie,
That sought to be impaled with your crowne.
Doth not the obiect please your eie my Lord?

Kin. Euen as the rockes please them that feare their wracke.
Withhold reuenge deare God, tis not my fault,
Nor wittinglie[2] haue I infringde my vow.

Clif. My gratious Lord, this too much lenitie,
And harmefull pittie must be laid aside,
To whom do Lyons cast their gentle lookes?
Not to the beast that would vsurpe his[3] den.
Whose hand is that the sauage Beare doth licke?
Not his that spoiles his young before his face.

[1] That is, things are propitious. So in Greene's "Gwydonius," 1584: "Doubt not Castania, I my selfe dare absolutely promise thee, that thy love shall *sort* to such happie successe, as thou thy selfe doest seeke for."

[2] So all the editions, though modern editors, Mr Knight excepted, read "not wittingly." It is not a matter of much consequence, but the change certainly appears to be for the worse.

[3] Perhaps we should read "their," as in the amended play.

Whose[1] scapes the lurking serpentes mortall sting?
Not he that sets his foot vpon her backe.
The smallest worme will turne being troden on,
And Doues will pecke, in rescue of their broode.
Ambitious Yorke did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angrie browes.
He but a Duke, would haue his sonne a king,
And raise his issue like a louing sire.
Thou being a king blest with a goodlie sonne,
Didst giue consent to disinherit him,
Which argude thee a most vnnaturall father.
Vnreasonable creatures feed their yong,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eies,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seene them euen with those same wings
Which they haue sometime vsde in fearefull flight,
Make warre with him, that climes vnto their nest,
Offring their owne liues in their yongs defence?
For shame my Lord, make them your president,
Were it not pittie that this goodlie boy,
Should lose his birth right through his fathers fault?
And long hereafter saie vnto his child,
What my great grandfather and grandsire got,
My carelesse father fondlie gaue awaie?
Looke on the boy and let his manlie face,
Which promiseth successefull fortune to vs all,
Steele thy melting thoughtes,
To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

Kin. Full wel hath Clifford plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But tell me, didst thou neuer yet heare tell,
That things euill got had euer bad successe,[2]

[1] The editions of 1600 and 1619 read, "who," which appears to be preferable to our text.

[2] The edition of 1619 reads, "ill got." Erasmus gives the adage, "male parta, male delabuntur." See also Juvenal, sat. xiv.

"Tantis parta malis, cura majore metuque,
Servantur. Misera est magni custodia census."

And happie euer was it for that sonne,
Whose father for his hoording went to hell?[1]
I leaue my sonne my vertuous deedes behind,
And would my father had left me no more,
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As askes a thousand times more care to keepe,
Then maie the present profit counteruaile.[2]
Ah cosen Yorke, would thy best friendes did know,
How it doth greeue me that thy head stands there.

Queen. My Lord, this harmefull pittie makes your followers faint.
You promisde knighthood to your princelie sonne.
Vnsheath your sword and straight doe[3] dub him knight.
Kneele downe Edward.

Kin. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight,
And learne this lesson boy,[4] draw thy sword in right.

[1] "It hath beene an olde prouerbe, that happy is that sonne whose father goes to the devill: meaning by thys allegoricall kind of speech, that such fathers as seeke to inrich theyr sonnes by covetousness, by briberie, purloyning, or by any other sinister meanes, suffer not onely affliction of mind, as greeved with insatietie of getting, but wyth danger of soule, as a iust reward for such wretchednesse."—Green's "Royal Exchange," 4°, Lond. 1590. The same proverb is also given in "Greene's Newes both from Heauen and Hell," 4°. Lond. 1593, Sig. H 3.

[2] This word is a particular favourite of Greene's. It occurs nearly twenty times in "The Card of Fancie," 1584, while it is only twice found in Shakespeare.

[3] The edition of 1619 reads, "straightway." The amended play has this speech as follows:

> "My Lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,
> And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
> You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;
> Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently."

It will be observed that the repetition of the beautiful phrase, "harmefull pittie," which is issued both by Clifford and the Queen in the "True Tragedie," does not occur in the amended play.

[4] The word "boy" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Prince. My gratious father by your kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparant to the crowne,
And in that quarrel vse it to the death.

North. Why that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royall commaunders be in readinesse,
For with a band of fiftie thousand men,[1]
Comes Warwike backing of the Duke of Yorke.
And in the townes whereas they passe along,
Proclaimes him king, and manie flies[2] to him,
Prepare your battels, for they be at hand.

Clif. I would your highnesse would depart the field,
The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.[3]

Queen. Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.

Kin. Why thats my fortune, therefore Ile stay still.

Clif. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. Good father cheere these noble Lords,
Vnsheath your sword, sweet father crie Saint George.

Clif. Pitch we our battell heere, for hence wee will not moue.

[1] At p. 35 Warwick numbers his army at forty-eight thousand. Steevens refers to the present reading in a note on the corresponding passage in the amended play, apparently not recollecting that the numbers had been altogether changed.

[2] Probably "fly."

[3] Hall says: "Happy was the Quene in her two battayls, but unfortunate was the King in al his enterprises, for wher his person was presente, their victory fled ever from him to the other parte, and he commonly was subdued and vanqueshed." This superstitious belief relative to the fortunes of this unhappy prince is yet more circumstantially mentioned by Drayton:—

"Some think that Warwick had not lost the day,
But that the king into the field he brought;
For with the worse that side went still away
Which had King Henry with them when they fought,
Upon his birth so sad a curse there lay,
As that he never prospered in aught.
The queen wan two, among the loss of many,
Her husband absent; present, never any."

Enter the house of Yorke.

Ed. Now periurde Henrie wilt thou yeelde thy
crowne,
And kneele for mercie at thy soueraignes feete?
Queen. Go rate thy minions proud insulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus malepert,
Before thy king and lawfull soueraigne?
Ed. I am his king, and he should bend his knee,
I was adopted heire by his consent.[1]
George. Since when he hath broke his oath.[2]
For as we heare you that are king
Though he doe weare the Crowne,
Haue causde him by new act of Parlement
To blot our brother out, and put his owne son in.
Clif. And reason George. Who should succeede
the father but the son?
Rich. Are you their butcher?
Clif. I Crookbacke, here I stand to answere thee,
or any of your sort.
Rich. Twas you that kild yong Rutland, was it not?

[1] Edward's argument is founded on the following article, said to have been in the compact entered into by Henry and the Duke of York, which is found in Hall, but does not appear to have actually formed part of the agreement: "Prouided alwaye, that if the king did closely or apartly studye or go about to breake or alter this agreement, or to compass or imagine the death or destruction of the sayde duke or his bloud, then he to forfet the crowne, and the duke of York to take it." If this had been one of the articles of the compact, Edward would have been entitled to the crown, the Duke of York having been killed at Wakefield by Henry's party: still it is odd that this article should have been alluded to here, when it is not mentioned in the former scene, where the agreement was made.

[2] In the amended play this speech is so altered as to make part of the previous one. The prefix of *Cla.* is, however, given to it in the first folio, but judiciously omitted in the edition of 1632. The editors might have gone to this edition at once, instead of making a conjectural emendation.

Clif. Yes, and old Yorke too, and yet not satisfide.
Rich. For Gods sake Lords giue synald[1] to the fight.
War. What saiest thou Henry? wilt thou yeelde thy crowne?
Queen. What, long tongde War. dare you speake?
When you and I met at saint Albones last,
Your legs did better seruice than your hands.[2]
War. I, then twas my turne to flee,[3] but now tis thine.
Clif. You said so much before,[4] and yet you fled.
War. Twas not your valour Clifford, that droue mee thence.[5]
North. No, nor your manhood Warwike, that could make you[6] staie.
Rich. Northumberland,[7] Northumberland, wee holde
Thee reuerentlie. Breake off the parlie, for scarse
I can refraine the execution of my big swolne
Hart, against that Clifford there, that
Cruel child-killer.
Clif. Why I kild thy father, calst thou him a child?
Rich. I like a villaine, and a trecherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland.
But ere sunne set Ile make thee curse the deed.
Kin. Haue doone with wordes great Lordes, and
Heare me speake.

[1] The edition of 1619 reads, "signal."

[2] Alluding, says Grey, to the old proverb, one pair of heels is worth two pair of hands. This is not literally true; for, though the Earl of Warwick was defeated at the second battle of Saint Albons, he had the good fortune to make his retreat with a good body of his forces, and to join the Duke of York. See Grey's "Notes on Shakespeare," ii. 40.

[3] The edition of 1619 reads "flye."

[4] The edition of 1619 reads, "As much before."

[5] The edition of 1619 omits "that."

[6] "Yee," edition of 1619.

[7] The metrical arrangement of this speech is confused. It is improved in the edition of 1619.

Queen. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.
Kin. I prethe giue no limits to my tongue,
I am a king and priuiledged to speake.[1]
Clif. My Lord the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cru'd[2] with words, therefore be still.
Rich. Then executioner vnsheath thy sword,
By him that made vs all I am resolu'de,
That Cliffords manhood hangs vpon his tongue.
Ed. What saidst thou Henry, shall I haue my right or no?
A thousand men haue broke their fast to daie,
That nere shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the crowne.
War. If thou denie their blouds be on thy head,
For Yorke in iustice puts his armour on.
Prince. If all be right that Warwike saies is right,
There is no wrong but all things must be right.
Rich. Whosoeuer got thee, there thy mother stands,
For well I wot thou hast thy mothers tongue.
Queen. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,
But like a foule mishapen stygmaticke[3]
Markt by the destinies to be auoided,
As venome Todes or Lizards fainting lookes.[4]

[1] So also the amended play. The edition of 1619 reads:—

"I being a King, am priuiledg'd to speake."

[2] "Cur'd" in the editions of 1600 and 1619.

[3] Drayton has the following lines, speaking of the Duchess of York:—

"And now I heare this hateful Duchess chats,
And rips up their descent unto her brats,
And blesseth them, as England's lawful heirs,
And tells them that our diademe is theirs.
And if such hap her goddess Fortune bring,
If three sonnes faile, she'll make the fourth a king,
He that's so like his dam, her youngest Dicke
That *foul*, ill-favour'd, crook-back'd *stigmatick*,
That, like a carcase stolne out of a tombe,
Came the wrong way out of his mother's wombe,
With teeth in his head, his passage to have torne,
As though begot an age ere he was borne."

[4] The edition of 1619 reads, "venom'd." The amended play reads:—

"As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings."

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Thy father beares the title of a king,
As if a channell[1] should be calde the Sea;
Shames thou not,[2] knowing from whence thou art de-
Riu'de, to[3] parlie thus with Englands lawfull heires?
Ed. A wispe of straw[4] were worth a thousand crowns,
To make that shamelesse callet[5] know her selfe,
Thy husbands father reueld in the hart of France,
And tam'de the French, and made the Dolphin stoope:
And had he matcht according to his state,
[Sig.C.] He might haue kept that glorie till this daie,
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And gracst thy poore sire with his bridall daie,[6]
Then that sun-shine bred a showre for him
Which washt his fathers fortunes out of France,
And heapt seditions on his crowne at home.
For what hath mou'd these tumults but thy pride?

[1] A channel in Shakespeare's time signified what we now call a kennel. So in Stowe's "Chronicle," ed. 1605, p. 1148: "Suche a storme of raine happened at London, as the like of long time could not be remembered; where-through, the *channels* of the citie suddenly rising," &c. Other instances may be seen in Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii. 420.

[2] The word "thou" is omitted in the edition of 1600.

[3] Read "Riu'd to."

[4] A "wispe" was formerly the punishment of a scold. "There's nothing mads or moves her more to outrage then but the naming of a *wispe*, or if you sing or whistle while she is scoulding."—"Microcosmography," ed. Bliss, p. 278. See also Nash's "Strange Newes," 1592, quoted in Boswell's Malone under its second title.

[5] This word is used by Shakespeare in "The Winter's Tale," act ii. sc. 3; "2 Henry VI.," act i. sc. 3; and in "Othello," act iv. sc. 2. It means a lewd woman, a drab. So Skelton:—

"Then Elinour, said the *calettes*,
I shall break your palettes."

According to Carr, the word is still used in Craven.

[6] The amended play and the edition of 1600 read "grac'd" instead of "gracst."

Hadst thou beene meeke, our title yet had slept?
And we in pittie of the gentle king,
Had slipt our claime vntill an other age.
George. But when we saw our summer brought the gaine,
And that the haruest brought vs no increase,
We set the axe to thy vsurping root,
And though the edge haue something hit our selues,
Yet know thou we will neuer cease to strike,
Till we haue hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated blouds.
Ed. And in this resolution, I defie thee,
Not[1] willing anie longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speake.
Sound trumpets, let our bloudie colours waue,
And either victorie or else a graue.
Queene. Staie Edward staie.
Ed. Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer staie,
Thy words will cost ten thousand liues to daie.[2]
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Alarmes. Enter WARWIKE.

War. Sore spent[3] with toile as runners with the race,
I laie me downe a little while to breath,
For strokes receiude, and manie blowes repaide,

[1] The edition of 1619 reads "nor." The amended play agrees with our text.

[2] The amended play reads "this day" in both the early folios. Why have modern editors returned to the reading of the original play?

[3] The amended play reads "forspent." This battle, says Carte, "decided the fate of the house of Lancaster, overturning in one day an usurpation strengthened by sixty-two years continuance, and established Edward on the throne of England." See Ritson's long note in Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii. 424.

Hath robd my strong knit sinnews of their strength,
And force perforce needes must I rest my selfe.[1]

Enter EDWARD.

Ed. Smile gentle heauens or strike vngentle death,
That we maie die vnlesse we gaine the daie:
What fatall starre malignant frownes from heaven
Vpon the harmlesse line of Yorkes true house?

Enter GEORGE.

George. Come brother, come, lets to the field againe,
For yet theres hope inough to win the daie:
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting Troupes,
Lest they retire now we haue left the field.

War. How now my lords: what hap, what hope of good?

Enter RICHARD *running.*

Rich. Ah Warwike, why haste thou withdrawne thy selfe?
Thy noble father in the thickest thronges,
Cride still for Warwike his thrise valiant son,
Vntill with thousand swords he was beset,
And manie wounds made in his aged brest,
And as he tottring sate vpon his steede,
He waft his hand to me and cride aloud:
Richard, commend me to my valiant sonne,
And still he cride Warwike reuenge my death,
And with those words he tumbled off his horse,
And so the noble Salsbury gaue vp the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud,

[1] The edition of 1600 reads "yeeld" instead of "rest." The amended play reads:—

"And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile."

Ile kill my horse because I will not flie:[1]
And here to God of heauen I make a vow,
Neuer to passe from forth this bloudy field
Till I am full reuenged for his death.

Ed. Lord Warwike, I doe bend my knees with thine,
And in that vow now ioine my soule to thee,
Thou setter vp and puller downe of kings,[2]
Vouchsafe a gentle victorie to vs,
Or let vs die before we loose the daie:

George. Then let vs haste to cheere the souldiers harts,
And call them pillers that will stand to vs,
And hiely promise to remunerate
Their trustie seruice, in these dangerous warres.

Rich. Come, come awaie, and stand not to debate,
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, giue me your hands, and let vs part
And take our leaues vntill we meet againe,
Where ere it be in heauen or in earth.
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in wo,
To see these dire mishaps continue so.
Warwike farewell.

War. Awaie awaie, once more sweet Lords farewell.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Alarmes, and then enter RICHARD *at one dore and* CLIFFORD *at the other.*

Rich. A Clifford a Clifford.
Clif. A Richard a Richard.

[1] So Drayton, mentioning the same circumstance:—

"Resolv'd to win, or bid the world adieu;
Which spoke, the earl his sprightly courser slew."

[2] It may be a question, from the way in which this line is placed, whether this alludes to the Deity or to Warwick; but in the amended play it clearly refers to the former, and I think the language more suitable to that interpretation.

Rich. Now Clifford, for Yorke & young Rutlands death,
This thirsty sword that longs to drinke thy bloud,
Shall lop thy limmes, and slise thy cursed hart,
For to reuenge the murders thou hast made.

Cliff. Now Richard, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that stabd thy father Yorke,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland,
And heres the heart that triumphes in their deathes,
And cheeres these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,
And so haue at thee.[1]

Alarmes. They fight, and then enters WARWIKE *and rescues* RICHARD, *and then exeunt omnes.*

Alarmes still, and then enter HENRY *solus.*

Hen. Oh gratious God of heauen looke downe on vs,
And set some endes to these incessant griefes,
How like a mastlesse ship vpon the seas,
This woful battaile doth continue still,
Now leaning this way, now to that side driue,[2]
And none doth know to whom the daie will fall.
O would my death might staie these ciuill iars![3]
Would I had neuer raind, nor nere bin king,
Margret and Clifford, chide me from the fielde,
Swearing they had best successe when I was thence.
Would God that I were dead so all were all,
Or would my crowne suffice, I were content
To yeeld it them and liue a priuate life.

[1] This same expression has previously occurred.

[2] Perhaps "driuen."

[3] The edition of 1600 reads, "cruell jars." See the notes of the commentators in Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii. 431.

Enter a souldier with a dead man in his armes.

Sol. Il blowes the wind that profits no bodie,
This man that I haue slaine in fight to daie,
Maie be possessed of some store of crownes,
And I will search to find them if I can,
But stay. Me thinks it is my fathers face,
Oh I tis he whom I haue slaine in fight,
From London was I prest out by the king,
My father he came on the part of Yorke,
And in this conflict I haue slaine my father:
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

Enter another souldier with a dead man.

2. *Sol.* Lie there thou that foughtst with me so stoutly,
No let me see what store of gold thou haste,
But staie, me thinkes this is no famous face:
Oh no it is my sonne that I haue slaine in fight,
O monstrous times begetting such euents,
How cruel bloudy, and ironious,[1]
This deadlie quarrell dailie doth beget,
Poor boy thy father gaue thee lif too late,[2]
And hath bereau'de thee of thy life too sone.

Kin. Wo aboue wo, griefe more then common griefe,

[1] The edition of 1619 reads, "ironous."

[2] The meaning of this does not appear very intelligible. In the amended play the position of the words *late* and *soon* are transposed, which renders the passage much clearer. The meaning may perhaps be, "Thy father begot thee at too late a period of his life, and therefore thou wert not old and strong enough to cope with him." This explanation, which belongs to Steevens, appears rather forced. See Malone's "Shakespeare" by Boswell, xviii. 437. "Too late" means "too recently," as may be seen from the following extract from "Lucrece," ed. Dyce, p. 137:

"O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,
Which she too early and *too late* hath spill'd.

Whilst Lyons warre and battaile for their dens,
Poore lambs do feele the rigor of their wraths :
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatall colours of our striuing houses,
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish,
For if you striue, ten thousand liues must perish.

1. *Sol.* How will my mother for my fathers death,
Take on with me and nere be satisfide?

2. *Sol.* How will my wife for slaughter of my son,[1]
Take on with me[2] and nere be satisfide?

Kin. How will the people now misdeeme their king,
Oh would my death their mindes could satisfie.

1. *Sol.* Was euer son so rude[3] his fathers bloud to spil?

2. *Sol.* Was euer father so vnnaturall his son to kill?

Kin. Was euer king thus greeud and vexed still?

1. *Sol.* Ile beare thee hence from this accursed place,
For wo is me to see my fathers face.

[*Exit with his father.*

2. *Sol.* Ile beare thee hence & let them fight that wil,
For I haue murdered[4] where I should not kill.

[*Exit with his sonne.*

K. Hen. Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for tear,
Here sits a king as woe begone as thee.

[1] The edition of 1600 reads, "for slaughter of her son."

[2] To "take on" is a phrase still in use among the vulgar, and means to persist in lamentation. The phrase also occurs in "Pierce Penilesse," ed. Collier, p. 36. "Some will *take on* like a mad man, if they see a pigge come to the table."

[3] The variation in the amended play, as Malone says, is worth remarking :—

"Was ever son so *rw'd* a father's death."

[4] The edition of 1600 reads, "murdred."

Alarmes and enter the Queene.

Queen. Awaie my Lord to Barwicke presentlie,
The daie is lost, our friends are murdered,
No hope is left for vs,[1] therefore awaie.

Enter prince EDWARD.

Prince. O father flie, our men haue left the field,
Take horse sweet father, let vs saue our selues.

Enter EXETER.

Exe. Awaie my Lord for vengance comes[2] along with him :
Nay stand not to expostulate make hast,[3]
Or else come after, Ile awaie before.

K. Hen. Naie staie good Exeter, for Ile along with thee.

Enter CLIFFORD *wounded, with an arrow in his necke.*[4]

Clif. Heere burnes my candell out,[5]
That whilst it lasted gaue king Henry light.
Ah Lancaster, I feare thine ouerthrow,
More then my bodies parting from my soule.
My loue and feare glude manie friends to thee,

[1] The edition of 1619 reads, "No *help* is left for us," which is scarcely an improvement; yet Mr Knight adopts the latter reading, without noticing the other.

[2] The edition of 1600 reads, "come."

[3] These words form a part of the queen's previous speech, at vol. v. p. 519, in the "First Part of the Contention."

[4] This is omitted in the amended play. According to Steevens, Beaumont and Fletcher have ridiculed this is in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," where they have introduced Ralph, the grocer's prentice, with *a forked arrow through his head.* Compare Holinshed, p. 664. "The lord Clifford, either for heat or paine, putting off his gorget suddenlie, with an arrow (as some saie) without a head, was stricken into the throte, and immediately rendered his spirit."

[5] Compare "First Part of Henry VI.," act ii. sc. 5.

"Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer."

And now I die, that tough commixture melts.
Impairing Henry strengthened misproud Yorke,
The common people swarme like summer flies,
And whither flies[1] the Gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henries enemie?
Oh Phœbus hadst thou neuer giuen consent,
That Phæton should checke thy fierie steedes,
Thy burning carre had neuer scorcht the earth.
And Henry hadst thou liu'd as kings should doe,
And as thy father and his father did,
Giuing no foot vnto the house of Yorke,
I and ten thousand in this wofull land,
Had left no mourning Widdowes for our deathes,
And thou this daie had kept thy throne in peace.
For what doth cherish weedes but gentle aire?
And what makes robber bold but lenitie?
Bootlesse are plaintes, and curelesse are my woundes,
No waie to flie, no strength to hold our flight,[2]
The foe is mercilesse and will not pittie me,
And at their hands I haue deserude no pittie.
The aire is got into my bleeding wounds,
And much effuse of bloud doth make me faint,
Come Yorke and Richard, Warwike and the rest,
I stabde your fathers, now come and split my brest.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD *and* WARWIKE, *and Souldiers.*

Ed. Thus farre our fortunes keepes[3] an vpward Course, and we are grast with wreathes of victorie.

[1] Probably "fly." The line preceding this, which is not in the early editions of the amended play, has been restored by modern editors, as necessary to the sense of what follows.

[2] The edition of 1619 reads, "no strength to hold *out* flight," which agrees with the amended play. Dr Johnson proposes to read "fight" for "flight," but there appears to be no necessity for the emendation.

[3] Probably "keep." In this combat, which lasted fourteen hours, and in the actions of the two following days, 36,776 per-

Some troopes pursue the blodie minded Queene,
That now toward Barwike doth poste amaine,
But thinke you that Clifford is fled awaie with them?

War. No, tis impossible he should escape,
For though before his face I speake the words,
Your brother Richard markt him for the graue.
And where so ere he be I warrant him dead.

[CLIFFORD *grones and then dies.*

Ed. Harke, what soule is this that takes his heauy leaue?

Rich. A deadlie grone, like life and deaths departure.

Ed. See who it is, and now the battailes ended,
Friend or foe, let him be friendlie vsed.

Rich. Reuerse that doome of mercie, for tis Clifford,
Who kild our tender brother Rutland,
And stabd our princelie father Duke of Yorke.[1]

War. From off the gates of Yorke fetch downe the Head, Your fathers head which Clifford placed there.
Insteed of that, let his supplie the roome.
Measure for measure must be answered.

Ed. Bring forth that fatall scrichowle to our house,[2]

sons are said to have been killed; the greater part of whom were Lancastrians. Thus Southey describes the result of this dreadful conflict. Lines like these will soften the monotony of our notes:—

> "Witness Aire's unhappy water,
> Where the ruthless Clifford fell,
> And where Wharfe ran red with slaughter
> On the day of Towcester's field,
> Gathering in its guilty flood
> The carnage and the ill-spilt blood
> That forty thousand lives could yield.
> Cressy was to this but sport,
> Poictiers but a pageant vain,
> And the work of Agincourt
> Only like a tournament."

[1] The word "father" is omitted in the edition of 1600.

[2] The screech owl is the tawny owl. See Pennant's "Zoology," i. 208. Grose tells us that a screech owl flapping his wings

That nothing sung to vs but bloud and death,
Now his euill boding tongue no more shall speake.
War. I thinke his vnderstanding is bereft.
Say Clifford, doost thou know who speakes to thee?
Darke cloudie death oreshades his beames of life,
And he nor sees nor heares vs what we saie.
Rich. Oh would he did, and so perhaps he doth,
And tis his policie that[1] in the time of death,
He might auoid such bitter stormes as he
In his houre of death did giue vnto our father.
George. Richard if thou thinkest so, vex him with eager words.
Rich. Clifford, aske mercie and obtaine no grace.
Ed. Clifford, repent in bootlesse penitence.
War. Clifford deuise excuses for thy fault.
George. Whilst we deuise fell tortures for thy fault.
Rich. Thou pittiedst Yorke, and I am sonne to Yorke.
Ed. Thou pittiedst Rutland, and I will pittie thee.
George. Wheres captaine Margaret to fence you now?
War. They mocke thee Clifford, sweare as thou wast wont.

against the windows of a sick person's chamber, or screeching at them, portends that some one of the family shall shortly die. In Rowlands' "More Knaves Yet," 1612, this superstition is thus pleasantly ridiculed :—

> "Wise Gosling did but hear the Scrich Owl cry,
> And told his wife, and straight a pig did die."

The superstition is at least as old as the fifth century; and Butler banters the ancient Romans for their believing it :—

> "The Roman senate, when within
> The city walls an owl was seen,
> Did cause their clergy with lustrations,
> Our Synod calls humiliations,
> The round-fac'd prodigy to avert,
> From doing town or country hurt."

[1] The word "that" is omitted in the edition of 1600.

Rich. What not an oath? Nay, then I know hees dead.
Tis hard, when Clifford cannot foord his friend an oath.
By this I know hees dead, and by my soule,
Would this right hand buy but an howres life,
That I in all contempt might raile at him.
Ide cut it off and with the issuing bloud,
Stifle the villaine whose instanched thirst,
Yorke and young Rutland could not satisfie.
War. I, but he is dead, off with the traitors head,
And reare it in the place your fathers stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned Englands lawfull king.
From thence shall Warwike crosse the seas to France,
And aske the ladie Bona for thy Queene,
So shalt thou sinew both these landes togither,
And hauing France thy friend thou needst not dread,
The scattered foe that hopes to rise againe.
And though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them busie to offend thine eares.
First Ile see the coronation done,
And afterwards Ile crosse the seas to France,
To effect this marriage if it please my Lord.
Ed. Euen as thou wilt good Warwike let it be.
But first before we goe, George kneele downe.
We here create thee Duke of Clarence, and girt thee with the sword.
Our younger brother Richard Duke of Glocester.
Warwike as my selfe shal do & vndo as him[1] pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,

[1] The edition of 1619 reads, "himselfe."

For Glosters Dukedome is too ominous.[1]
War. Tush thats a childish obseruation.
Richard be Duke of Gloster. Now to London.
To see these honours in possession.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter two keepers[2] *with bow and arrowes.*

Keeper. Come, lets take our stands vpon this hill,
And by and by the deere will come this waie.
But staie, heere comes a man, lets listen him a while.

Enter king HENRIE *disguisde.*

Hen. From Scotland am I stolne[3] euen of pure loue.

[1] So Hall says:—"It seemeth to many men that the name and title of Gloucester hath bene unfortunate and unluckie to diverse, whiche for their honor have bene erected by creation of princes to that stile and dignitie; as Hugh Spencer, Thomas of Woodstocke, son to Kynge Edwarde the thirde, and this duke Humphrey; whiche three persons by miserable death finished their daies; and after them King Richard the iii., also duke of Gloucester, in civil warre was slaine and confounded; so that this name of Gloucester is taken for an unhappie and unfortunate stile, as the proverbe speaketh of Sejanes horse, whose ryder was ever unhorsed, and whose possessor was ever brought to miserie." Perhaps, however, Richard wished for the senior title, and merely uses this as an excuse for asking for the other's dukedom.

[2] In the folio, they are called "Sinklo and Humphrey." Sinklo is introduced in a similar manner in the Induction to the "Taming of the Shrew," sc. i., and in "2 Henry IV.," act. v. sc. 5. He was also one of the players in the "Seven Deadlie Sinns," which was produced before 1589. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, iii. 348. Sinklo is also introduced in the Induction to Marston's "Malcontent," 1604, but this does not disprove the presumed fact that he was then dead. See Introduction. Malone supposes Humphrey meant Humphrey Jeffes, but he is probably mistaken, as Jeffes and his brother belonged to Henslowe's company. Mr Collier, however, thinks that Humphrey Jeffes may have joined the Lord Chamberlain's players afterwards, or had belonged to that body originally.

[3] "And on that parte that marched upon Scotlande, he laied

And thus disguisde to greet my natiue land.
No, Henrie no, It is no land of thine,
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suters[1] sues to thee for right,
For how canst thou helpe them and not thy selfe?
Keeper. I marrie sir, heere is[2] a deere, his skinne is a
Keepers fee. Sirra stand close, for as I thinke,
This is the king, king Edward hath deposde.
Hen. My Queene and sonne poor soules are gone to
France, and as I heare the great commanding Warwike,
To intreat a marriage with the ladie Bona,
If this be true, poore Queene and sonne,
Your labour is but spent in vaine,
For Lewis is a prince soone wun with words,
And Warwike is a subtill Orator.
He laughes and saies, his Edward is instalde,
She weepes, and saies her Henry is deposde,
He on his right hand asking a wife for Edward,
She on his left side crauing aide for Henry.

watches and espialles, that no person should go out of the realme to kyng Henry and his company, which then laye soiorning in Scotlande; but whatsoever ieoperdy or peryll might bee construed or demed to have insued by the meanes of kyng Henry, all suche doubtes were now shortly resolved and determined, and all feare of his doynges were clerely put under and extinct; for he hymselfe, whether he were past all feare, or was not well stablished in his perfite mynde, or could not long kepe hymself secrete, in a disguysed apparell boldely entered into Englande. He was no soner entered, but he was knowen and taken of one Cantlowe, and brought towarde the kyng, whom the erle of Warwicke met on the waie, by the kynges commaundement, and brought hym through London to the towre, and there he was laied in sure holde."—*Hall.*

[1] Probably "sue," for the amended play reads:—

"No humble suitors press to speak for right."

[2] The edition of 1619 reads, "heere's," which agrees with the amended play.

Keeper. What art thou that talkes of kings and queens?

Hen. More then I seeme, for lesse I should not be.
A man at least, and more I cannot be,
And men maie talke of kings, and why not I?

Keeper. I but thou talkest[1] as if thou wert a king thy selfe.

Hen. Why so I am in mind[2] though not in show.

Keeper. And if thou be a king where is thy crowne?

Hen. My crowne is in my hart, not on my head.
My crowne is calde content, a crowne that
Kings doe seldome times enioy.

Keeper. And if thou be a king crownd with content
Your crowne content and you, must be content
To go with vs vnto the officer, for as we thinke
You are our quondam king, K. Edward hath deposde,
And therefore we charge you in Gods name & the kings
To go along with vs vnto the officers.

Hen. Gods name be fulfild, your kings name be
Obaide, and be your kings, command and Ile obay.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter king EDWARD, CLARENCE, *and* GLOSTER, MONTAGUE, HASTINGS, *and the Lady* GRAY.

K. Ed. Brothers of Clarence, and of Glocester,
This ladies husband heere sir Richard Gray,[3]

[1] The edition of 1619 reads, "talkes."

[2] Perhaps an allusion to the old song, beginning—

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

The music to this is in the Public Library, Cambridge.

[3] So also the amended play reads, "Richard," but his name was John, as appears from all the chronicles. The subsequent statement that he lost his life in the cause of the house of York is altogether a mistake: but it is rectified in "Richard III." act. i. sc. 3:

"In all which time you, and your husband Grey,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster."

At the battaile of saint Albones did lose his life,
His lands then were seazed on by the conqueror.
Her sute is now to repossesse those lands,
And sith in quarrell of the house of Yorke,
The noble gentleman did lose his life,
In honor we cannot denie her sute.

Glo. Your highnesse shall doe well to grant it then.

K. Ed. I, so I will, but yet Ile make a pause.

Glo. I, is the winde in that doore?[1]

I see the Lady hath some thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble sute.

Cla. He knows the game, how well he keepes the wind.

K. Ed. Widow come some other time to know our mind.

La. May it please your grace I cannot brooke delaies,
I beseech your highnesse to dispatch me now.

K. Ed. Lords giue vs leaue, wee meane to try this widowes wit.

Cla. I, good leaue haue you.

Sir John Grey, according to Malone, fell in the second battle of St Albans, which was fought on Shrove-Tuesday, 1461, fighting on the side of King Henry; and so far is it from being true that his lands were seized on by Queen Margaret, that they were in fact seized by Edward, after his great victory at Towton, on March 29, 1461. The present scene is laid in the spring of 1464, for Edward married Elizabeth on the first of May in that year.

[1] In the two editions of 1595 and 1600, the two next lines form part of this speech. The edition of 1619 gives it as a separate speech, and the next speech, beginning, "He knows the game," is given to Gloster in that edition. These variations and others are unnoticed by Mr Knight, who professes to have collated the editions of 1595 and 1619. "Ile help you sir, saies she, if you please; yea, quoth Tarlton, *is the wind in that doore?* Come on, then."—"Tarlton's Jests" [1589], edit. 1638.

Glo. For you will haue leaue till youth take leaue,
And leaue you to your crouch.
K. Ed. Come hither widdow, howe many children haste thou?
Cla. I thinke he meanes to begge a child on her.
Glo. Nay whip me then, heele rather giue hir two.
La. Three my most gratious Lord.
Glo. You shall haue foure and[1] you wil be rulde by him.
K. Ed. Wer not pittie[2] they shoulde loose their fathers lands?
La. Be pittifull then dread L. and grant it them.
K. Ed. Ile tell thee how these lands are to be got.
La. So shall you bind me to your highnesse seruice.
K. Ed. What seruice will you doe me if I grant it them?
La. Euen what your highnesse shall command.
Glo. Naie then widow Ile warrant you all your
Husbands lands, if you grant to do what he
Commands. Fight close or in good faith
You catch a clap.
Cla. Naie I feare her not vnlesse she fall.
Glo. Marie godsforbot man, for heele take vantage then.
La. Why stops my Lord, shall I not know my taske?
K. Ed. An easie taske, tis but to loue a king.
La. Thats soone performde, because I am a subiect.
K. Ed. Why then thy husbandes landes I freelie giue thee.
La. I take my leaue with manie thousand thankes.
Cla. The match is made, shee seales it with a cursie.

[1] The edition of 1619 reads, "if."
[2] The edition of 1619 reads "wer't" for "wer."

K. Ed. Staie widdow staie, what loue dost thou thinke I sue so much to get?

La. My humble seruice, such as subiects owes[1] and the lawes commands.[2]

K. Ed. No by my troth, I meant no such loue,
But to tell thee the troth, I aime to lie with thee.

La. To tell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Ed. Why then thou canst not get thy husbandes lands.

La. Then mine honestie shall be my dower,
For by that losse I will not purchase them.

K. Ed. Herein thou wrongst thy children mightilie.

La. Heerein your highnesse wrongs both them and Me, but mightie Lord this merrie inclination
Agrees not with the sadnesse[3] of my sute.
Please it your highnes to dismisse me with either I or no.

K. Ed. I, if thou saie I to my request,
No, if thou saie no to my demand.

La. Then no my Lord, my sute is at an end.

Glo. The widdow likes him not, shee bends the brow.

Cla. Why he is the bluntest woer in christendome.

K. Ed. Her lookes are all repleat with maiestie,
One waie or other she is for a king,
And shę shall be my loue or else my Queene.
Saie that king Edward tooke thee for his Queene.

La. Tis better said than done, my gratious Lord,
I am a subiect fit to iest withall,
But far vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

[1] Probably "owe."

[2] Probably "command."

[3] "Sadness" here means *seriousness*. See "Romeo and Juliet," act i. sc. 1. See the nice example of the word in this sense in Douce's "Illustrations," ii. 28. A line somewhat similar to this occurs in "Second Part of Henry VI.," act i. sc. 1, ed. Collier, p. 113.

K. Ed. Sweete widdow, by my state I sweare, I speake
No more than what my hart intends,
And that is to enioie thee for my loue.
La. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,
I know I am too bad to your Queene,[1]
And yet too good to be your Concubine.
K. Ed. You cauill widdow, I did meane my Queene.
La. Your grace would be loath my sonnes should call you father.
K. Ed. No more then when my daughters call thee Mother. Thou art a widow and thou hast some children,[2]
And by Gods mother I being but a bacheler
Haue other some. Why tis a happy thing
To be the father of manie children.
Argue no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.

[1] So in Warner's "Albion's England," as quoted by Steevens—

> "His plea was love, my suit was land: I plie him, he plies me;
> Too bace to be his queen, too good his concubine to be."

Hall says, "—whiche demaund she so wysely and with so covert speech aunswered and repugned, affyrmyng that as she was for his honour far unable to be his spouse and bedfellowe, so for her awne poore honestie she was to good to be either his concubine, or sovereigne lady; that where he was a littel before heated with the dart of Cupido, he was now," &c. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii. 460. Perhaps Heywood remembered these lines when he wrote—

> "A concubine to one so great as Edward,
> Is far too great to be the wife of Shore."
> "King Edward IV." act v. sc. 4, ed. Field, p. 87.

[2] This memorable expression is said to have been addressed by Edward to his mother, who was particularly annoyed at this connexion. Among other arguments against her son's wedlock was, that the fact of Elizabeth being a widow ought to prevent her marriage with a king, since the sovereignty would be dishonoured by such bigamy. The sentiment as expressed in our text is far preferable to Heywood's coarseness.

Glo. The ghostlie father now hath done his shrift.
Cla. When he was made a shriuer twas for shift.
K. Ed. Brothers, you muse what talke the widdow
And I haue had, you would thinke it strange
If I should marrie her.
Cla. Marrie her my Lord, to whom?
K. Ed. Why Clarence to my selfe.
Glo. That would be ten daies wonder at the least.
Cla. Why thats a daie longer than a wonder lastes.
Glo. And so much more are the wonders in extreames.
K. Ed. Well, ieast on brothers, I can tell you, hir Sute is granted for her husbands lands.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And it please your grace, Henry your foe is Taken, and brought a prisoner to your pallace gates.
K. Ed. Awaie with him, and send him to the Tower,
And let vs[1] go question with the man about
His apprehension. Lords along, and vse this
Ladie honorablie. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Manet Gloster and speakes.

Glo. I, Edward will vse women honourablie,
Would he were wasted marrow, bones and all,
That from his loines no issue might succeed
To hinder me from the golden time I looke for,
For I am not yet lookt[2] on in the world.
First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry
And his sonne, and all they lookt for issue
Of their loines ere I can plant my selfe,
A cold premeditation for my purpose,
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
I will go clad my bodie in gaie ornaments,

[1] The editions of 1600 and 1619 read, "lets."
[2] The editions of 1600 and 1619 read, "looke."

And lull my selfe within a ladies lap,
And witch sweet Ladies with my words and lookes.
Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!
Why loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe.[1]
And for I should not deale in hir affaires,
Shee did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh,
And plaste[2] an enuious mountaine on my backe,
Where sits deformity to mocke my bodie,
To drie mine arme vp like a withered shrimpe.
To make my legges of an vnequall size,
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Easier for me to compasse twentie crownes.
Tut I can smile, and murder when I smile,
I crie content, to that that[3] greeues me most.
I can adde colours to the Camelion,
And for a need change shapes with Protheus,
And set the aspiring Catalin to schoole.
Can I do this, and cannot get the crowne?
Tush were it ten times higher, Ile put[4] it downe.
[*Exit.*

Enter king LEWIS *and the ladie* BONA, *and Queene* MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, OXFORD *and others.*

Lewes. Welcome Queene Margaret to the Court of France,
It fits not Lewis to sit while thou dost stand,
Sit by my side, and here I vow to thee,
Thou shalt haue aide to repossesse thy right,

[1] This line occurs in "Wily Beguilde," 4o. Lond. 1606—

"For love did scorne me in my mothers wombe."

The amended play reads—

"Why, love forswore me in my mothers wombe."

[2] That is, plac'd.

[3] The edition of 1619 reads, "that which."

[4] The edition of 1619 reads "pull," which is no doubt the right reading.

And beat proud Edward from his vsurped seat.
And place king Henry in this former rule.
Queene. I humblie thanke your royall maiestie.
And pray the God of heauen to bless thy state,
Great king of France, that thus regards our wrongs.

Enter Warwike.

Lew. How now, who is this?
Queene. Our Earle of Warwike Edwards chiefest friend.
Lew. Welcome braue Warwike, what brings thee to France?
War. From worthy Edward king of England,
My Lord and Soueraigne and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindnes and vnfained loue,
First to do greetings to thy royall person,
And then to craue a league of amitie,
And lastlie to confirme that amitie
With nuptiall knot if thou vouchsafe to grant
That vertuous ladie Bona thy faire sister,
To England's king in lawfull marriage. [Sig. D.]
Queene. And if this go forward all our hope is done.
Mar. And gratious Madam, in our kings behalfe,
I am commanded with your loue and fauour,
Humblie to kisse your hand and with my tongue,
To tell the passions of my soueraines hart,
Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,
Hath plast thy glorious image and thy vertues.
Queene.[1] King Lewes and Lady Bona heare me speake,

[1] This speech is much augmented in the amended play. Among the rest the following lines—

> "Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
> Thou draw not on thee danger and dishonour;"

which I quote in order to correct those editors, who read—

> "Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
> Thou draw not on *thy* danger and dishonour."

It must be admitted, however, that this latter reading is supported by the old copies.

Before you answere Warwike or his words,
For hee it is hath done vs all these wrongs.
War. Iniurious Margaret.
Prince Edward. And why not Queene?
War. Because thy father Henry did vsurpe,
And thou no more art Prince than shee is Queene.
Ox. Then Warwike disanuls great Iohn of Gaunt,
That did subdue the greatest part of Spaine,
And after Iohn of Gaunt wise Henry the fourth,
Whose wise dome was a mirrour to the world.
And after this wise prince Henry the fift,[1]
Who with his prowesse conquered all France,
From these our Henries [2] lineallie discent.
War. Oxford, how haps that in this smooth discourse
You told not how Henry the sixt had lost
All that Henry the fift had gotten.
Me thinkes these peeres of France should smile at that,
But for the rest you tell a pettigree
Of threescore and two yeares a sillie time,
To make prescription for a kingdomes worth.
Ox. Why Warwike, canst thou denie thy king,
Whom thou obeyedst thirtie and eight yeeres,
And bewray [3] thy treasons with a blush?

[1] The word "the" is erroneously omitted in Steevens's reprint, which leads Mr Knight to think it was not in the original. Such, however, is not the fact, as the present reading is found in the editions of 1595, 1600, and 1619. This merely shows, as I have said before, the difficulty of obtaining faultless reprints; and Mr Knight has frequently been obliged, in all probability, to be contented with Steevens.

[2] The edition of 1619 reads, "Henry is."

[3] That is, discover or disclose; not exactly synonymous with *betray*, which is often used *to discover for bad or treacherous purposes*, a sense in which *bewray*, according to Douce, is never found. See the very apposite quotation given in Douce's "Illustrations," ii. 26. In Rider's "Dictionarie," 1640, we

War. Can Oxford that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler falshood with a pettigree?
For shame leaue Henry and call Edward king.
Ox. Call him my king by whom mine elder
Brother the Lord Awbray Vere was done to death,
And more than so, my father euen in the
Downefall of his mellowed yeares,
When age did call him to the dore of death?
No Warwike no, whilst life vpholds this arme,
This arme vpholds the house of Lancaster.
Mar. And I the house of York.
K. Lewes. Queene Margaret, prince Edward and
Oxford, vouchsafe to forbeare a while,
Till I doe talke a word with Warwike.
Now Warwike euen vpon thy honor tell me true;
Is Edward lawfull king or no?
For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawful heir.
War. Thereon I pawne mine honour and my credit.
Lew. What is he gratious in the peoples eies?
War. The more, that Henry is vnfortunate.
Lew. What is his loue to our sister Bona?
Mar. Such it seemes
As maie beseeme a monarke like himselfe.
My selfe haue often heard him saie and sweare,
That this his loue was an eternall plant,
The root whereof was fixt in vertues ground,
The leaves and fruite mantainde with beauties sun,
Exempt from enuie, but not from disdaine,
Vnlesse the ladie Bona quite his paine.

have, "bewray, or disclose," explained by the Latin "prodo." See the instances of this word in "King Lear," act ii. sc. 1; act iii. sc. 6; "3 Henry VI." act i. sc. 1; "Coriolanus," act v. sc. 3; "Titus Andronicus," act v. sc. 1. The amended play reads, "and *not* bewray," so that probably this word was accidentally omitted, as it appears necessary to the sense.

Lew. Then sister let vs heare your firme resolue.
Bon. Your grant or your denial[1] shall be mine,
But ere this daie I must confesse, when I
Haue heard your kings deserts recounted,
Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to desire.
Lew. Then draw neere Queene Margaret and be a
Witnesse, that Bona shall be wife to the English king.
P. Ed. To Edward, but not the English king.
War. Henry now liues in Scotland at his ease,
Where hauing nothing, nothing he can lose,
And as for your selfe our *quondam* Queene,
You haue a father able to mainetaine your state,
And better twere to trouble him then France.

Sound for a post within.

Lew. Here comes some post Warwike to thee or vs.
Post. My Lord ambassador this is for you,
Sent from your brother Marquis Montague.
This from our king vnto your Maiestie.
And these to you Madam, from whom I know not.
Ox. I like it well that our faire Queene and mistresse,
Smiles at her newes when Warwike frets as his.[2]
P. Ed. And marke how Lewes stamps as he were nettled.
Lew. Now Margaret & Warwike, what are your newes?
Queene. Mine such as fils my heart full of ioie.[3]

[1] The edition of 1619 omits the word "your," and the second folio reads "deny" instead of "denial."
[2] We should read "frets *at* his," as in the edition of 1619.
[3] The edition of 1619 reads,
"Mine is such as fills my heart with joy."

War. Mine full of sorrow and harts discontent.[1]
Lew. What hath your king married the Ladie Gray,
And now to excuse himselfe sends vs a post of papers?
How dares he presume to vse vs thus?
Queene. This proueth Edwards loue, & Warwiks honesty.
War. King Lewis, I here protest in sight of heauen,
And by the hope I haue of heauenlie blisse,
That I am cleare from this misdeed of Edwards.
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
And most himselfe, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of Yorke,
My father came vntimelie to his death?[2]

[1] "Also the fourthe yere of Kynge Edwarde, the Erle of Warwyke was sent into Fraunce for a maryage for the Kynge, for one fayre ladye, suster-doughtere to the Kynge of Fraunce, whiche was concludede by the Erle of Warwyke. And whiles the seyde Erle of Warwyke was in Fraunce, the Kynge was wedded to Elisabethe Gray, wedow, the qwiche Sere Ihon Gray that was hyre housbonde was slayne at York felde in Kynge Herry partye; and the same Elisabeth was doughtere to the Lorde Ryvers; and the weddynge was prevely in a secrete place, the fyrst day of Maye the yere above seide."—Warksworth's "Chronicle," p. 3. Ritson says Edward's marriage took place in 1463, but I should rather give credence to Warkworth's date, May 1, 1464, which is rather corroborated than otherwise by the birth of the Princess Elizabeth in February 1465, to whom Warwick stood sponsor. Historians are divided in opinion relative to the real causes of Warwick's displeasure, but, as our dramatist has followed the later chronicles, it is not necessary to discuss the subject here.

[2] The edition of 1619 reads, "to an untimely death." Our author describes his death as happening at Ferrybridge, but Shakespeare, in the amended play, rejected that description of the death of the Earl of Salisbury, yet he retains the present passage; which, however, is scarcely sufficient to warrant Malone's conclusion. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii. 475.

Did I let passe the abuse done to thy neece?[1]
Did I impale him with the regall Crowne,
And thrust king Henry from his natiue home,
And most vngratefull doth he vse me thus?
My gratious Queene pardon what is past,
And henceforth I am thy true seruitour,
I will reuenge the wrongs done to ladie Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Queene. Yes Warwike I doe[2] quite forget thy former
Faults, if now thou wilt become king Henries friend.

War. So much his friend, I his vnfained friend,
That if king Lewes vouchsafe to furnish vs
With some few bands of chosen souldiers,
Ile vndertake to land them on our coast,
And force the Tyrant from his seate by warre,
Tis not his new made bride shall succour him.

Lew. Then at the last I am resolu'd,
You shall haue aide: and English messenger returne
In post, and tell false Edward thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers
To reuell it with him and his new bride.

Bona. Tell him in hope heele be a Widower shortlie,
Ile weare the willow garland for his sake.

Queene. Tell him my mourning weedes be laid aside,
And I am readie to put armour on.[3]

[1] We should probably read, "to *my* neece," as in the amended play. See "Holinshed," p. 668, as quoted in Malone's "Shakespeare" by Boswell, xviii. 475.

[2] The edition of 1619 reads, "I'll."

[3] It was once no unusual thing, says Steevens, for queens themselves to appear in armour at the head of their forces. The suit which Elizabeth wore, when she rode through the lines at Tilbury to encourage the troops on the approach of the Spanish Armada, may be still seen in the Tower.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.
Thears thy reward, begone.[1]

Lew. But now tell me Warwike, what assurance
I shall haue of thy true loyaltie?

War. This shall assure my constant loyaltie?
If that our Queene and this young prince agree,
Ile ioine mine eldest daughter and my ioie
To him forthwith in holie wedlockes[2] bandes.

Queene. Withall[3] my hart, that match I like full wel,[4]

[1] The edition of 1619 reads here, "*Exit Mes.*"

[2] The edition of 1619 reads "wedlocke," which agrees with the amended play. There appears to be an historical error, as it was one of the younger daughters of Warwick, and not the eldest, that the prince married. There is, however, no absolute inconsistency, as at this time Warwick's eldest daughter was unmarried.

[3] The edition of 1619 reads, "with all."

[4] In point of fact, Queen Margaret persevered fifteen days before she would consent to the alliance with Warwick; to which, at last, by the advice of the counsellors of her father, King René, she agreed, and the marriage was promised in presence of the King of France and the Duke of Guienne, brother to Louis XI. See Strickland's "Lives of the Queens," iii. 338, and Warkworth's "Chronicle," p. 9. This last authority says: "And whenne the seide Duke of Clarence and the Erle of Warwyke were in Fraunce, there apperede a blasynge steire in the weste, and the flame therof lyke a spere hede, the whiche dyverse of the kynges house sawe it, whereof thei were fulle sore adrede. And thanne in Fraunce whenne the seide lordes where, thei toke there counselle qwhat was beste for to do; and thei coude fynde no remedy but to sende to Quene Margaret, and to make a maryage betwex Prynce Edwarde, Kynge Herry sonne, and an other of the seid Erle of Warwikys doughters, whiche was concluded; and in Fraunce worschippfully wedded." The original of the Duke of Guienne's oath to assist Queen Margaret, approving also of the marriage of Anne of Warwick, is to be found in MS. Cotton. Vespas. F. iii. fol. 32. It is signed by himself, and dated July 30th 1470.

Loue her sonne Edward, shee is faire and yong,
And giue thy hand to Warwike for thy loue.
Lew. It is enough, and now we will prepare,
To leuie souldiers for to go with you.
And you Lord Bourbon our high Admirall,
Shall waft them safelie to the English coast,
And chase proud Edward from his slumbring trance,
For mocking marriage with the name of France.
War. I came from Edward as Imbassadour
But I returne his sworne and mortall foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull warre shall answere his demand.
Had he none else to make his stale but me?
Then none but I shall turne his iest to sorrow.
I was the chiefe that raisde him to the crowne,
And Ile be chiefe to bring him downe againe,
Not that I pittie Henries miserie,
But seeke reuenge on Edwards mockerie. [*Exit.*

Enter king EDWARD, *the Queene and* CLARENCE, *and* GLOSTER, *and* MONTAGUE, *and* HASTINGS, *and* PENBROOKE, *with souldiers.*

Ed. Brothers of Clarence, and of Glocester,
What thinke you of our marriage with the ladie Gray?
Cla. My Lord, we thinke as Warvvike and Lewes
That are so slacke in iudgement, that theile [1] take
No offence at this suddaine marriage.
Ed. Suppose they do, they are but Levves and
Warvvike, and I am your king [2] and Warvvikes,
And will be obaied.
Glo. And shall, because our king,[3] but yet such
Sudden marriages seldome proueth [4] well.

[1] The edition of 1619 reads, "they will."
[2] The edition of 1619 reads, "and I am both your king."
[3] The edition of 1600 reads, "because you are our king."
[4] Perhaps we should rather read "proue," in regard to the grammatical strictness of Gloster's remark.

Ed. Yea brother Richard are you against us too?
Glo. Not I my Lord, no, God forfend that I should
Once gaine saie your highnesse pleasure,
I, & twere a pittie[1] to sunder them that yoake so wel togither.
Ed. Setting your skornes and your dislikes aside,
Shew me some reasons why the Ladie Gray,
Maie not be my loue and Englands Queene?
Speak freelie Clarence, Gloster,
Montague and Hastings.
Cla. My Lord then this is my opinion,[2]
That Warwike beeing dishonored in his embassage,
Doth seeke reuenge to quite his iniuries.
Glo. And Levves in regard to his sisters wrongs,
Doth ioine with Warwike to supplant your state.
Ed. Suppose that Warwike and Lewis be appeased,
By such meanes as I can best deuise.
Mon. But yet to haue ioind with France in this
Alliance, would more haue strengthened this our
Common wealth, gainst forraine stormes,
Then anie home bred marriage.
Has. Let England be true within it selfe,[3]
We need not France nor any alliance with them.

[1] The word "a" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

[2] The edition of 1619 reads, "mine opinion."

[3] Borde, talking of the English, says:—"Thei fare sumptiousli, God is served in their churches devoutly, but treason and deceyt among them is used craftili, the mare pitie, for *yf they were true within themselfes*, thei nede not to feare, although al nacions wer set against them."—"The Fyrst Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge" [1542]. It is observable, says Malone, that the first of these lines occurs in the old play of "King John," 1591, from which Shakspeare borrowed it, and inserted it, with a slight change, in his own play with the same title. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii. 482. The amended play reads:—

"Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself."

Cla. For this one speech the Lord Hastings wel deserues,
To haue the daughter and heire[1] of the Lord Hungerford.
Ed. And what then? It was our will it should be so?
Cla. I, and for such a thing too the Lord Scales
Did well deserue at your hands, to haue the
Daughter of the Lord Bonfield, and left your
Brothers to go seeke elsewhere, but in
Your madnes, you burie brotherhood.
Ed. Alasse poore Clarence, is it for a wife,
That thou art mal-content,
Why man be of good cheere, Ile prouide thee one.
Cla. Naie you plaide the broker so ill for your selfe,
That you[2] shall giue me leaue to make my
Choise as I thinke good, and to that intent,
I shortlie mean to leaue you.
Ed. Leaue me or tarrie I am full resolu'd,
Edward will not be tied to his brothers wils.
Queen.[3] My Lords doe me but right, and you must
Confesse, before it pleasd his highnesse to aduance
My state to title of a Queene,
That I was not ignoble in my birth.[4]

[1] It must be remembered, says Dr Johnson, that till the Restoration, the heiresses of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who in their minority gave them up to plunder, and afterwards matched them with his favourites (Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii. 483).

[2] The edition of 1619 reads "ye."

[3] It ought to be observed, that in the stage-directions and prefixes of this scene in the amended play, we have invariably Lady Grey, as if intentionally to show that she was not yet a sovereign, properly so speaking. Edward, in fact, puts the question on this very subject hypothetically. Some editors, without any authority, make Lady Grey enter "as queen."

[4] The edition of 1619 reads, "from my birth." Elizabeth's father was Sir Richard Widville, Knight, afterwards Earl of

Ed. Forbeare my loue to fawne vpon their frownes,
For thee they must obay, naie shall obaie,
And if they looke for fauour at my hands.

Mon. My Lord, heere is the messenger returned from France.

Enter a Messenger.

Ed. Now sirra, what letters or what newes?

Mes. No letters my Lord, and such newes, as without
Your highnesse speciall pardon [1] I dare not relate.

Ed. We pardon thee, and as neere as thou canst
Tell me, what said Lewis to our letters?

Mes. At my departure these were his verie words.
Go tell false Edward thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers,
To reuill it with him and his new bride.

Ed. Is Lewis so braue, belike he thinkes me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to these wrongs?

Mes. Tel him quoth she, in hope heele proue a widdower shortly,
Ile weare the willow garland for his sake.

Ed. She had the wrong, indeed she could saie
Little lesse. But what said Henries Queene, for as
I heare, she was then in place?

Mes. Tell him quoth shee my mourning weeds be
Doone, and I am ready to put armour on.

Ed. Then belike she meanes to plaie the Amazon.
But what said Warwike to these iniuries?

Rivers; her mother, Jaqueline, Duchess Dowager of Bedford, who was daughter to Peter of Luxemburgh, Earl of St Pol, and widow of John Duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry V. See the "Archæologia," vol. xxix., where will be found other particulars, in a paper I communicated to the Society of Antiquaries.

[1] The word "speciall" is omitted in the edition of 1619, but it is found in the amended play.

Mes. He more incensed then the rest my Lord,
Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.
Ed. Ha, durst the traytor breathe out such proude words?
But I will arme me to preuent the worst.
But what is Warwike friendes with Margaret?
Mes. I my good Lord, theare[1] so linkt in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwikes daughter.
Cla. The elder, belike Clarence shall haue the Yonger. All ye that loue me and Warwike
Follow me.[2] [*Exit* CLARENCE *and* SUMMERSET.
Ed. Clarence and Summerset fled to Warwike.
Uhat saie you brother Richard, will you stand to us?
Glo. I my Lord, in despight of all that shall
Withstand you. For why hath Nature
Made me halt downe right, but that I
Should be valiant and stand to it, for if
I would, I cannot runne awaie.
Ed. Penbrooke, go raise an armie presentlie,
Pitch vp my tent, for in the field this night
I meane to rest, and on the morrow morne,
Ile marche to meet proud Warwike ere he land
Those stragling troopes which he hath got in France.
But ere I goe Montague and Hastings,

[1] The edition of 1619 reads, "they are."

[2] Perhaps this speech may more appropriately be given to Edward. A similar line to this occurs in "The Battle of Alcazaz," 1594, quoted by Malone :—

> "Myself will lead the way,
> And make a passage with my conquering sword,
> Knee-deep in blood of these accursed Moors;
> *And they that love my honour, follow me.*"

And also in "Richard III.," act iii. sc. 4 :—

> "The rest that love me, rise, and follow me."

You of all the rest are neerest allied[1]
In bloud to Warwike, therefore tell me, if
You fauour him more then me or not:
Speake truelie, for I had rather haue you open
Enemies, then hollow friends.

Mon. So God help Montague as he proues true.

Has. And Hastings as hee fauours Edwards cause.

Ed. It shall suffice, come then lets march awaie.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter WARWIKE *and* OXFORD, *with souldiers.*

War. Trust me my Lords all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to vs,
But see where Sommerset and Clarence comes,[2]
Speake suddenlie my Lords, are we all friends?

Cla. Feare not that my Lord.

War. Then gentle Clarence welcome vnto Warwike.
And welcome Summerset, I hold it cowardise,
To rest mistrustfull where a noble hart,
Hath pawnde an open hand in signe of loue,
Else might I thinke that Clarence, Edwards brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,
But welcome sweet Clarence my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests but in nights couerture,
Thy brother being careleslie encampt,
His souldiers lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a simple guarde,
We maie surprise and take him at our pleasure,
Our skouts haue found the aduenture verie easie,

[1] Mr Knight, in quoting this line, reads "near" for "neerest," an important mistake, as far as concerns metre. The edition of 1619 reads:—

"You *aboue* all the rest are *neere* allyed."

[2] Probably "come."

Then crie king Henry with resolued mindes,
And breake we presentlie into his tent.
Cla. Why then lets on our waie in silent sort,
For Warwike and his friends God and saint George.
War. This is his tent,[1] and see where his guard doth
Stand, Courage my souldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and Edward shall be ours.
All. A Warwike, a Warwike.

Alarmes, and GLOSTER *and* HASTINGS *flies.*

Ox. Who goes there?
War. Richard and Hastings let them go, heere is the Duke.
Ed. The Duke, why Warwike when we parted
Last, thou caldst me king?
War. I, but the case is altered now.
When you disgrast me in my embassage,
Then I disgraste you from being king,
And now am come to create you Duke of Yorke,
Alasse how should you gouerne anie kingdome,
That knowes[2] not how to vse embassadors,
Nor how to vse your brothers brotherlie,
Nor how to shrowd your selfe from enimies.

[1] This was most likely a part of the earlier drama, on which I suppose the present play to be founded. Shakespeare would hardly have introduced so very simple a construction. The audience are required to suppose that the assailing party had travelled from their own quarters in order to arrive at Edward's tent, whereas they merely cross the boards to Edward's encampment. In the amended play, Shakespeare shows his superior judgment by changing the place, and interposing a dialogue between the watchmen who guard the king's tent. Robert Greene relied on the imagination of his auditors in the "Pinner of Wakefield" exactly in the same way. See Collier's "Shakespeare," v. 227.

[2] Probably "know."

Ed. Well Warwike, let fortune doe her worst,
Edward in minde will beare himselfe a king.
War. Then for his minde be Edward Englands king,
But Henry now shall weare the English crowne.
Go conuaie him to our brother archbishop of Yorke,
And when I haue fought with Penbrooke and his followers,
Ile come and tell thee what the ladie Bona saies,
And so for a while farewell good Duke of Yorke.
[*Exeunt some with* EDWARD.
Cla. What followes now, all hithertoo goes well,[1]
But we must dispatch some letters to France,[2]
To tell the Queene of our happy fortune,
And bid hir come with speed to ioine with vs.
War. I thats the first thing that we haue to doe.
And free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in his regall throne,
Come let vs haste awaie, and hauing past these cares
Ile post to Yorke, and see how Edward fares.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter GLOSTER,[3] HASTINGS, *and sir* WILLIAM STANLY.

Glo. Lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley,
Know that the cause I sent for you is this.
I looke my brother with a slender traine,
Should come a hunting in this forrest heere.
The Bishop of Yorke befriends him much,
And lets him vse his pleasure in the chase,
Now I haue priuilie sent him word,
How I am come with you to rescue him,
And see where the huntsman and he doth come.

[1] This same expression has just been used by Warwick. See p. 77.
[2] The edition of 1619 reads, "into France."
[3] This and the next scene are transposed in the amended play.

Enter EDWARD *and a Huntsman.*

Hunt. This waie my Lord the deere is gone.
Ed. No this waie huntsman, see where the
Keepers stand. Now brother and the rest,
What, are you prouided to depart?
Glo. I, I, the horse stands at the parke corner,
Come, to Linne, and so take shipping into Flanders.
Ed. Come then: Hastings, and Stanlie, I will
Requite your loues. Bishop farewell,
Sheeld thee from Warwikes frowne,[1]
And praie that I maie repossesse the crowne.
Now huntsman what will you doe?
Hunt. Marrie my Lord, I think I had as good
Goe with you, as tarrie heere to be hangde.
Ed. Come then lets awaie with speed.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter the Queene and the Lord RIUERS.

Riu. Tel me good maddam, why is your grace
So passionate of late?
Queene. Why brother Riuers, heare you[2] not the newes,
Of that successe king Edward had of late?
Riu. What? losse of some pitcht battaile against Warwike,
Tush, feare not faire Queen, but cast those cares aside.
King Edwards noble mind his honours doth display:
And Warwike maie loose, though then he got the day.
Queene. If that were all, my griefs were at an end:
But greater troubles will I feare befall.

[1] The edition of 1600 reads "frownes;" but this is probably an error, as the two lines seem intended to rhyme. The amended play agrees with our text.
[2] The edition of 1619 reads "ye."

Riu. What, is he taken prisoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royall person then?
Queene. I, thears my griefe, king Edward is surprisde,
And led awaie, as prisoner vnto Yorke.[1]
Riu. The newes is passing strange, I must confesse:
Yet comfort your selfe, for Edward hath more friends,
Then Lancaster at this time must perceiue,
That some will set him in his throne againe.
Queene. God grant they maie, but gentle brother come,
And let me leane vpon thine arme a while,
Vntill I come vnto the sanctuarie,
There to preserue the fruit within my wombe,
King Edwards seed true heire to Englands crowne.
[*Exit.*

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *and* HASTINGS *with a troope of Hollanders.*

Ed. Thus far from Belgia haue we past the seas,
And marcht from Raunspur hauen vnto Yorke:
But soft the gates are shut, I like not this.
Rich. Sound vp the drum and call them to the walls.

Enter the Lord Maire of Yorke vpon the wals.

Mair. My Lords we had notice of your comming,
And thats the cause we stand vpon our garde,
And shut the gates for to preserue the towne.
Henry now is king, and we are sworne to him.

[1] The edition of 1600 reads, "as *prison* unto York." This variation is noticed in Collier's "Shakespeare," v. 306; but perhaps that gentleman's opinion of the low value of the edition of 1600 is hardly borne out on a careful examination. Several of the variations between the editions of 1595 and 1600 are, as Mr Collier observes, mere "errors of the press;" but the latter edition contains several important readings. Thus at p. 32, 7th line, the reading of the edition of 1600 is most valuable, being the only one that supplies a correct metre.

Ed. Why my Lord Maire, if Henry be your king,
Edward I am sure at least, is Duke of Yorke.
Mair. Truth my Lord, we know you for no lesse.
Ed. I craue nothing but my Dukedome.
Rich. But when the Fox hath gotten in his head,
Heele quicklie make the bodie follow after.
Hast. Why my Lord Maire, what stand you vpon points?
Open the gates, we are king Henries friends.
Mair. Saie you so, then Ile open them presentlie.
[*Exit Maire.*
Rich. By my faith, a wise stout captain & soone perswaded.[1]
The Maire opens the dore, and brings the kiees in his hand.
Ed. So my Lord Maire, these gates must not be shut,
But in the time of warre, giue me the keies:
What, feare not man for Edward will defend
The towne and you, despight of all your foes.

Enter sir IOHN MOUNTGOMMERY *with drumme and souldiers.*

How now Richard, who is this?

[1] This person was Thomas Clifford. "And also he came for to clayme the Duchery of Yorke, the whiche was his inherytaunce of ryght, and so passed forthe to the cité of Yorke, where Thomas Clyfford lete hym inne, and ther he was examynede ayenne; and he seyde to the mayre and aldermenne and to alle the comons of the cité, in likewyse as he was afore in Holdernes at his landyng: that was to sey, that he nevere wulde clayme no title, ne take uppone honde to be Kynge of Englonde, nor wulde have do afore that tyme, but be excitynge and sturing of the Erle of Warwyke; and thereto afore alle peple, he cryed 'A! Kynge Herry! A! Kynge and Prynce Edwarde!' and wered ane estryche feder, Prynce Edwardes lyvery. And after this he was suffered to passe the cité, and so helde his wey southwarde, and no man lettyd hym ne hurtyde hym."—Warkworth's "Chronicle," p. 14.

Rich. Brother, this is sir Iohn Mountgommery,
A trustie friend vnlesse I be deceiude.
Ed. Welcome sir Iohn. Wherfore come you in armes?
Sir Iohn. To helpe king Edward in this time of stormes,
As euerie loyall subiect ought to doe.
Ed. Thankes braue Mountgommery,
But I onlie claime my Dukedom.
Vntil[1] it please God to send the rest.
Sir Iohn. Then fare you wel? Drum strike vp and let vs
March away, I came to serue a king and not a Duke.
Ed. Nay staie sir Iohn, and let vs first debate,
With what security we maie doe this thing.
Sir Iohn. What stand you on debating, to be briefe,
Except you presently proclaime your selfe our king,
Ile hence againe, and keepe them backe that come to
Succour you, why should we fight when
You pretend no title?
Rich. Fie brother, fie, stand you vpon tearmes?[2]
Resolue your selfe, and let vs claime the crowne.
Ed. I am resolude once more to claime the crowne,
And win it too, or else to loose my life.
Sir Iohn. I now my soueraigne speaketh like himselfe,[3]
Aud now will I be Edwards Champion,
Sound Trumpets, for Edward shall be proclaimed.
Edward the fourth by the grace of God, king of Eng-

[1] Mr Knight reads "till."
[2] The word "fie" is omitted in the edition of 1619.
[3] The edition of 1600 reads "speakes," and that of 1619 omits the word "like." The whole of this speech is arranged as metre in the edition of 1600.

land and France, and Lord of Ireland, and whosoeuer gainsaies king Edwards right: by this I challenge him to single fight, long liue Edward the fourth.

All. Long liue Edward the fourth.

Ed. We thanke you all. Lord Maire lead on the waie:
For this night weele harbour here in Yorke,
And then as earlie as the morning sunne,
Liftes vp his beames aboue this horison
Weele march to London, to meete with Warwike:
And pull false Henry from the Regall throne.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*[1]

Enter WARWIKE *and* CLARENCE, *with the Crowne, and then king* HENRY, *and* OXFORD, *and* SUMMERSET, *and the yong Earle of Richmond.*

Kin. Thus from the prison to this princelie seat,
By Gods great mercies am I brought
Againe, Clarence and Warwike doe you
Keepe the crowne, and gouerne and protect
My realme in peace, and I will spend the
Remnant of my daies, to sinnes rebuke
And my Creators praise.

War. What answeres Clarence to his soueraignes will?

Cla. Clarence agrees to what king Henry likes.

Kin. My Lord of Summerset, what prettie
Boie is that you seeme to be so carefull of?

Sum. And it please your grace, it is yong Henry,
Earle of Richmond.

Kin. Henry of Richmond, Come hither pretie Ladde.
If heauenlie powers doe aime aright
To my diuining thoughts, thou pretie boy,

[1] This is omitted in the edition of 1600.

Shalt proue this Countries blisse,[1]
Thy head is made to weare a princelie crowne,
Thy lookes are all repleat with Maiestie,
Make much of him my Lords,
For this is he shall helpe you more,
Then you are hurt by me.

Enter one with a letter to WARWIKE.[2]

War. What Counsell Lords, Edward from Belgia
With hastie Germaines and blunt Hollanders,
Is past in safetie through the narrow seas,
And with his troopes doe[3] march amaine towardes London,
And manie giddie people follow him.[4]
Ox. Tis best to looke to this betimes,
For if this fire doe kindle any further,
It will be hard for vs to quench it out.
War. In Warwikeshire I haue true harted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,
Them will I muster vp, and thou sonne Clarence shalt
In Essex, Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,
Stir vp the knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
And thou brother Montague, in Leistershire,
Buckingham and Northamptonshire shalt finde,

[1] So Holinshed and Hall—"whom when the king had a good while beheld, he said to such princes as were with him: Lo, surelie this is he, to whom both we and our adversaries, leaving the possession of all things, shall hereafter give roome and place." Henry VII., perhaps to show his gratitude to Henry VI. for this early presage in his favour, solicited Pope Julius to canonize him as a saint; but this was not accomplished, and Henry is not in the Romish calendar, although two books of his "Miracula" may be still seen in the MS. Harl., 423.

[2] This corresponds to act iv. sc. 8, of the amended play, though not so divided in Mr Knight's edition.

[3] Perhaps "doth."

[4] The edition of 1619 reads :—

"And many giddy headed people follow him."

Men well inclinde to doe what thou commands,
And thou braue Oxford wondrous well belou'd,
Shalt in thy countries muster vp thy friends.
My soueraigne with his louing Citizens,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Faire Lords take leaue and stand not to replie,
Farewell my soueraigne.

King. Farewel my Hector, my Troyes true hope.

War. Farewell sweet Lords, lets meet at Couentrie.

All. Agreed. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Edward and his traine.

Ed. Sease on the shamefast Henry,
And once againe conuaie him to the Tower,
[Sig. E.] Awaie with him, I will not heare him speake.
And now towards Couentrie let vs[1] bend our course
To meet with Warwike and his confederates.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter WARWIKE *on the walles.*

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How farre hence is thy Lord my honest fellow?

Ox. post. By this at Daintrie marching hitherward.

War. Where is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?

Post. I left him at Donsmore with his troopes.

War. Say Summerfield where is my louing son?
And by thy gesse, how farre is Clarence hence?

Som. At Southam my Lord I left him with
His force, and doe expect him two houres hence.

War. Then Oxford is at hand, I heare his drum.

[1] The edition of 1600 reads "lets."

Enter EDWARD *and his power.*

Glo. See brother, where the surly Warwike mans the wal.

War. O vnbid spight, is spotfull[1] Edward come!
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduste,
That we could haue no newes of their repaire?

Ed. Now Warwike wilt thou be sorrie for thy faults,
And call Edward king and he will pardon thee.

War. Naie rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe?
Confesse who set thee vp and puld thee downe?
Call Warwike patron and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.

Glo. I had thought at least he would haue said the king.
Or did he make the iest against his will.

War. Twas Warwike gaue the kingdome to thy brother.

Ed. Why then tis mine, if but by Warwikes gift.

War. I but thou art no Atlas for so great a waight,
And weakling, Warwike takes his gift againe,
Henry is my king, Warwike his subject.

Ed. I prethe gallant Warwike tell me this,
What is the bodie when the head is off?

Glo. Alasse that Warwike had no more foresight,
But whilst[2] he sought to steale the single ten,
The king was finelie fingerd from the decke?
You left poore Henry in the Bishops pallace,
And ten to one you'le meet him in the Tower.

Ed. Tis euen so, and yet you are old Warwike still.

War. O cheerefull colours, see where Oxford comes.

[1] The amended play reads, "sportfull," which seems to be preferable to the word in our text.

[2] The edition of 1600 reads "while."

Enter OXFORD *with drum and souldiers &c al crie,*[1]

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford for Lancaster. [*Exit.*

Ed. The Gates are open, see they enter in,
Lets follow them and bid them battaile in the streetes.

Glo. No, so some other might set vpon our backes,
Weele staie till all be entered, and then follow them.

Enter SUMMERSET *with drum and souldiers.*

Sum. Summerset, Summerset, for Lancaster. [*Exit.*

Glo. Two of thy name both Dukes of Summerset,
Haue solde their liues vnto the house of Yorke,
And thou shalt be the third and my sword hold.[2]

Enter MONTAGUE *with drum and souldiers.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster. [*Exit.*

Ed. Traitorous Montague, thou and thy brother
Shall deerelie abie this rebellious act.

Enter CLARENCE *with drum and souldiers.*

War. And loe where George of Clarence sweepes
Along, of power enough to bid his brother battell.

Cla. Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster.

Ed. Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Cæsar too?[3]
A parlie sirra to George of Clarence.

[1] This is omitted in the edition of 1619; but Mr Knight has restored it from our text, without omitting the prefix *Oxf.* in the next line, which ought not to be retained, and is accordingly left out in the reprint of 1600. It may be as well to observe that the direction *Exit* in the next line is properly altered to *Exeunt* in the edition of 1600.

[2] The edition of 1619 reads, "if my sword hold."

[3] The prefix to this line is omitted in the edition of 1600, and the whole speech is omitted in the amended play. The Latin words occur in "Julius Cæsar," act iii. sc. 1., probably borrowed from this play. The very same line occurs in Nicholson's poem before quoted.

Sound a Parlie, and RICHARD *and* CLARENCE *whispers togither, and then* CLARENCE *takes his red Rose out of his hat, and throwes it at* WARWIKE.

War. Com Clarence come, thou wilt if Warwike call.
Cla. Father of Warwike, know you what this meanes?
I throw mine infamie at thee,
I will not ruinate my fathers house,
Who gaue his bloud to lime the stones togither,
And set vp Lancaster. Thinkest thou
That Clarence is so harsh vnnaturall,
To lift his sword against his brothers life,
And so proud harted Warwike I defie thee,
And to my brothers turne my blushing cheekes?
Pardon me Edward, for I haue done amisse,
And Richard doe not frowne vpon me,
For henceforth I will proue nò more vnconstant.
Ed. Welcome Clarence, and ten times more welcome,
Then if thou neuer hadst deserud our hate.
Glo. Welcome good Clarence, this is brotherlie.
War. Oh passing traytor, periurd and vniust.
Ed. Now Warwike, wilt thou leaue
The towne and fight? or shall we beate the
Stones about thine eares?
War. Why I am not coopt vppe heere for defence,
I will awaie to Barnet presently,
And bid the battaile Edward if thou darest.[1]
Ed. Yes Warwike he dares, and leades the waie,
Lords to the field, saint George and victorie.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

[1] The edition of 1619 read "dar'st," which agrees with the amended play.

Alarmes, and then enter WARWIKE *wounded.*

War. Ah, who is nie? Come to me friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor Yorke or Warwike?
Why aske I that? my mangled bodie shewes,
That I must yeeld my bodie to the earth.
And by my fall the conquest to my foes,
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the axes edge,
Whose armes gaue shelter to the princelie Eagle,
Vnder whose shade the ramping[1] Lion slept,
Whose top branch ouerpeerd Ioues spreading tree.
The wrinkles in my browes now fild with bloud,
Were likened oft to kinglie sepulchers.
For who liu'd king, but I could dig his graue?
And who durst smile, when Warwike bent his brow?
Lo now my glorie smeerd in dust and bloud,
My parkes, my walkes,[2] my mannors that I had,
Euen now forsake me, and of all my lands,
Is nothing left me but my bodies length.

Enter OXFORD *and* SUMMERSET.

Ox. Ah Warwike, Warwike, cheere vp thy selfe and liue,
For yet thears hope enough to win the daie.
Our warlike Queene with troopes is come from France,
And at South-hampton landed all hir traine,
And mightst[3] thou liue, then would we neuer flie.

War. Whie then I would not flie, nor haue I now,
But Hercules himselfe must yeeld to ods,
For manie wounds receiu'd, and manie moe repaid,

[1] The edition of 1619 reads "rampant." The amended play agrees with our text.

[2] The edition of 1619 reads, "and walkes." The amended play agrees with our text.

[3] The edition of 1600 reads "mightest."

Hath[1] robd my strong knit sinews of their strength,
And spite of spites needs must I yeeld to death.
Som. Thy brother Montague hath breathed his last,
And at the pangs of death I heard him crie
And saie, commend me to my valiant brother,
And more he would haue spoke[2] and more he said,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,[3]
That could not be distinguisht for the sound,
And so the valiant Montague gaue vp the ghost.
War. What is pompe, rule, raigne, but earth and dust?
And liue we how we can, yet die we must,
Sweet rest his soule, flie Lords and saue your selves,
For Warwike bids you all farewell to meet in Heauen.[4]
[*He dies.*
Ox. Come noble Summerset, lets take our horse,
And cause retrait be sounded through the campe,
That all our friends that yet remaine aliue,
May be awarn'd[5] and saue themselues by flight.
That done, with them weele post vnto the Queene,
And once more trie our fortune in the field.
[*Ex. ambo.*

Enter EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *with souldiers.*

Ed. Thus still our fortune giues vs victorie,
And girts our temples with triumphant ioies,
The bigboond traytor Warwike hath breathde his last,
And heauen this daie hath smilde vpon vs all,
But in this cleere and brightsome daie,

[1] Probably "have."
[2] The edition of 1600 reads "saide."
[3] The amended play reads :—
"Which sounded like a cannon in a vault."
Some of the editors return to the old reading.
[4] So in "Richard III.," act. iii. sc. 3 :—
"Farewell, until we meet again in Heaven."
[5] The edition of 1619 reads "forewarn'd."

I see a blacke suspitious cloud appeare
That will encounter with our glorious sunne
Before he gaine his easefull westerne beames,
I mean those powers which the Queen hath got in Frãce.
Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.
Glo. Oxford and Summerset are fled to hir,
And tis likelie if she haue time to breath,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.
Ed. We are aduertisde by our louing friends,
That they doe hold their course towards Tewxburie.
Thither will we, for willingnes rids waie,
And in euerie countie[1] as we passe along,
Our strengthes shall be augmented.
Come lets goe, for if we slack this faire
Bright Summers daie, sharpe winters
Showers will marre our hope for haie.

[*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter the Queene, Prince EDWARD, OXFORD, *and* SUMMERSET, *with drum and souldiers.*

Queene. Welcome to England, my louing friends of Frãce.
And welcome Summerset, and Oxford too.
Once more haue we spreade our sailes abroad,
And though our tackling be almost consumde,
And Warwike as our maine mast ouerthrowne,
Yet warlike Lords raise you that sturdie post,
That bears the sailes to bring vs vnto rest,
And Ned and I as willing Pilots should
For once with carefull minds guide on the sterne,
To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe
That heretofore hath swallowed vp our friends.
Prince. And if there be, as God forbid there should,
Amongst vs a timorous or fearefull man,

[1] The edition of 1619 reads "country."

Let him depart before the battels[1] ioine,
Least he in time of need intise another,
And so withdraw the souldiers harts from vs.
I will not stand aloofe and bid you fight,
But with my sword presse in the thickest thronges,
And single Edward from his strongest guard,
And hand to hand enforce him for to yeeld,
Or leaue my bodie as witnesse of my thoughts.

Ox. Women and children of so high resolue,
And Warriors faint, why twere perpetuall
Shame? Oh braue yong Prince, thy
Noble grandfather doth liue againe in thee,
Long maiest thou liue to beare his image,
And to renew his glories.

Sum. And he that turnes and flies when such do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the Owle by daie
Be hist, and wondered[2] at if he arise.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lords, Duke Edward with a mighty power,
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.

Ox. I thought it was his pollicie, to take us vnprouded,
But here will we stand and fight it to the death.

Enter king EDWARD, CLA. GLO. HAST. *and Souldiers.*

Ed. See brothers, yonder stands the thornie wood,
Which by Gods assistance and your prowesse,
Shall with our swords yer[3] night be cleane cut downe.

[1] The edition of 1600 reads "battaile."

[2] The edition of 1600 reads "wondred," which is adopted by Mr Knight from the amended play, I suppose, as that edition does not appear to have been accessible to him.

[3] The edition of 1600 reads "ere." The word "yer," that is, *before*, is merely the older word, and occurs in Chaucer. "That gathered sundry assemblies in diuers places, where *yer*

Queene. Lords, Knights & gentlemen, what I should say,
My teares gainesaie, for as you see, I drinke
The water of mine eies. Then no more
But this. Henry your king is prisoner
In the tower, his land and all our friends
Are quite distrest, and yonder standes
The Wolfe that makes all this,
Then on Gods name Lords togither cry saint George.
All. Saint George for Lancaster.

Alarmes to the battell, YORKE *flies, then the chambers be discharged.*[1] *Then enter the king,* CLA. *&* GLO. *&* *the rest, &* *make a great shout, and crie, for Yorke, for Yorke, and then the Queene is taken, &* *the prince, &* OXF. *&* SUM. *and then sound and enter all againe.*

Ed. Lo here a period of tumultuous broiles,
Awaie with Oxford to Hames castell straight,
For Summerset off with his guiltie head.
Awaie I will not hear them speake.
Ox. For my part Ile not trouble thee with words.
[*Exit* OXFORD.

a leaud songe was fully ended, some mist their kniues, some their purses, soome onethinge, soome another."—"Kind-Harts Dreame," 1592. The editors of Shakespeare's Poems, including Mr Dyce, have made an unnecessary alteration in "The Passionate Pilgrim:"—

"What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm *yer* night,
And then too late she will repent,
That thus dissembled her delight."

This is so printed in the edition of 1599, among the "Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Musicke," but the word *yer* has been changed to *ere.*

[1] We have had this stage-direction previously at vol. 5, p. 483. It may be as well to observe that *chambers* are short pieces of ordnance or cannon, which stood on their breeching, without any carriage, used chiefly for rejoicings or theatrical cannonades. See "Second Part of Henry IV.," act ii. sc. 4; and "King Henry VIII.," act i. sc. 4.

Sum. Nor I, but stoope with patience to my death.
[*Exit* SUM.
Ed. Now Edward what satisfaction canst thou make
For stirring vp my subjects to rebellion?
Prin. Speake like a subiect proud ambitious Yorke,
Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth,
Resigne thy chair, and where I stand kneele thou,
Whilst[1] I propose the selfesame words to thee,
Which traytor thou woudst haue me answere to.
Queene. Oh that thy father had bin so resolu'd:
Glo. That you might still haue kept your
Peticote, and nere haue stolne the
Breech from Lancaster.
Prin. Let Aesop fable in a winters night,
His currish Riddles sorts[2] not with this place.
Glo. By heauen brat Ile plague you for that word.
Queene. I, thou wast born to be a plague to men.
Glo. For Gods sake take awaie this captiue scold.
Prin. Nay take away this skolding Crooktbacke rather.
Ed. Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue,
Cla. Vntuterd lad thou art too malepert.
Prin. I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull.
Lasciuious Edward, and thou periurd George,
And thou mishapen Dicke, I tell you all,
I am your better, traytors as you be.
Ed. Take that, the litnes of this railer heere.[3]
Queene. Oh kill me too.
Glo. Marrie and shall.
Ed. Hold Richard hold, for we haue doone too much alreadie.

[1] The edition of 1600 reads "whilest."
[2] Probably "sort."
[3] In the edition of 1619, the stage-direction "Stabs him," is inserted after this line. The edition of 1600 reads "lightnes," and that of 1619 reads, "thou likenesse of this railer here."

Glo. Why should she liue to fill the world with words?

Edw. What doth she swound? make meanes for Her recouerie?

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother,
I must to London on a serious matter,
Ere you come there, you shall heare more newes.

Cla. About what, prethe tell me?

Glo. The Tower man, the Tower, Ile root them out.
[*Exit* GLOSTER.

Queen. Ah Ned, speake to thy mother boy? ah
Thou canst not speake.
Traytors, Tyrants, bloudie Homicides,
They that stabd Cæsar shed no bloud at all,
For he was a man, this in respect a childe,
And men nere spend their furie on a child,
Whats worse then tyrant that I maie name,[1]
You haue no children Deuils, if you had,
The thought of them would then haue stopt your rage,
But if you euer hope to haue a sonne,
Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off,
As Traitors you haue doone this sweet yong prince.

Ed. Awaie, and beare her hence.

Queene. Naie nere beare me hence, dispatch
Me heere, heere sheath thy sword,
Ile pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not?
Then Clarence, doe thou doe it?

Cla. By Heauen I would not doe thee so much ease.

Queene. Good Clarence doe, sweet Clarence kill me too.

Cla. Didst thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?

[1] The edition of 1619 reads, "I may *not* name," which does not seem to be an improvement, although it is adopted by Mr Knight.

Queene. I, but thou vsest to forsweare thy selfe,
Twas sinne before, but now tis charitie.
Whears the Diuels butcher, hardfauored Richard,
Richard where art thou? He is not heere,
Murder is his almes deed, petitioners
For bloud he nere put backe.[1]

Ed. Awaie I saie, and take her hence perforce.

Queene. So come to you and yours, as to this prince.
[*Ex.*

Ed. Clarence, whithers[2] Gloster gone?

Cla. Marrie my Lord to London, and as I gesse,[3] to
Make a bloudie supper in the Tower.

Ed. He is sudden if a thing come in his head.
Well, discharge the common souldiers with paie
And thankes, and now let vs towards[4] London,
To see our gentle Queene how shee doth fare,
For by this I hope shee hath a sonne for vs.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter GLOSTER *to king* HENRY *in the Tower.*

Glo. Good day my Lord. What at your booke so hard?

Hen. I my good Lord. Lord I should saie rather,
Tis sinne to flatter, good was little better,
Good Gloster, and good Diuell, were all alike,
What scene of Death hath Rosius now to act?[5]

[1] The edition of 1619 reads "he'l nere put backe."
[2] The edition of 1619 reads, "whether is."
[3] The edition of 1600 omits the word "and."
[4] The edition of 1619 reads "lets toward."
[5] It would, perhaps, be scarcely allowable to conjecture that this is an allusion to Rosius, the tyrannical philosopher. See Vossius "de Scient. Mat.," c. 68, § 27. Nicholson adopts this line in "Acolastvs His Afterwitte," 1600:—

"What bloody scene hath crueltie to act?"

There also appears to be an allusion to this speech in the following passage, quoted by Steevens from the same work:—

Glo. Suspition alwaies haunts a guiltie mind.
Hen. The birde once limde doth feare the fatall bush,
And I the haplesse maile to one poore birde,
Haue now the fatall obiect in mine eie,
Where my poor young was limde, was caught & kild.
Glo. Why, what a foole was that of Creete?
That taught his sonne the office
Of a birde, and yet for all that the poore
Fowle was drownde.
Hen. I Dedalus, my poore sonne Icarus,
Thy father Minos that denide our course,
Thy brother Edward, the sunne that searde his wings,
And thou the enuious[1] gulfe that swallowed him.
Oh better can my brest abide thy daggers point,
Then can mine eares that tragike historie.
Glo. Why dost thou think I am an executioner?
Hen. A persecutor I am sure thou art,
And if murdering innocents be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy sonne I kild for his presumption.
Hen. Hadst thou bin kild when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liude to kill a sonne of mine,
And thus I prophesie of thee.
That manie a Widdow for her husbands death,
And many an infants water standing eie,
Widowes for their husbands, children for their fathers,[2]

"Through thee each murthering Roscius is appointed,
To act strange scenes of death on God's anointed."

It would, perhaps, be going out of the way to conjecture that Burbage played this part, and was called "Roscius Richard" on that account.—See Collier's "Memoirs of Alleyn," p. 13.

[1] Mr Knight follows the edition of 1619 in reading "enviest," but our reading is clearly preferable.

[2] Instead of this line, we have in the first folio :—

"Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,
Orphans, for their parents timeless death."

the second folio reads :—

Shall curse the time that euer thou wert borne.
The owle shrikt at thy birth, an euill signe,[1]
The night Crow cride, aboding lucklesse tune,[2]
Dogs howld[3] and hideous tempests shooke down trees,
The Rauen rookt her on the Chimnies top,[4]
And chattering Pies in dismall discord sung,
Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine,
And yet brought forth lesse then a mothers hope,
To wit: an vndigest created lumpe,[5]

"Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans, for their parents timeless death."

[1] "If an owl," says Bourne, "which is reckoned a most abominable and unlucky bird, send forth its hoarse and dismal voice, it is an omen of the approach of some terrible thing; that some dire calamity and some great misfortune is at hand." See Brand's "Popular Antiquities," ed. Hazlitt, iii. 194-6. So Chaucer :—

"The jilous swan, ayenst hys deth that singeth,
The owle eke, that of deth the bode bringeth."

[2] "If a crow fly but over the house, and croak thrice, how do they fear, they, or some one else in the family, shall die."—Ramsey's "Elminthologia," 1668, p. 271. The word "aboding" would have been divided in a modern edition, or perhaps we should read, "time" for "tune." So in the second part of Marston's "Antonio and Mellida :"—

"Now croaks the toad, and night crowes screech aloud,
Fluttering 'bout casements of departing soules."

[3] A superstition was formerly common that the howling of dogs was an omen of approaching calamity. Ross, as quoted by Brand, says, "that dogs by their howling portend death and calamities, is plaine by historie and experience."

[4] To *rook*, or rather to *ruck*, is a north country word, signifying to *squat down*, or *lodge* on anything. Carr gives the word in the sense of "to tumble, to be restless," but adds that in that sense it is now obselete in Craven. Grose explains it as above. So in Golding's Ovid, 1567 :—

"The furies made the bridegrome's bed, and on the house did *rucke*
A cursed owle, the messenger of ill successe and lucke."

[5] Gray adduces the "rudis, indigestaque moles" of Ovid, in which he is followed by Douce. The amended play reads, "indigested," which is judiciously restored by Mr Collier, Malone and other editors reading "indigest." When Mr Knight

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree,
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast borne,[1]
To signifie thou camst to bite the world,
And if the rest be true that I haue heard,
Thou camst into the world—— [*He stabs him.*
Glo. Die prophet in thy speech, Ile heare
No more, for this amongst the rest, was I ordainde.
Hen. I and for much more slaughter after this.
O God forgiue my sinnes, and pardon thee. [*He dies.*[2]

adopted Malone's emendation, he did not perhaps recollect Clifford's address in "Second Part of Henry VI.," act v. sc. 1.

> "Hence, heap of wrath, foul *indigested lump*,
> As crooked in thy manners as thy shape."

It ought, however, to be remarked, that the conjunction "and," omitted by Mr Knight, is also omitted in the second folio, which does not appear to be anywhere noticed.

[1] This is confirmed by Ross of Warwick, "Hist. Reg. Angl.," ed. 1745, p. 214:—"Et in brevi dominum suum regem Edwardum Quintum, actu regem, sed non coronatum, cum fratre suo Ricardo, a Westmonasterio, sub promissione securitatis suscepto, incarceravit, ita quod ex post paucissimis notum fuit qua marturizati sunt. Thronum regium tunc ascendit occisorum, quorum protector in minori ætate fuisset ipse, tyrannus rex Ricardus, qui natu est apud Fodringlay, in comitatu Northamptoniæ, biennio matris utero tentus, exiens cum dentibus et capillis ad humeros."

[2] This account of Henry's murder is not in all probability very far from the truth. "And the same nyghte that kynge Edwarde came to Londone, Kynge Herry, beynge inwarde in presone in the Toure of Londone, was putt to dethe the xxj. day of Maii, on a tywesday nyght, betwyx xi. and xii. of the cloke, beynge thenne at the Toure the Duke of Gloucetre, brothere to Kynge Edwarde, and many other; and one the morwe he was chestyde and brought to Paulys, and his face was opyne, that every manne myghte see hyme, and in his lyinge he bledde one the pament ther; and afterward at the Blake Fryres was broughte, and ther he blede new and fresche; and from thens he was caryed to Chyrchesey abbey in a bote, and buryed there in oure Lady chapelle."—Warkworth's "Chronicle," p. 21. The references to this event are collected in the

Glo. What? will the aspiring bloud of Lancaster
Sinke into the ground, I had thought it would haue mounted,
See how my sword weepes for the poore kings death.
Now maie such purple teares be alwaies shed,
For such as seeke the downefall of our house.
If anie sparke of life remaine in thee,[1]
[*Stab him againe.*

introduction to that work. "Obitus Regis Henrici Sexti, qui obiit *inter* vicesimum primum diem Maii et vicesimum secundum diem Maii."—MS. Bib. Reg. 2 B. xv. fol. 1.; MS. Harl. 2887, fol. 2. Habington remarks that "the death of King Henry was acted in the darke, so that it cannot be affirmed who was the executioner, only it is probable it was the resolution of the state; the care of the king's safety and the publicke quiet, in some sort making it, however cruell, yet necessary;" and he adds, "at what time his body lay in Saint Paul's, and after in Blackefryers, a large quantity of blood issued from his nose, a most miraculous way of speaking the barbarisme of his murther, and giving tyrants to understand that the dead dare in their language tell the truth, and call even their actions to account." The Continuator of the Chronicles of Croyland, a contemporary historian of the highest authority, agrees with the above. The popular historical tradition of Henry's murder, like that of his son, has been a matter of great dispute among modern writers, on the grounds of Fleetwood's assertion, "that on the news of the utter ruin of his party, the death of his son, and the capture of Queen Margaret, he took it in such ire, despite, and indignation, that of pure displeasure and melancholy he died." See the "History of the Arrival of Edward IV. in England," &c., 1471, ed. Bruce. That the death of Henry was predetermined by King Edward, even when uncertain of the battle of Barnet, may be gathered from his letter to Clarence, "to keep King Henry out of sanctuary."—See Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens," iii. 350. This clever authoress does not seem to be aware that the "Leland Chronicle" is merely an abridgement of Warkworth.

[1] This line is omitted in the edition of 1619. Steevens quotes the following line from Golding's "Ovid," 1587:

"If any sparke of nature within thy hart remaine."

Downe, downe to hell, and saie I sent thee thither.[1]
I that haue neither pittie, loue nor feare.
Indeed twas true that Henry told me of,
For I haue often heard my mother saie,
That I came into the world[2] with my legs forward,
And had I not reason thinke you to make hast,
And seeke their ruines that vsurpt our rights?
The women wept and the midwife cride,[3]
O Iesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth.
And so I was indeed, which plainelie signifide,
That I should snarle and bite, and plaie the dogge.
Then since Heauen hath made my bodie so,
Let hell make crookt my mind to answere it.
I had no father, I am like no father,
I haue no brothers,[4] I am like no brothers,
And this word *Loue* which graybeards tearme diuine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me, I am my selfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keptst me from the light,

[1] A somewhat similar passage occurs in Greene's "Alphonsus," 1599—

> "Go, pack thou hence unto the Stygian lake,
> And make report unto thy traitorous sire,
> How well thou hast enjoy'd the diadem,
> Which he by treason set upon thy head;
> And if he ask thee who did send thee down,
> Alphonsus say, who now must wear thy crown."

I scarcely, however, think with Mr Collier that there is a "striking coincidence" between the two passages. Still less do I consider it a substantial evidence in favour of Greene's title to the authorship of our play. If we proceeded on this very unsafe and uncertain principle, as Malone did in the case of Marlowe, we should prove the two plays now reprinted to have been the work of twenty different writers.

[2] The word "that" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

[3] This line is as follows in the edition of 1619—

> "The women weeping, and the midwife crying."

[4] The edition of 1600 reads, "I have no brother," which agrees with the amended play.

But I will sort a pitchie daie for thee.
For I will buz abroad such prophesies,[1]
As Edward shall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
Henry and his sonne are gone,[2] thou Clarence next,
And by one and one I will dispatch the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
Ile drag thy bodie in another roome,
And triumph Henry in thy daie of doome. [*Exit.*

Enter king EDWARD, *Queene* ELIZABETH, *and a Nurse with the young prince, and* CLARENCE, *and* HASTINGS, *and others.*

Ed. Once more we sit in Englands royall throne,[3]
Repurchasde with the bloud of enemies,
What valiant foemen like to Autumnes corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Summerset, threefold renowmd
For hardie and vndoubted champions.
Two Cliffords, as the father and the sonne,
And two Northumberlands, two brauer men
Nere spurd their coursers at the trumpets sound.
With them the two rough Beares, Warwike and Montague,
That in their chaines fettered the kinglie Lion,
And made the Forrest tremble when they roard,
Thus haue we swept suspition from our seat,

[1] Immediately after this line, in the edition of 1619, is the following—

"Vnder pretence of outward seeming ill."

[2] Instead of this and the next line, we have the following in the edition of 1619—

"King Henry, and the prince his sonne are gone,
And Clarence thou art next must follow them
So by one and one dispatching all the rest."

[3] The word "royall" is omitted in the edition of 1619, but is found in the amended play.

And made our footstoole of securitie.
Come hither Besse, and let me kisse my boie,
Young Ned, for thee, thine Vncles and my selfe,
Haue in our armors watcht the Winters night,
Marcht all a foote in summers skalding heat,
That thou mightst repossesse the crowne in peace,
And of our labours thou shalt reape the gaine.
Glo. Ile blast his harvest and[1] your head were laid,
For yet I am not lookt on in the world.
This shoulder was ordained so thicke to heaue,
And heaue it shall some waight or breake my backe,
Worke thou the waie, and thou shalt execute.
Ed. Clarence and Gloster,[2] loue my louelie Queene
And kiss your princely nephew brothers both.
Cla. The dutie that I owe vnto your Maiestie,
I seale vpon the rosiate lips of this sweet babe.
Queene. Thankes noble Clarence, worthie brother thankes.
Glo. And that I loue the fruit from whence thou
Sprangst, witnesse the louing kisse I giue the child.
To saie the truth so Iudas kist his master,
And so he cride all haile, and meant all harme.
Ed. Nowe am I seated as my soule delights,
Hauing my countries peace, and brothers loues.[3]
Cla. What will your grace haue done with Margaret,
Ranard her father to the king of France,

[1] The edition of 1619 reads, "if."

[2] Instead of this and the next line, the edition of 1619 reads,

> "Brothers of Clarence and of Gloster,
> Pray loue my louely queene,
> And kisse your princely nephew, both."

[3] The edition of 1619 omits this line, but it is found in the amended play.

Hath pawned the Cyssels and Ierusalem,
And hither have they sent it [1] for her ransome.

Ed. Awaie with her, and wafte hir hence to France,
And now what rests but that we spend the time,
With stately Triumphs and mirthfull comicke shewes,
Such as befits the pleasures of the Court.
Sound drums and Trumpets, farewell to sower annoy,
For heere I hope begins our lasting ioie.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

[1] Unless there be some omission in this speech, as Douce observes, it must either be regarded as improperly elliptical, or as ungrammatical. *It* refers to the sum of money borrowed by Margaret's father, which is mentioned by the French historians to have been fifty thousand crowns. The author of the play followed Holinshed. See Douce's "Illustrations," ii. 31.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

EDITION.

A Most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedie, of Syr Iohn Falstaffe, and the merrie Wiues of Windsor. Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors, of Syr Hugh the Welch Knight,[1] *Iustice Shallow, and his wise Cousin M. Slender. With the swaggering vaine of Auncient*[2] *Pistoll, and Corporall Nym. By William Shakespeare. As it hath vene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines seruants. Both before her Maiestie, and else-where. London Printed by T. C.*[3] *for Arthur Iohnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne.* 1602. 4o.

[1] Dr Farmer adduces this error as a proof that Shakespeare never superintended the publication of this play. See Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, vol. viii. p. 4. *Sir* seems to have been a title formerly appropriated to such of the inferior clergy as were only *readers* of the service, not admitted to be *preachers*, and, therefore, were held in lower estimation. Malone gives us the following extract from the parish registers at Cheltenham :— "1574, August 31, Sir John Evans, curate of Cheltenham, buried." This coincidence of name is somewhat curious, but the designation was formerly very commonly given to all the inferior clergy of England.

[2] That is, *ensign*.

[3] That is, *Thomas Creede*, who printed several of the early quartos. It was often the custom of printers of the time merely to give their initials.

'MR HALLIWELL'S INTRODUCTION.[1]

—o—

EARLY in the last century, eighty-six years after the death of Shakespeare, an unsuccessful comedy was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, under the title of "The Comical Gallant." This play was heralded forth in the bills of the day as the work of Mr John Dennis, but it was merely an alteration of the "Merry Wives of Windsor,"[2] and a very poor attempt at an improvement of that admirable comedy. The author of this performance, however, was sufficiently well satisfied with its merits to undertake the expence of printing it; and it was accordingly published in the year 1702, with a long dedicatory epistle, from which I make the following extract, putting in Italics those portions of it to which I more particularly wish to direct the reader's attention:—

"When I first communicated the design which I had of altering this comedy of Shakespear, I found that I should have two sorts of people to deal with, who would equally endeavour to obstruct

[1] To the Shakespeare Society's edition of the First Sketch, 8°, 1842.

[2] The *dramatis personæ* are much the same as in the "Merry Wives," except that Dennis has added one new character, the Host of the Bull, who is brother to Mrs Ford; and Fenton is represented as nephew to Mrs Ford. Dennis has rewritten about

my success. The one believed it to be so admirable, that nothing ought to be added to it; the others fancied it to be so despicable, that any one's time would be lost upon it. That this comedy was not despicable, I guess'd for several reasons; First, *I knew very well* that it had pleas'd one of the greatest queens that ever was in the world, great not only for her wisdom in the arts of government, but for her knowledge of polite learning, and her nice taste of the drama, for such a taste we may be sure she had, by the relish which she had of the ancients. *This comedy was written at her command, and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleas'd at the representation.* In the second place, in the reign of King Charles the Second, when people had an admirable taste of comedy, all those men of extraordinary parts, who were the ornaments of that court, as the late Duke of Buckingham, my Lord Normanby, my Lord Dorset, my late Lord Rochester, Sir Charles Sidley, Dr Frazer, Mr Savil, Mr Buckley, were in love with the beauties of this comedy. In the third place, I thought that after so long an acquaintance as I had with the best comic poets, among the ancients and moderns, I might depend in some measure upon my own judgment, and I thought I found here three or four extraordinary characters, that were exactly drawn, and truly comical; and that I saw besides in it some as happy touches as ever were in comedy. Besides I had observed what success the character of Falstaff had had in the First Part of 'Harry the Fourth.' And as the Falstaff in the 'Merry Wives' is certainly superior to that of the Second Part of 'Harry the Fourth,' so it can hardly be said to be inferior to that of the First."

This is the earliest notice we have of the above curious tradition, and that Dennis has correctly reported it I see no reason whatever to doubt. The reader will observe that he gives no special reason *why* the queen commanded Shakespeare to write this comedy; and I believe it is this point that the subsequent narrators of the tradition have amplified without proper authority. In the prologue to the "Comical Gallant," reference is again made to it—

half of the dialogue, and materially changed the conduct of the piece.—See Genest's "Account of the English Stage," 8°, Bath, 1832, vol. ii. p. 248.

" But Shakespear's play in fourteen days was writ,
And in that space to make all just and fit,[1]
Was an attempt surpassing human wit.
Yet our great Shakespeare's matchless muse was such,
None ere in so small time perform'd so much."

Rowe, in 1709, gives a rather more circumstantial account. Speaking of Queen Elizabeth, he says, " She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in the two parts of Henry IV., that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to show him in love: this is said to be the occasion of his writing the 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' How well she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable proof."[2] This evidence was followed by Gildon's account of the same tradition,[3] who, in 1710, jumbled an allusion to the amended play with an anecdote that properly belongs exclusively to the sketch, in the following words—" The fairies in the fifth act make a handsome compliment to the queen, in her palace of Windsor, who had obliged him to write a play of Sir John Falstaff in love, and which *I am very well assured* he performed in a fortnight; a prodigious thing, when all is so well contrived, and carried on without the least confusion."[4] It will be perceived that, although Gildon is in fact somewhat less circumstantial than Rowe, yet Elizabeth could not very well

[1] Dryden calls the "Merry Wives" a comedy "exactly formed." See his "Essay of Dramatick Poesie," 4°, Lond., 1668, p. 47; and Langbaine's "Account of the English Dramatick Poets," 8°, Oxford, 1691, p. 459.

[2] Rowe's Life of Shakespeare, 8°, Lond., 1709, p. 8, 9.

[3] Mr Knight (Library Edition of Shakespeare, vol. iii. p. 8) says that Rowe adopted the more circumstantial tradition from Gildon. He had probably forgotten that Rowe's account was published some time *before* Gildon wrote.

[4] Gildon's " Remarks on the Plays of Shakespeare," published in the supplemental volume to Rowe's Shakespeare, 8°, Lond., 1710, p. 291.

have commanded Shakespeare to exhibit the celebrated fat knight in love, if she had not been previously introduced to him in another character. Pope, Theobald, and later editors, appear to have taken their versions of the tradition second-hand from Rowe.

I have been thus particular in placing before the reader an account of the authorities upon which this tradition must be received, because much of our reasoning on a very interesting subject of inquiry connected with the criticism on the "Merry Wives of Windsor" will be found to depend, in a great measure, on the degree of credit we may be disposed to give to it. I cannot but think that there must be *some* foundation for it; and we cannot be far wrong, after citing the above authorities, in giving reasonable credit to them, and believing that the first sketch of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" was written at the request of Queen Elizabeth, and in a very short space of time. So far I fully believe, but I am inclined to think that Rowe must have guessed at the *reason* of the royal command, and given us his gratuitous explanation of the imperfect anecdote related by Dennis. Nothing can be more probable than this supposition; and, to say the least, it would be very unsafe to take Rowe's narrative for granted, and reason upon it in the way in which Malone does. I would rather try to explain the tradition, analyse its various parts, and ascertain how far these are in accordance with the internal evidences in the plays in which Falstaff and his companions are introduced, than build a theory upon it. It is on this account that I am induced to hazard a conjecture which will satisfy all the authenticated parts of the tradition, by supposing *another reason* for the play having been produced before the court at a very short notice.

If we inquire what could have led our great dramatist to select Windsor for the scene of the love adven-

tures of Falstaff, believing the tradition that the play was written by command of the queen, does it appear an improbable conjecture to suppose that Elizabeth may have been at Windsor at the time, and that either he was induced to do so under an impression that his comedy might be more favourably received from its local associations, or that her majesty may have commanded the lord chamberlain's servants to exhibit a new play, the scene of which should be laid in the place where she was then holding her court? The title-page to the first edition of the sketch informs us that the play "hath been divers times acted by the Right Honourable my Lord Chamberlain's servants, both before Her Majesty and elsewhere." The queen, it is well known, had plays and masques exhibited before her at Windsor Castle; and it appears to me that the following incident, which is introduced both in the sketch and the amended play, is almost sufficient of itself to show that my conjecture of its provincial composition is correct:—

Doc. "Where be my Host de gartyre?
Host. "O here sir in perplexitie.
Doc. "I cannot tell vad be dad,
But begar I will tell you van ting,
Dear be a Garmaine Duke come to de Court,
Has cosened all de host of Branford,
And Redding: begar I tell you for good will,
Ha, ha, mine Host, am I euen met you. [*Exit.*

"*Enter* SIR HUGH.

Sir Hugh. "Where is mine Host of the gartyr?
Now my Host, I would desire you looke you now,
To haue a care of your entertainments,
For there is three sorts of cosen garmombles,
Is cosen all the Host of Maidenhead & Readings,
Now you are an honest man, and a scuruy beggerly lowsie knaue beside:
And can point wrong places,
I tell you for good will, grate why mine Host."

In the amended play, we have a more particular account of the same incident :—

Bard. "Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. "What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. "Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. "They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests; they must come off; I'll sauce them: Come."

The merry host of the Garter was, however, altogether mistaken in the character of his noble guest; and, instead of "sawcing" him, was "plainly cousened." The following extract from the amended play will complete the allusions to this event :—

Bard. "Out alas, sir! cozenage! meer cozenage.

Host. "Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. "Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. "They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say they be fled! Germans are honest men.

"*Enter* SIR HUGH EVANS.

Eva. "Where is mine host?

Host. "What is the matter, sir?

Eva. "Have a care of your entertainments; there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three couzin germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs: and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

"*Enter* DR CAIUS.

Caius. "Vere is mine *Host de Jarterre?*

Host. "Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. "I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany:* by my trot, dere is no duke dat de court is know to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go;—assist me, knight; I am undone: fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!"

Mr Knight, with every appearance of probability, considers this incident as one of those local and temporary allusions which Shakespeare seized upon to arrest the attention of his audience; and he proceeds to say, that if we knew that a real German duke had visited Windsor, a rare occurrence in the days of Elizabeth, we should have the date of the original sketch of the comedy pretty exactly fixed. In 1592, according to Mr Knight, a German duke did visit Windsor; and then follows, in the "Pictorial Shakespeare," an account of a narrative, in the old German language, of a journey to England of the Duke of Würtemberg, in 1592, which narrative, drawn up by his secretary, contains a daily journal of his proceedings. He was accompanied by a considerable retinue, and travelled under the name of "the Count Mombeliard." The title of this work may be translated as follows:—"A short and true description of the bathing journey[1] which his Serene Highness the Right Honourable Prince and Lord Frederick, Duke of Würtemberg, and Teck, Count of Mümpelgart, Lord of Heidenheim, Knight of the two ancient royal orders of St Michael in France, and of the Garter[2] in Eng-

[1] The author, in an address, explains that this title, though it may appear strange, as only one bathing-place is visited, was adopted, because, as in the "usual bathing-journeys, it is common to assemble together, as well all sorts of strange persons out of foreign places and nations, as known friends and sick people, even so in the description of this bathing journey will be found all sorts of curious things, and strange (marvellous) histories."—(Knight's Library Shakespeare, vol. iii. p. 10).

[2] This shows that the duke's titles here given are those which

land, &c., &c., lately performed in the year 1592, from Mümpelgart into the celebrated kingdom of England, afterwards returning through the Netherlands, until his arrival again at Mümpelgart. Noted down from day to day, in the briefest manner, by your Princely Grace's gracious command, by your fellow-traveller and Private Secretary. Printed at Tübingen, by Erhardo Cellio, 1602."

This curious volume contains a sort of passport from Lord Howard, addressed, as usual in such documents, to all justices of the peace, mayors, and bailifs, which Mr Knight gives with the errors of the German transcriber. With a few obvious corrections, the original paper was probably nearly as follows:—

"Whereas this nobleman, Counte Mombeliard, is to passe over contrye in England, into the Lowe Contryes, thise shalbe to wil and command you, in her Majestyes name (for suche is hir pleasure), to see him fournished with post horses in his travail to the sea syde, and there to seke up such shippinge as shalbe fit for his transportacions, *he payinge nothinge for the same.* For which this shalbe your sufficient warrante. So see that you faile not hereof, at your perills. From Bifleete, the 2 of Septembre, 1592 (34 Eliz.)

"Your friend,
"C. HOWARD."

The German nobleman visited Windsor; was shown "the splendidly beautiful and royal castle;" he "hunted a stag for a long time over a broad and pleasant plain, with a pack of remarkably good hounds;" heard the music of an organ, and of other instruments, with the voices of little boys, as well as a sermon an hour long, in a church covered with

he possessed at the time of the publication of the book, and not when he made his journey. It appears, from MS. Lansd. 79, Art. 20, that he applied for the Order of the Garter on the 9th of April 1595.

lead; and, after staying some days, departed from Hampton Court. It would have been more satisfactory if Mr Knight had taken occasion to describe the Count's course more minutely, for the above-mentioned work is so very rare, that I have not been able to obtain a sight of it. For instance, his conjecture would have receiued a strong confirmation, if we knew that Count Mombeliard had taken Reading in his onward journey. It may, perhaps, be a question, whether the "cosen garmombles" of Sir Hugh Evans apply only to the count's retinue, or include himself? If the former, the conjecture becomes altogether much more probable; and, with Mr Knight, I have little doubt that the passages which relate to the German duke have reference to the Duke of Würtemburg's visit to Windsor in the year 1592—a matter to be forgotten in 1601, when Malone says the sketch was written; and not likely to be so alluded to in 1596, four years afterwards, which Chalmers assigns as its date. His grace and suite must have caused a sensation at Windsor. Probably mine host of the garter had really made "grand preparation for a Duke de Jarmany;" at any rate, he would believe Bardolph's assertion that "the Germans desire to have three of your horses." Was there any dispute about the ultimate payment for the duke's horses, which *he* was authorised to have free of expence? Did our host know of this when he said "they shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay?" The count himself, perhaps, would not have sanctioned a "cousenage" of this kind, but his attendants would have little scruple in availing themselves of the general privilege given to their master by Lord Howard.

Mr Knight has overlooked one fact, which appears at first sight to overthrow all his conjectures on this point, and it certainly goes far to invalidate much of his reasoning. When Count Mombeliard visited Eng-

land, *he had not succeeded to the title of duke.*[1] This must be considered in relation to what I have previously said; but the coincidences are so very remarkable, that I think we may safely conclude the difference between the titles of count and duke is not of itself sufficient to render Mr Knight's conjecture altogether valueless.

The close of the year 1592, when Shakespeare was in his twenty-ninth year, cannot, I should think, be considered too early a date for the composition of so meagre a sketch as that printed in the following pages, which contains nothing that may not with great reason be ascribed to a young author, or, a whole, that Shakespeare could not with considerable ease have finished in fourteen days, if that part of the tradition be correct. It appears, also, from Nichols' "Progresses," that Queen Elizabeth had masques and tournaments at Windsor Castle in January 1593. This circumstance, occurring so very soon after Count Mombeliard's visit, may probably have been likewise the period of the first production of the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

In the books of the Stationers' Company we have the following entries relating to this play :—

"18 Jan., 1601–2.

"John Bushy.] An excellent and pleasant conceited Commedie of Sir John Faulstof, and the Merry Wyves of Windesor.

"Arth. Johnson] By assignment from John Busbye a book, An excellent and pleasant conceited comedie of Sir John Faulstafe and the mery wyves of Windsor."

These entries refer to the earliest edition of the sketch, now reprinted. Four copies only of this edition are known, being respectively in the libraries of the Duke of Devonshire, Mr Daniel,

[1] Sattler, Geschichte des Herzogthums Würtemberg, vol. v. p. 162.

the Bodleian, and Trinity College Cambridge. A second edition of the sketch was published by Arthur Johnson, in 1619, sm. 4°, under the following title:—"A most pleasant and excellent conceited Comedy of Sir John Falstaffe, and the Merry Wiues of Windsor, with the swaggering Vaine of Ancient Pistoll, and Corporall Nym: Written by W. Shakespeare." The amended play was first published in the folio of 1623, but we have a late quarto edition of it, published by R. Meighen, in 1630, and entered on the books of the Stationers' Company on Jan. 29th the same year.

Meres does not mention the "Merry Wives of Windsor" in his list of Shakespeare's comedies, and the above extract from the books of the Stationers' Company is the earliest notice we have been able to discover. It appears to have been acted before King James I., in November 1604; but, as we are not told whether it is the amended play or the sketch,[1] this information is of little value. I believe it, however, to have been the amended play, and that it was then new in that form. There are several allusions in the amended play which serve to show that it was written after King James's accession to the throne. I shall only allude to Chalmers' reasoning on what he considers to refer to Spenser's "Fairy Queen," and his constant Shakesperian evidence, Lodge's "Devils Incarnate," published in 1596, in which he is followed by Mr Knight, as far too vague and uncertain to found a reasonable conjecture upon, when we have other allusions much more evident. Mrs Page's remark, "these knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not

[1] Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court, edited by P. Cunningham, p. 203. I presume I am right in saying 1604; for although 1605 is the date at the top of the accounts, yet it appears to allude to a session commencing in November 1604, and ending in October 1605.

alter the article of thy gentry," can only allude to the immense number of knights made by King James I. In the beginning of the year 1603, he made two hundred and thirty-seven knights in the course of one month, and the order, in consequence, became so common as to bring it into general ridicule. In July, the same year, the court went to Windsor, and soon afterwards the feast of St George was celebrated there with great solemnity. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Lennox, our poet's great patron, the Earl of Southampton, the Earl of Pembroke, and the Earl of Marre, were installed Knights of the Garter. Malone thinks very reasonably that the poetical description of the insignia of the garter, in the fifth act of the amended play, may allude to this occurrence; and they certainly would have a peculiar grace if written after such a solemnity.

In the original sketch Falstaff says to Shallow, "You'll complain of me to the *council*." In the amended play we read, "You'll complain of me to the *king*." This is an additional argument, that the amended play was written after the accession of James I. The allusion to the Cotswold games is, I am afraid, too indefinite to found an argument upon. From the "Annalia Dubrensia," it appears that Dover who, the commentators say, *instituted* these games in the reign of James I., only "revived and continued" them. It is clear, from the mention, in the second part of Henry IV., of "Will Squele, a Cotswold man," that the Cotswold hills had some celebrity before Dover made it famous; and, in our own times, Shallow might there have found a match for his four swinge-bucklers.

Chalmers found *two words*,[1] in Lodge's "Devils

[1] Mr Knight (Library Shakespeare, vol. iii. p. 9) introduces *eight* words as common to Lodge and Shakespeare—a mistake.

Incarnate," 1596, which occur in the amended play, but are *not* in the original sketch of the comedy. These words are *potatoes* and *eringoes*: the last not a very common one, perhaps, but still not sufficiently uncommon to warrant the conclusion that Shakespeare had Lodge's work in his mind when he makes Falstaff say, "Let the sky rain *potatoes;* let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves; hail kissing comfits; and snow *eringoes:* Let there come a tempest of provocation." Chalmers does not quote the passages from Lodge to which he refers; but it is only necessary to say that they do not confirm, by any means, his conjecture that Shakespeare borrowed them from his favourite author.

Leaving the question of the chronology, we have to consider, if possible, points of greater difficulty and uncertainty, and regard the "Merry Wives of Windsor" in connection with the historical plays. Was it written after the first part of Henry IV., after the second part, after Henry V., or before these historical plays? I confess that the difficulty of discovering an hypothesis which will satisfy *all* the conditions of the problem, and enable us to reconcile the apparently contradictory evidence on this subject, is almost insurmountable: but I will briefly place a summary of the case before the reader, and endeavour to draw a satisfactory conclusion.

First, let us consider Mistress Quickly, a character common to the two[1] parts of Henry IV., Henry V., and the "Merry Wives of Windsor." In the first part of Henry IV. we find her married to the Host of the Boar's Head; in the second part, she is "a poor

[1] Mr Knight (Library Shakespeare, vol. iii. p. 19) says that Quickly is *invariably* called *the Hostess* in the first part of Henry IV., but she is addressed by her proper name by the Prince in act iii. sc. 3. He also mentions her as "a Hostess without a name."

Widow of Eastcheap," according to her own account, and Falstaff swore "to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife;" and in Henry V. we find her the wife of Pistol, although Nym had been "troth-plight" to her. But in the Merry Wives she denies being a wife, yet still she is termed Mistress Quickly, and has apparently had no previous knowledge of Falstaff; for if Mrs Quickly had been Dr Caius's servant during her widowhood, Falstaff could not have failed to recognise instead of treating her as a stranger. In Henry V. she says to Pistol, "Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines," a town certainly not far from Windsor; but this cannot be considered as involving any necessary connection between the plays. It is quite impossible, under any supposition of date, to reconcile the Quickly of the Merry Wives with the Quickly of the Historical Plays. If we suppose, as Mr Knight supposes, that the Merry Wives is first of all in order, how is it possible that Mistress Quickly, who is not a wife, could meet Falstaff at Windsor, and not recognise the hero of the Boar's head? Equal difficulties attend any other similar supposition—I mean as to whether she was introduced on the stage as Dr Caius's nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, after the first or second parts of Henry IV., or after Henry V. The latter supposition, indeed, does not involve the difficulty of her widowhood, but it does involve others of equal weight, and so obvious that they do not require special notice.

The character of Pistol is common to the second part of Henry IV., Henry V., and the "Merry Wives of Windsor." There can, in this case, at least, whatever Mr Knight may say to the contrary, be no question of the identity of character. The Pistol, who says :—

> "Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
> And shall good news be baffled?
> Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap,"

is the same classical braggadocio who exclaims, in indignation, at the insult offered to him when commanded, by his captain, to bear a letter to the merry wives:—

> "Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become,
> And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!"

But if *similarity* of language be not a sufficient proof, I have a stronger one to offer to the reader's notice. In the second part of Henry IV., act v. sc. 3, he uses the expression "When Pistol lies, do this." *This exact passage also occurs in the original sketch of* "The Merry Wives of Windsor."[1] Mr Knight says that Pistol, Bardolph, and Nym, are Falstaff's *servants* in the Merry Wives, and his *soldiers* in the Historical Plays. I apprehend that they were both servants and soldiers in all four plays. In the Merry Wives, we find Falstaff swearing that they were "*good soldiers* and tall fellows." Pistol says, "Away, sir *Corporal* Nym." We have "the swaggering vein of *Ancient* Pistol and *Corporal* Nym" on the title of the first edition of the original sketch; and I scarcely think, under any circumstances, these characters can even be considered in the Historical Plays as soldiers in the strict sense of the word, more than Falstaff was a captain. At the Boar's Head they were his servants; and they were, perhaps, not less so when they accompanied their master to the wars. The independence of Pistol's character is sustained in the Merry Wives, with one single exception; and his conversation, both in the sketch and the amended play, is similar to that used by him in the other plays in which he is introduced.

[1] See the present volume, p. 151.

But, although the character of Pistol is essentially the same in all three plays, yet the circumstances are most unaccountably altered; for, in this case, likewise, only one theory will reconcile his position in the Merry Wives with that in which he is placed in the Historical Plays. In the former, he is discharged by Falstaff: he goes forth to open his metaphorical oyster with his sword, to try his fortunes in the world: but the "swaggering rascal" is introduced in the second part of Henry IV. as Falstaff's ancient, and challenging him in a cup of sack. Mistress Quickly calls him "Captain Pistol;" and, when he quarrels with Doll Tearsheet, the "No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here; discharge yourself of our company, Pistol," is certainly characteristic of the same master who says, "No quips now, Pistol." Falstaff makes him "vanish like hail stones" in the Merry Wives: he thrusts him down stairs in Henry IV., saying, "a rascal to brave me!" Falstaff also tells him he will "double-charge" him with dignities, when he brought the news of the king's death. Mistress Quickly was not even acquainted with her future husband, in the Merry Wives. How, then, can the character of Pistol, being introduced into that play, be reconcileable on any other supposition than that the composition of the Merry Wives altogether preceded that of the Historical Plays?—a supposition involving, as I have before said, difficulties of no ordinary kind.

Bardolph is mentioned by Falstaff, in the first part of Henry IV., as having been in his service thirty-two years;—"I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years." The "salamander" of the Historical Plays is the "tinder-box" of the Merry Wives. Bardolph does not converse with Falstaff, in Henry IV., in a manner that would imply it was *after* he had been installed as "drawer" to the host of the Garter. If Falstaff had

been at Windsor in the early period of his career, he would not have said, "Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a *withered* serving-man, a fresh tapster." Bardolph could scarcely have been a "withered serving-man," if the Merry Wives had preceded the Historical Plays. In the second part of Henry IV., we find Mistress Quickly saying she had known Falstaff "these twenty-nine years, come peascod time:" yet, if it was the same Quickly who was first introduced to Falstaff at Windsor, she must have known him at least thirty-two years; for Bardolph was in his service at that time. This, perhaps, can scarcely be esteemed a fair argument: but in act iii. sc. 2, we find Bardolph not knowing Justice Shallow; although, if the Merry Wives had preceded Henry IV., he must have recognised the "poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace." Would Robert Shallow, "esquire in the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram*," have said, "Give me your hand, master Bardolph," to a "withered serving-man," who had fallen to the office of tapster? It seems that the "fuel that maintained that fire," being "all the riches" Bardolph "got in his service," refer partly to Bardolph's residence at Windsor; and if so, the introduction of Bardolph in the Merry Wives affords a strong evidence that the comedy must be read after the two parts of Henry IV.

Bardolph is introduced in all four plays, but Corporal Nym is found only in the Merry Wives and Henry V. Nym's conversation in both these plays is distinguished by the frequent repetition of the word *humour*. In some instances, the very same phrases occur. He says, "The king hath run bad humours on the knight;" alluding to Hal's treatment of him after his succession to the throne. The same phrase is used by him in the Merry Wives act i. sc. 1. I

think the introduction of that character in the Merry Wives and Henry V. wholly unaccountable, if we believe Mr Knight's conjecture that the Merry Wives preceded all the Historical Plays. It is not at all likely that, if this had been the case, no allusion whatever to Bardolph's "sworn brother in filching" should occur in the two parts of Henry IV. I am now taking it for granted, as a conjecture wholly unsupported by the slightest direct evidence, that the opinion of the fat knight of the Merry Wives and the Historical Plays having originally been two different and distinct creations of character, is wholly untenable.

And then, with respect to Justice Shallow, I do not see that the uncertainty of what he could be doing at Windsor involves an argument on any side of the question. In the second part of Henry IV., it was fifty-five years since he had entered at Clement's Inn; and in the Merry Wives he says, "I am fourscore." Falstaff, in act iv. sc. 4, says, "I'll through Glostershire, and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire; I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him." At this visit, perhaps, Falstaff borrowed the thousand pounds; but *when* could he, to use Shallow's words, "have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge?" This outrage must have been *after* the large loan and his hospitable reception in Gloucestershire. I do not see anything unreasonable in the supposition that it happened after Falstaff's banishment from the person of Henry V.; and this also affords an argument in favour of the later period of the production of the Merry Wives.[1]

[1] Another difficulty may also be mentioned. The page that Prince Henry gave Falstaff is given by him to Mrs Page, in the Merry Wives, and yet is introduced in the second part of Henry IV. and Henry V.

And "last, not least," let us consider the fat knight himself, the only remaining "irregular humorist" introduced into the Merry Wives and the Historical Plays. Inferior he may be in the former to the wit of the Boar's Head; but is there sufficient *dissimilarity* of character to justify us in believing the Falstaff of the Merry Wives and the Oldcastle of Henry IV. to have been originally two different creations of character? I think not. The "latter spring," and the "Allhallown summer," are but revived in the aged sinner of Windsor Park, who is described as "Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails," and "as poor as Job, and as wicked as his wife." The same "whale with so many tuns of oil" who considered "my hostess a most sweet wench," could with great propriety admire Mrs Ford, who was "not young," and Mistress Page, the mother of "pretty virginity," and probably therefore, as old as her companion. If the tradition be correct that Elizabeth commanded Shakespeare to exhibit Falstaff in love, we must consider our great dramatist compromising his original character of Oldcastle, or Falstaff, as little as possible, by not drawing him actually smitten with the tender passion, which would have completely destroyed all former notions concerning him, but bringing his addiction to the fair sex *more prominently* before the spectator, and thus obeying the royal command without infringing more than possible on his first ideas. Ben Jonson says, "His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too." This looks like a confirmation of the tradition. Thus, observes Dr Johnson, "the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet, having perhaps in the former plays completed his own idea, seems not to have been able to give Falstaff all his former power of entertainment." In Henry IV., the prince describes him as "that reverend vice, that grey

iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years," and "that villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan." In the Merry Wives he is likewise always mentioned as an aged person. In the second part of Henry IV., he describes himself "as poor as Job." The same expression is used in the Merry Wives, in a passage I have previously quoted. The letter of Jack Falstaff to Prince Henry IV., in act ii. sc. 2, of the second part of Henry IV., is also remarkably similar in style with the knight's love-letter to Mistress Page, in act ii. sc. 1, of the Merry Wives; and both conclude in a very similar manner.

Too much stress has, I think, been laid by the critics on the lavish manner in which Falstaff is discovered in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" to be living at the Garter Inn. He sits at "ten pounds a week," and is "an emperor" in his expense. I see nothing very improbable in the conjecture, without reducing fiction too much to positive fact, but merely considering the circumstances as they must have arisen and *remained* in the dramatist's mind, that this was after his banishment from the person of the prince, who says,—

> "For competence of life I will allow you,
> That lack of means enforce you not to evil."

Prince John, also, says immediately afterwards:—

> "I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
> He hath intent, *his wonted followers*
> *Shall all be very well provided for;*
> But all are banish'd, till their conversations
> Appear more wise and modest to the world."

Falstaff may then have been living at Windsor, with his former "followers," on an allowance from the young king: but that "ten pounds a week" was too great a rate for his purse, we learn from the necessity he is under of "discarding some of his followers."

Falstaff was less of a soldier at Windsor than formerly, but Pistol and Nym keep up their martial dignity, and refuse to take "the humour letter." In the same play, it is remarkable that he is described as being so poor; and Ford "thinks himself in much better plight for a lender" than he is. He addresses his body, and says, "Wilt thou after the expence of so much money be now a gainer?" Could he allude to the money he borrowed from Justice Shallow; and had he been so extravagant as to be obliged to share the booty of the fan-handle with Pistol? In the Falstaff who says, "Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou I'll endanger my soul *gratis?*" we recognise the Falstaff of the Historical Plays.

I think, with Skottowe, that "the want of symmetry between the two characters is in the point of Falstaff's intrigues with the merry wives. The objection is not to his inclination to gallantry with Mistress Ford, or Mistress Page, but to the personal vanity and simple credulity which a belief of their attachment to him necessarily presupposes in Falstaff. Of personal vanity the fat knight of Henry IV. possesses not a spark: on the contrary, his preposterous fatness is an exhaustless theme of his own laughter. Rather than have courted exposure and ridicule from two sprightly women, he would instantly have smelt waggery in any advances they might have made to him; and if he had not at once put an end to their hopes of fooling him, he would merely have yielded till he could successfully have turned the tables on themselves. The Falstaff of the Merry Wives, indeed, jests with himself, and is merry with his unwieldy person, but the effect is only that of making his conduct appear more absurd and unnatural."[1]

[1] Skottowe's "Life of Shakespeare," 8°, Lond. 1824, vol. ii. p. 38.

The differences which exist between the Falstaff of the Merry Wives and the Falstaff of the Historical Plays may be accounted for much more reasonably, on the *tradition* that Shakespeare was, in some measure, writing to the ideas of another, than on the unsupported *conjecture* that they were originally two distinct characters. It is scarcely probable that our great dramatist would draw two characters so nearly similar. That the conjecture does explain several difficulties, I admit; but I should rather be inclined to believe that the two parts of Henry IV., like the Merry Wives, *originally existed in an unfinished state, and that, when the first sketch of the Merry Wives was written, those plays had* NOT *been altered and amended in the form in which they have come down to us.* This conjecture will, I think, be sufficient to explain nearly every difficulty; and, knowing so little as we do of the history of Shakespeare's composition, I do not see anything very improbable in it. If Johnson had not published the sketch of the Merry Wives—and there can be little doubt that it was a piratical publication —should we have had any reason to think that the amended play had ever existed in any other form than that in which it appeared in the first folio? At all events, this conjecture will obviously dispense with the necessity of believing in any "considerable abatement of the poet's skill."

It is a fact, admitted, I believe, by all modern critics, that the Falstaff of the two parts of Henry IV. was originally called *Oldcastle.* Besides the internal evidences in the two plays, we have direct intimation of the fact in early writers: and as I haue collected these as far as I could, in a little work on the subject,[1]

[1] On the character of Sir John Falstaff, as originally exhibited by Shakespeare in the two parts of Henry IV., 12mo, Lond. 1841.

recently published, it cannot be necessary to enter into the question here. Mr Collier thinks it is now placed beyond the shadow of a doubt. The settlement of this is of some importance in its connection with the present question, and whether Oldcastle was originally the name of the fat knight in the Merry Wives. Had it been so, it is somewhat strange that not any internal evidence should be left of the alteration of the name. In fact, the metre in one case, as I have shown, would not suit *Oldcastle*, and it could scarcely have been altered to Falstaff. We may, then, fairly conclude that the Merry Wives was written after the change that had been made from Oldcastle to Falstaff, in all probability not very long after the production of the two parts of Henry IV.

The reader will thus see, that the supposition of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" having been written before Henry V., and the second part of Henry IV., involves fewer inconsistencies than any other. It is true that, in the sketch where Falstaff hears the noise of hunters at Hearne's Oak, he exclaims, "I'll lay my life the mad Prince of Wales is stealing his father's deer;" but, I think, with Mr Knight, this may have reference to the Prince of the Famous Victories, a character with whom Shakespeare's audience was familiar. In the amended play, we find Page objecting to Fenton, because "he *kept* company with the wild Prince and Poins" (act iii. sc. 2); but this refers to his *past* life, and, therefore, does not necessarily imply that Henry V. was yet a prince. We find that the character of Mistress Quickly only is inconsistent with the manner in which the other persons, common to the Merry Wives and the Historical Plays, are introduced. If the Merry Wives had preceded the two parts of Henry IV., Shakespeare would scarcely have alluded to Poins, and his intimacy with the Prince, neither of them being introduced into the former play.

It remains for me to notice the collection of early tales printed in the former part of this work,[1] and which, it is supposed, may have furnished our great dramatist with some of the incidents he has employed in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." How far this may have been the case, can, of course, be matter for conjecture only; but, if Shakespeare had any of them in his recollection when he wrote the Merry Wives—and it would appear, from a few similarities of language, that he had—it is certain that he has completely changed their detail and application. He has adopted the same incidents, but his design in using them was totally different from that of the novelist. The reader will be better able to judge from a perusal of them, than from any analysis I could offer.

Before I conclude these brief introductory observations, there is one point I wish to introduce to the reader's notice, though I will not pretend to say how far I may be borne out in my opinion. It is a singular fact, that no allusion to the legend of *Horne the hunter*, as he is called in the following sketch, has ever been discovered in any other writer. We are entirely ignorant of the date of the legend. In a manuscript, however, of the time of Henry VIII., in the British Museum,[2] I find "Rycharde Horne, yeoman" among "the names of the *hunters* whiche be examyned and have confessed" for hunting in his majesty's forests. Is it improbable to suppose that this was the person to whom the tale related by Mistress Page alludes? She speaks of him as no very ancient personage :—

[1] Oldys, in his manuscript notes to Langbaine, seems to mention the tale of "the caskets" in Boccaccio as the probable foundation of part of the plot of the "Merry Wives of Windsor;" but, as I could not discover any similarity, I have not inserted it.

[2] MS. Bib. Reg. 17 C. xvi.

"Oft have you heard since Horne the hunter died." Connected as the "Merry Wives of Windsor" certainly is with the Historical Plays, the manners and language throughout are those of the time of Queen Elizabeth; and it is only convicting our great dramatist of an additional anachronism in those already well known of a similar character, in attributing to him the introduction of a tale of the time of Henry VIII. into a play supposed to belong to the commencement of the fifteenth century.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

35, ALFRED PLACE, *July* 1842.

A Pleasant Conceited Comedie, of Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and the merry Wiues of Windsor.

—o—

Enter IUSTICE SHALLOW, SYR HUGH,[1] MAISTER PAGE, *and* SLENDER.

Shal. NERE talke to me, Ile make a star-chamber matter of it.
The Councell[2] shall know it.[3]

Page. Nay good maister Shallow be perswaded by mee.

[1] The succession of scenes is exactly the same as in the amended play, although not so divided, with the exception of the fourth and fifth scenes of the third act, which are transposed. The first scene of the fourth act and the first four scenes of the fifth act in the amended play are entirely omitted in this sketch.

[2] The amended play reads "King," which shows, probably, that it was written after the death of Elizabeth.

[3] By the council is only meant the court of Star-chamber, composed chiefly of the king's council sitting *in Camera Stellata*, which took cognizance of atrocious riots. The two expressions are divided in the amended play. Sir John Harington, in his "Epigrams," 1618, says,

> "No marvel, men of such a sumptuous dyet
> Were brought into the Star-Chamber for a ryot."

See also the "Magnetick Lady," act iii. sc. 4, and Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. viii. pp. 8, 13.

Slen. Nay surely my vncle shall not put it vp so.
Sir Hugh. Wil you not heare reasons, M. Slenders? You should heare reasons.
Shal. Tho he be a knight, he shall not thinke to carrie it so away.
M. Page, I will not be wronged. For you
Syr, I loue you, and for my cousen
He comes to looke vpon your daughter.
Page. And heres my hand, and if my daughter
Like him so well as I, wee'l quickly haue it a match:
In the meane time let me intreat you to soiourne
Here a while. And on my life Ile vndertake
To make you friends.
Sir Hugh. I pray you M. Shallowes, let it be so.
The matter is pud to arbitarments.
The first man is M. Page, videlicet M. Page.
The second is my selfe, videlicet my selfe.
And the third and last man, is mine host of the gartyr.

Enter SYR IOHN FALSTAFFE, PISTOLL, BARDOLFE, *and* NIM.

Here is Sir Iohn himselfe now, looke you.
Fal. Now M. Shallow, youle complaine of me to the Council, I heare?
Shal. Sir Iohn, Sir Iohn, you haue hurt my keeper, kild my dogs, stolne my deere.
Fal. But not kissed your keepers daughter.[1]

[1] The commentators think this a burden of some old ballad. Sir Walter Scott gives us a different explanation in his novel of "Kenilworth:"—

"*Sussex.* By my faith, I wish Will Shakespeare no harm. He is a stout man at quarter-staff, and single falchion, though, as I am told, a halting fellow; and he stood, they say, a tough fight with the rangers of old Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecot, when he broke his deer-park, and kissed his keeper's daughter.

"*Elizabeth.* That matter was heard in council, and we will not have this fellow's offence exaggerated—there was no kissing in the matter, and the defendant put the denial on record."

Shal. Well this shall be answered.

Fal. Ile answere it straight. I haue done all this.

This is now answred.

Shal. Well, the Councell shall know it.

Fal. Twere better for you twere knowne in counsell,[1]

Youle be laught at.

Sir Hugh. Good vrdes Sir Iohn, good vrdes.

Fal. Good vrdes, good Cabidge.[2]

Slender, I brake your head,

What matter haue you against mee?

Slen. I haue matter in my head against you and your cogging companions, Pistoll and Nym.[3] They carried mee to the Tauerne and made mee drunke, and afterward picked my pocket.[4]

Fal. What say you to this Pistoll, did you picke Maister Slenders purse Pistoll?

Slen. I by this handkercher did he. Two faire

[1] This and the preceding passage remain unaltered in the amended play, and Steevens suggests that Falstaff quibbles between *council* and *counsel*. In this sense, Falstaff's meaning seems to be—'Twere better for you if it were known only in *secrecy*, *i.e.*, among your friends: a more public complaint would subject you to ridicule. Ritson thinks the ordinary interpretation just, but Malone justly adduces the spelling of the words in the old quarto as an argument in favour of Steevens' reading; and, from a MS. mentioned by Malone, it would appear that the equivoque was less strained then than it appears to be now.

[2] A pun, occasioned by Sir Hugh's broken pronunciation. *Wort* or *ort* was an old name for *cabbage*.

[3] In the amended play, Slender terms them "coney-catching rascals." Both expressions amount to nearly the same import. He merely means to call them *sharpers*. In the amended play, Bardolph is introduced as having participated in the attack on Slender's purse.

[4] This sentence is omitted in the amended play, though necessary for the sense.

shouell boord shillings,[1] besides seuen groats in mill sixpences.[2]

Fal. What say you to this Pistoll?

Pist. Sir Iohn, and Maister mine, I combat craue
Of this same laten bilbo.[3] I do retort the lie
Euen in thy gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge.

Slen. By this light it was he then.

Nym. Syr my honor is not for many words,[4]
But if you run bace humors of me,

[1] In the amended play we read, "two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shillings and twopence a-piece of Yead Miller." This passage may serve to explain the other. Edward shovel-boards were the broad shillings of Edward VI. In Shadwell's time, it appears that the game of *shovel-board* was played with the shillings of Edward VI., for in his play of "The Miser," act iii. sc. 1, Cheatly says, "She persuaded him to play with hazard at backgammon, and he has already lost his *Edward shillings that he kept for shovel-board*, and was pulling out broad pieces, that have not seen the sun these many years, when I came away." According to Douce, it used to be played early in the present century. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. viii. p. 22.

[2] It appears, from a passage in Sir W. D'Avenant's "Newes from Plimouth," that these mill-sixpences were used by way of counters to cast up money.

[3] Pistol is comparing Slender with the long and thin bilboa blades, made of *laten*, a metal composed of gold and brass. The comparison is of older date, for in Grange's "Garden," 4°, Lond. 1577, we read,

> "Hir husbandes wealth shall wasted be,
> Upon her bilbowe boyes."

It may be mentioned, as some difference of opinion exists among the commentators, that laten metal is thus defined in the "Promptorium Parvulorum," MS. Harl. 221, "Latone metal, auricalcum." The corresponding passage in the amended play is almost the same, and Becket ("Shakespeare's Himself Again," 8°, 1815, vol. i. p. 253) proposes to insert a stop after the word *laten*, making an exclamation of the remaining word; and the same writer tells us that laten is a composite metal. There is no necessity whatever for Becket's emendation, which is, to say the least of it, very unlikely to be correct.

[4] The amended play reads "humour" for "honor." The

I will say mary trap.[1] And there's the humor of it.
Fal. You heare these matters denide gentlemē,
You heare it.

Enter MISTRESSE FOORD, MISTRESSE PAGE, *and her daughter* ANNE.

Page. No more now,
I think it be almost dinner time,
For my wife is come to meet vs.
Fal. Mistresse Foord, I thinke your name is,
If I mistake not. [SYR IOHN *kisses her.*
Mis. For. Your mistake sir is nothing but in the Mistresse. But my husbands name is Foord, sir.
Fal. I shall desire your more acquaintance.
The like of you good misteris Page.

character of Nym is distinguished by the frequent repetition of this word; and its constant occurrence in the conversation of Shakespeare's time is well illustrated by Steevens by the following curious passage from "Humor's Ordinarie," 1607 :—

"Aske Humors what a feather he doth weare,
It is his *humour* (by the Lord) he'll sweare;
Or what he doth with such a horse-taile locke,
Or why upon a whore he spends his stocke,—
He hath a *humour* doth determine so:
Why in the stop-throte fashion he doth goe,
With scarfe about his necke, hat without band,—
It is his *humour*. Sweet sir, understand,
What cause his purse is so extreame distrest
That oftentimes is scarcely penny-blest;
Only a *humour*. If you question, why
His tongue is ne'er unfurnish'd with a lye,—
It is his *humour* too he doth protest:
Or why with sergeants he is so opprest,
That like to ghosts they haunt him ev'rie day;
A rascal *humour* doth not love to pay.
Object why bootes and spurres are still in season,
His *humour* answers, *humour* is his reason.
If you perceive his wits in wetting shrunke,
It cometh of a *humour* to be drunke.
When you behold his lookes pale, thin, and poore,
The occasion is, his *humour* and a whore:
And every thing that he doth undertake,
It is a veine, for senceless *humour's* sake."

[1] Dr Johnson supposes that this was the exclamation of insult when a man was caught in his own stratagem.

Mis. Page. With all my hart sir Iohn.
Come husband will you goe?
Dinner staies for vs.

Page. With all my hart, come along Gentlemen.

[*Exit all, but* SLENDER *and* MISTRESSE ANNE.

Anne. Now forsooth why do you stay me?
What would you with me?[1]

Slen. Nay for my owne part, I would litle or nothing with you. I loue you well, and my vncle can tell you how my liuing stands. And if you can loue me why so. If not, why then happie man be his dole.

Anne. You say well M. Slender.
But first you must giue me leaue to
Be acquainted with your humor,
And afterward to loue you if I can.

Slen. Why by God, there's neuer a man in christendome can desire more. What haue you Beares in your Towne mistresse Anne, your dogs barke so?

Anne. I cannot tell M. Slender, I thinke there be.

Slen. Ha how say you? I warrant your afeard of a Beare let loose,[2] are you not?

[1] This part of the conversation between Slender and "sweet Anne Page" is introduced in act iii. sc. 4 of the amended play.

[2] "Est et alius postea locus theatri quoque formam habens, ursorum et taurorum venationibus destinatus, qui a postica parte alligati, a magnis illis canibus et molossis Anglicis, quos linqua vernacula *docken* appellant, mire exagitantur; ita tamen ut sæpe canes ista ab ursis vel tauris, dentibus arrepti, vel cornibus impetiti, de vita periclitari, aliquando etiam animam exhalare soleant, quibus sic vel sauciis vel lassis etatim substituuntur alii recentes et magis alacres. Accedit aliquando in fine hujus spectaculi, ursi plane excæcati flagellatio, ubi quinque vel sex, in circulo constituti, ursum flagellis misere excipiunt, qui licet alligatus, aufugere nequeat, alacriter tamen se defendit, circumstantes, et nimium appropinquantes, nisi recte et provide sibi caveant, prosternit ac flagella e manibus cædentium eripit atque confringit."—Pauli Hentzneri "Itinerarium," 12mo. Noriberg. 1629, p. 196-7.

Anne. Yes trust me.
Slen. Now that's meate and drink to me,[1]
Ile run yon to a Beare,[2] and take her by the mussell,
You neuer saw the like.
But indeed I cannot blame you,
For they are maruellous rough things.
Anne. Will you goe in to dinner M. Slendor?
The meate staies for you.
Sten. No faith not I. I thanke you,
I cannot abide the smell of hot meate
Nere since I broke my shin. Ile tel you how it came
By my troth. A fencer and I plaid three venies[3]
For a dish of stewd prunes, and I with my ward
Defending my head, he hot my shin.[4] Yes faith.

Enter MAISTER PAGE.

Page. Come, come Maister Slender, dinner staies for you.
Slen. I can eat no meate, I thanke you.
Page. You shall not choose I say.
Slen. Ile follow you sir, pray leade the way.

[1] A common low phrase, meaning great fondness for any thing. Touchstone, in "As You Like It," uses the same phrase —"It is meat and drink to me to see a clown." A writer of our own time, Mr Dickens, introduces the phrase in one of his novels.

[2] The word "yon" is omitted in the second edition of this sketch, printed in 1619.

[3] Slender means to say that the wager for which he played was a dish of stewed prunes, which was to be paid by him who received three *hits*. See Bullokar's "English Expositor," 8°, Lond. 1616:—"*Venie*, a *touch* in the body at playing with weapons." Steevens gives several instances of the use of the word, but the above is quite sufficient. Shakespeare uses the word metaphorically in another play.

[4] "He *hit* my shin," 4°. of 1619.

Nay be God misteris Anne, you shall goe first,
I haue more manners then so, I hope.

Anne. Well sir, I will not be troublesome.

[*Exit omnes.*

Enter SIR HUGH *and* SIMPLE, *from dinner.*

Sir Hugh. Hark you Simple, pray you beare this letter to Doctor Cayus, the French Doctor.[1] He is twell vp along the street, and enquire of his house for one mistris Quickly, his woman, or his try nurse, and deliuer this Letter to her, it tis about Maister Slender.[2] Looke you, will do it now?

Sim. I warrant you Sir.

Sir Hugh. Pray you do, I must not be absent at the grace.[3]

I will goe make an end of my dinner,
There is pepions and cheese behinde.

[*Exit omnes.*

[1] I very much doubt whether Shakespeare had the learned founder of an eminent Cambridge College in his mind when he gave a name to this character, who is, of course, intended as a satire on the foreign physicians of the time, who were so fashionable and popular with the English gentry. Farmer, however, says that the doctor was handed down as a sort of Rosicrucian, and mentions a MS., in the hands of Ames, entitled "The Secret Writings of Dr Caius." In "Jack of Dover," 1604, a story told by "the fool of Windsor" begins thus:—"Upon a time there was in Windsor a certain simple outlandish doctor of physick belonging to the dean," &c. The character may then possibly have been drawn from life: and, as Shakespeare would scarcely have introduced the real name into his play, he may have made quite an arbitrary choice.

[2] The reader will observe that the object of this letter is explained in the amended play, act i. sc. 2, being, of course, to solicit Mistress Quickly's interest in favour of Slender in his suit to Anne Page. But Simple (p. 149) says the letter is *from* Slender; and yet the doctor writes a challenge to Sir Hugh, the why and wherefore of which proceeding is left entirely unexplained in the text of this copy of the play.

[3] Evans was the chaplain at the dinner party.

Enter SIR IOHN FALSTAFFES *Host of the Garter,* NYM, BARDOLFE, PISTOLL, *and the boy.*

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter.
Host. What ses my bully Rooke?[1]
Speake schollerly and wisely.
Fal. Mine Host, I must turne away some of my followers.
Host. Discard bully, Hercules cassire.
Let them wag, trot, trot.
Fal. I sit at ten pound a weeke.
Host. Thou art an Emperour Cæsar, Phessar and Kesar bully.
Ile entertaine Bardolfe. He shall tap, he shall draw.
Said I well, bully Hector?
Fal. Do good mine Host.
Host. I haue spoke. Let him follow. Bardolfe
Let me see thee froth, and lyme.[2] I am at
A word. Follow, follow. [*Exit Host.*
Fal. Do Bardolfe, a Tapster is a good trade,
An old cloake will make a new Ierkin,

[1] Steevens says the spelling of this word is corrupted, and thereby its primitive meaning is lost. He says also that the latter part of this compound title is taken from the *rooks* at the game of chess. Douce says the word means a hectoring, cheating sharper; but Mr Knight thinks that the host would not have applied such offensive terms to Falstaff, who sat "at ten pounds a week," and in his expense was an "emperor." The old editions generally have the word compounded, which is right; but in some it is bully-*rock*, which reading is adopted by Whalley.

[2] The folio reads "froth and live," but Steevens adopts the reading of the old quartos. The host calls for an immediate specimen of Bardolph's abilities as a tapster; and *frothing* beer and *liming* sack were tricks practised in the time of Shakespeare. The first was done by putting soap into the bottom of the tankard when they drew the beer; the other, by mixing *lime* with the sack to make it sparkle in the glass. "Froth and live" is sense, but a little forced; and to make it so we must

A withered seruingman, a fresh Tapster:[1]
Follow him Bardolfe.

Bar. I will sir, Ile warrant you Ile make a good shift to liue. [*Exit* BARDOLFE.

Pist. O bace gongarian wight, wilt thou the spicket willd?[2]

Nym. His minde is not heroick. And theres the humor of it.

Fal. Well my Laddes, I am almost out at the heeles.[3]

Pist. Why then let cybes insue.[4]

Nym. I thanke thee for that humor.

Fal. Well I am glad I am so rid of this tinder Boy.[5]
His stealth was too open, his filching was like
An vnskilfull singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humor is to steale at a minutes rest.[6]

suppose the host could guess, by his dexterity in frothing a pot to make it appear fuller than it was, how he would afterwards succeed in the world. Falstaff himself complains of *limed* sack (first part of Henry IV., act ii. sc. 4. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. viii. p. 35; and Collier's "Shakespeare," vol. iv. p. 265.

[1] Steevens thinks this is not improbably a parody on the old proverb—"A broken apothecary, a new doctor." See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. viii. p. 35.

[2] This appears to be a parody on a line taken from one of the old bombast plays, beginning—

"O base Gongarian, wilt thou the distaff wield?"

which Steevens quotes without a special reference. In the folio it is *Hungarian*, which is a cant term. So in the "Merry Devil of Edmonton," 1608, the merry host says, "I have knights and colonels in my house, and must attend the *Hungarians*."

[3] A proverbial phrase for a vanishing purse.

[4] Cf. King Lear, act v. sc. 1.

[5] The folio edition of 1623 reads "tinderbox."

[6] Langton conjectures we ought to read "at a minim's rest," which Steevens thinks is confirmed in a passage in "Romeo and Juliet." Nym means to say, according to Hawkins, that the perfection of stealing is to do it in the shortest time possible.

Pist. Tis so indeed Nym, thou hast hit it right.
Fal. Well, afore God, I must cheat, I must cony-catch.
Which of you knowes Foord of this Towne?
Pist. I ken the wight, he is of substance good.
Fal. Well my honest lads, Ile tell you what I am about.
Pist. Two yards and more.
Fal. No gibes now Pistoll: indeed I am two yards
In the wast, but now I am about no wast:[1]
Briefly, I am about thrift you rogues you,
I do intend to make loue to Foords wife,
I espie entertainment in her. She carues, she
Discourses.[2] She giues the lyre[3] of inuitation,
And euery part to be constured rightly is, I am
Syr Iohn Falstaffes.
Pist. He hath studied her well,[4] out of honestie
Into English.

[1] The same play upon words occurs in Heywood's "Epigrammes," 1562—

> "Where am I least, husband? quoth he, in the *waist;*
> Which cometh of this, thou art vengeance strait-lac'd.
> Where am I biggest, wife? in the *waste*, quoth she,
> For all is *waste* in you, as far as I see."

And again in Shirley's comedy of "The Wedding," 1629—"He is a great man indeed: something given to the *wast*, for he lives within no *reasonable compass*." (Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. viii. p. 38.)

[2] Jackson ("Shakespeare's Genius Justified," 8°, 1819, p. 17) proposes to read *craves*, and the emendation is certainly a very easy and simple one, had it been necessary for the sense; but a passage that Boswell produces from Vittoria Corombona seems to place the accuracy of the generally received reading out of doubt—"Your husband is wondrous discontented.—*Vit.* I did nothing to displease him; *I carved to him* at supper time." See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. viii. p. 38.

[3] The folio of 1623 reads "leere."

[4] The folio of 1623 reads—"studied her *will*, and translated her *will*," the reading which Mr Knight adopts in his last edi-

Fal. Now the report goes, she hath all the rule
Of her husbands purse. She hath legians of angels.
Pist. As many diuels attend her.[1]
And to her boy say I.
Fal. Heere's a Letter to her. Heeres another to misteris Page.
Who euen now gaue me good eies too, examined my exteriors with such a greedy intentiō, with the beames of her beautie, that it seemed as she would a scorged me vp like a burning glasse. Here is another Letter to her, shee beares the purse too. They shall be Exchequers to me, and Ile be cheaters to them both.[2] They shall be my East and West Indies, and Ile trade to them both. Heere beare thou this Letter to Mistresse Foord. And thou this to mistresse Page. Weele thriue Lads, we will thriue.
Pist. Shall I sir Panderowes of Troy become?
And by my sword were steele.
Then Lucifer take all.
Nym. Here take your humor Letter againe,

tion of the amended play. Malone prefers the reading of the quartos, and as either reading makes equally good sense, there is no reason to carp at Malone for adopting the earlier one.

[1] In act i. sc. 3 of the amended play, we read, "as many devils entertain," the meaning of which is sufficiently evident, understanding the pun on the word *angels* in the speech immediately preceding this. The present reading entirely places the correctness of the commonly received reading beyond a doubt. Coleridge, however, in his "Literary Remains," vol. ii. p. 122, proposes to read—

> "As many devils enter (or enter'd) swine:
> And to her, boy, say I,"

and believes it to be a somewhat profane, but not un-Shakespearian, allusion to the "legion" in St Luke's Gospel. This cannot, I should think, be esteemed a particularly happy suggestion, and the above will show that there is no necessity whatever for a change.

[2] The same joke is intended here as in the second part of Henry IV., act ii. sc. 4.

For my part, I will keepe the hauior
Of reputation. And theres the humor of it.
Fal. Here sirrha beare me these Letters titely,
Saile like my pinnice[1] to the golden shores:
Hence slaues, avant. Vanish like hailstones, goe.
Falstaffe will learne the humor of this age,[2]
French thrift you rogue, my selfe and scirted Page.
[*Exit* FALSTAFFE, *and the Boy.*
Pist. And art thou gone? Teaster Ile haue in pouch
When thou shalt want, bace Phrygian Turke.
Nym. I haue operations in my head,[3] which are humors of reuenge.
Pist. Wilt thou reuenge?
Nym. By Welkin and her Fairies.[4]
Pist. By wit or sword?
Nym. With both the humors I will disclose this loue to Page. Ile poses him with Iallowes,[5]
And theres the humor of it.
Pist. And I to Foord will likewise tell
How Falstaffe varlot vilde,
Would haue her loue, his doue would proue,
And eke his bed defile.
Nym. Let vs about it then.
Pist. Ile second thee: sir Corporall Nym troope on.
[*Exit omnes.*

[1] A pinnace is a small vessel with a square stern, having sails and oars, and carrying three masts; chiefly used (says Rolt, in his "Dictionary of Commerce,") as a scout for intelligence, and for landing of men. (Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. viii. p. 42).

[2] The folio of 1623 reads "the *honour* of the age." Mr Knight adopts the reading of the folio. I believe that the contexts of the passage in the two different states of the play require the change.

[3] These words are omitted in the folio of 1623. They are, however, inserted by Pope, in his edition of the amended play, from the early quarto.

[4] The amended play reads, "by welkin, and her star."

[5] That is, *jealousy.*

Enter MISTRESSE QUICKLY, *and* SIMPLE.

Quic. M. Slender is your Masters name say you?

Sim. I indeed that is his name.

Quic. How say you? I take it hee is somewhat a weakly man:

And he has as it were a whay coloured beard.[1]

Sim. Indeed my maisters beard is kane colored.

Quic. Kane colour, you say well.

And is this letter from Sir Yon,[2] about Misteris An, Is it not?

Sim. I indeed is it.

Quic. So: and your Maister would haue me as it twere to speak to misteris Anne concerning him: I promise you my M. hath a great affectioned mind to mistresse Anne himself. And if he should know that I should as they say, giue my verdit for any one but himselfe, I should heare of it throughly: For I tell you friend, he puts all his priuities in me.

Sim. I by my faith you are a good staie to him.

Quic. Am I? I and you knew all yowd say so:

[1] Bottom enumerates different coloured beards in the "Midsummer Nights Dream," act i. sc. 2. Mr Repton has published a very curious tract on the subject, 8o, Lond. 1839. From the next line it would appear that beards were christened from ancient personages. Cain and Judas are frequently represented in the old tapestries and pictures with *yellow* beards. Middleton alludes to an "Abram-coloured beard," and a "Judas-coloured beard." See his Works, by Dyce, vol. i. p. 259, and vol. iv. p. 47. The conjecture of Steevens that *Abram* may be a corruption of *auburn* is not a very happy one. Steevens brings several quotations illustrative of the matter, which may be seen in Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. viii. p. 46.

[2] A misprint, followed in the second edition, for "Sir You," or rather "Sir Hugh." Here is a disagreement, Simple saying afterwards that the letter is from Slender himself, and the mistake could not have been intended to deceive the Doctor, or he would have had no reason in sending a challenge to Evans. See a previous note.

Washing, brewing, baking, all goes through my hands,
Or else it would be but a woe house.
Sim. I beshrow me, one woman to do all this,
Is very painfull.
Quic. Are you auised of that? I, I warrant you,
Take all, and paie all, all goe through my hands,
And he is such a honest man, and he should chance
To come home and finde a man here, we should
Haue no who[1] with him. He is a parlowes man.
Sim. Is he indeed?
Quic. Is he quoth you? God keep him abroad:
Lord blesse me, who knocks there?
For God sake step into the Counting-house,
While I goe see whose[2] at doore.
[*He steps into the Counting-house.*
What Iohn Rugby, Iohn,
Are you come home alreadie?
[*And*[3] *she opens the doore.*
Doc. I begar I be forget my oyntment,
Where be Iohn Rugby?

Enter IOHN.

Rug. Here sir, do you call?
Doc. I you be Iohn Rugbie, and you be Iack Rugby
Goe run vp met your heeles, and bring away
De oyntment in de vindoe present:
Make hast Iohn Rugbie. O I am almost forget
My simples in a boxe in de Counting-house:
O Ieshu vat be here, a deuella, a deuella?
My Rapier Iohn Rugby, Vat be you, vat make
You in my Counting-house?
I tinck you be a teefe.

[1] The 4° edition of 1619 reads "hoe."
[2] That is, *who's*.
[3] This word is omitted in the 4° of 1619.

Quic. Ieshu blesse me, we are all vndone.
Sim. O Lord sir no: I am no theefe,
I am a Seruingman:
My name is Iohn Simple, I brought a Letter sir
From my M. Slender, about misteris Anne Page
Sir: Indeed that is my comming.
Doc. I begar is dat all? Iohn Rugby giue a ma pen
An Inck: tarche vn pettit tarche a little.
[*The Doctor writes.*
Sim. O God what a furious man is this?[1]
Quic. Nay it is well he is no worse:
I am glad he is so quiet.
Doc. Here giue dat same to sir Hu, it ber ve chalēge
Begar tell him I will cut his nase, will you?
Sim. I sir, Ile tell him so.
Doc. Dat be vell, my Rapier Iohn Rugby, follow may. [*Exit Doctor.*
Quic. Well my friend, I cannot tarry, tell your
Maister Ile doe what I can for him,
And so farewell.
Sim. Marry will I, I am glad I am got hence.
[*Exit omnes.*

Enter MISTRESSE PAGE, *reading of a Letter.*

Mis. Page. Mistresse Page I loue you. Aske me no reason,
Because theyr impossible to alledge. Your faire,
And I am fat. You loue sack, so do I:
As I am sure I haue no mind but to loue,
So I know you haue no hart but to grant.
A souldier doth not vse many words, where a knowes

[1] This speech and the following one are of course spoken aside.

A letter may serue for a sentence. I loue you,
And so I leave you.

Yours SYR JOHN FALSTAFFE.

Now Ieshu blesse me, I am methomorphised!
I thinke I knowe not myselfe. Why what a Gods name doth this man see in me, that thus he shootes at my honestie? Well but that I knowe my owne heart, I should scarcely perswade my selfe I were hand. Why what an vnreasonable woolsack is this? He was neuer twice in my companie, and if then I thought I gaue such assurance with my eies, Ide pul them out, they should neuer see more holie daies. Well, I shall trust fat men the worse while I liue for his sake. O God that I knew how to be reuenged of him. But in good time, heeres mistresse Foord.

Enter MISTRESSE FOORD.

Mis. For. How now Mistris Page, are you reading Loue Letters? How do you woman?

Mis. Page. O woman, I am I know not what:
In loue vp to the hard eares. I was neuer in such a case in my life.

Mis. For. In loue, now in the name of God with whom?

Mis. Page. With one that sweares he loues me,
And I must not choose but do the like againe:
I prethie looke on that Letter.

Mis. For. Ile match your letter iust with the like,
Line for line, word for word.[1] Only the name
Of misteris Page, and misteris Foord disagrees:
Do me the kindness to looke vpon this.

[1] This idea of the identity of the love letters seems to be original: at least, it is not found in any of the old tales upon which the play is supposed to be founded. Hook has introduced a similar incident in his novel of "Jack Brag."

Mis. Page. Why this is right my letter.
O most notorious villaine !
Why what a bladder of iniquitie is this ?
Lets be reuenged what so ere we do.
Mis. For. Reuenged, if we liue weel be reuenged.
O Lord if my husband should see this Letter,
Ifaith this would euen giue edge to his Iealousie.

Enter FORD, PAGE, PISTOLL *and* NYM.

Mis. Page. See where our husbands are,
Mine's as far from Iealousie,
As I am from wronging him.
Pist. Ford the words I speake are forst :
Beware, take heed, for Falstaffe loues thy wife :
When Pistoll lies do this.
For. Why sir my wife is not young.
Pist. He wooes both yong and old, both rich and poore
None comes amis. I say he loues thy wife :
Faire warning did I giue, take heed,
For sommer comes, and Cuckoo birds appeare : [1]
Page, belieue him what he ses. Away sir Corporall Nym. [*Exit* PISTOLL.
Nym. Syr the humor of it is, he loues your wife,
I should ha borne the humor Letter to her :
I speake and I auouch tis true : My name is Nym.
Farwell, I loue not the humor of bread and cheese :
And theres the humor of it. [*Exit* NYM.
Page. The humor of it, quoth you :
Heres a fellow frites humor out of his wits.
Mis. Page. How now sweet hart, how dost thou?

[1] One of the numerous Shakespearian allusions to cuckoldism.

Enter MISTRESSE QUICKLY.[1]

Page. How now man?[2] How do you mistris Ford?

Mis. For. Well I thanke you good M. Page.
How now husband, how chaunce thou art so melancholy.

For. Melancholy, I am not melancholy.
Goe get you in, goe.

Mis. For. God saue me, see who yondes is:
Weele set her in a worke in this businesse.

Mis. Page. O sheele serue excellent.
Now you come to see my daughter An I am sure.

Quic. I forsooth that is my comming.

Mis. Page. Come goe in with me. Come Mis. Ford.

Mis. For. I follow you Mistresse Page.

[*Exit* MISTRESSE FORD, MIS. PAGE, *and* QUICKLY.

For. M. Page did you heare what these fellowes said?

Page. Yes M. Ford, what of that sir?

For. Do you think it is true that they told vs?

Page. No by my troth do I not,
I rather take them to be paltry lying knaues,
Such as rather speakes of enuie,
Then of any certaine they haue
Of any thing. And for the knight, perhaps
He hath spoke merrily, as the fashion of fat men
Are: But should he loue my wife,
Ifaith Ide turne her loose to him:
And what he got more of her,

[1] This stage direction ought properly to be placed a little lower.

[2] The folio of 1623 reads, "How now, Meg?"

Then ill lookes, and shrowd words,
Why let me beare the penaltie of it.
For. Nay I do not mistrust my wife,
Yet Ide be loth to turne them together,
A man may be too confident.

Enter HOST *and* SHALLOW.

Page. Here comes my ramping[1] host of the garter,
Ther's either licker in his hed, or mony in his purse,
That he lookes so merily. Now mine Host?
Host. God blesse you my bully rookes, God blesse you.
Cauelara Iustice I say.
Shal. At hand mine host, at hand. M. Ford god den to you.
God den an twentie good M. Page.
I tell you sir we haue sport in hand.
Host. Tell him cauelira Iustice:[2] tell him bully rooke.
For. Mine Host a the garter:
Host. What ses my bully rooke?
For. A word with you sir.
[FORD *and the* HOST *talkes.*
Shal. Harke you sir, Ile tell you what the sport shall be,
Doctor Cayus and sir Hu are to fight,
My merrie Host hath had the measuring

[1] The folio of 1623 reads "ranting."

[2] This cant term occurs in "The Three [Lords and Three] Ladies of London," 1590, (reprinted in Hazlitt's Dodsley, vi. 466):

"Then know, Castilian *cavaleros*, this."

There is also a book printed in 1599, called, "A Countercuffe given to Martin Junior, by the venturous, hardie, and renowned Pasquil of Englande, *Cavaliero*." (Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. viii. p. 68).

Of their weapons,[1] and hath
Appointed them contrary places. Harke in your eare :
Host. Hast thou no shute against my knight,
My guest, my cauellira.[2]
For. None I protest : But tell him my name
Is Rrooke,[3] onlie for a Iest.
Host. My[4] hand bully : Thou shalt
Haue egres and regres, and thy
Name shall be Brooke : Sed I well bully Hector ?
Shal. I tell you what M. Page, I beleeue
The Doctor is no Iester, heele laie it on :
For tho we be Iustices and Doctors,
And Church men, yet we are
The sonnes of women M. Page :
Page. True maister Shallow :
Shal. I will be found so maister Page :
Page. Maister Shallow you your selfe
Haue bene a great fighter,
Tho now a man of peace :

[1] Alluding to the custom in trials allowed by law, where search used to be made by the attending knights, before the combat, of the equality of their weapons; which were at the defendant's election, provided he confined his choice between ancient, usual, and military. See Dr Grey's "Notes on Shakespeare," 8°, 1754, vol. i. p. 100–1.

[2] The folio of 1623 reads, "my guest cavalier."

[3] A misprint for *Brooke.* In the folio edition, Ford's assumed name is altered to *Broom.* Theobald says that we need no better evidence in favour of the reading of the quartos than the pun that Falstaff makes on the name, when Brook sends him some burnt sack ; but it may be objected that this pun is almost entirely lost in the early edition. In favour of the adopted reading in the amended play, the following lines may be adduced, which appear to be intended to rhyme—

> "Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brome :
> He'll tell me all his purpose : Sure, he'll come."

These lines do not occur in the sketch of the play.

[4] The 4° of 1619 reads "thy," which is probably the right reading. The folio of 1623 preserves the original text.

Shal. M. Page I haue seene the day[1] that yong
Tall fellowes with their stroke & their passado,
I haue made them trudge Maister Page,
A tis the hart, the hart doth all: I
Haue seene the day, with my two hand sword
I would a made you foure tall Fencers
Scipped like Rattes.

Host. Here boyes, shall we wag, shall we wag?

Shal. Ha with you mine host.

[*Exit* HOST *and* SHALLOW.

Page. Come M. Ford, shall we to dinner?
I know these fellowes sticks in your minde.

For. No in good sadnesse not in mine:
Yet for all this Ile try it further,
I will not leaue it so:
Come M. Page, shall we to dinner?

Page. With all my hart sir, Ile follow you.

[*Exit omnes.*

Enter SYR IOHN, *and* PISTOLL.

Fal. Ile not lend thee a peny.

Pist. I will retort the sum in equipage.[2]

Fal. Not a pennie: I haue beene content you shuld lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vpon my good friends for 3. repriues, for you and your Coachfellow Nym, else you might a looked thorow a grate like a geminy of babones. I am damned in

[1] This and the two following speeches are closely followed in the amended play. Mr Knight is in error when he says the Host of the Garter's question "Shall we wag," in the quarto, corresponds to the disputed passage, "Will you go on, heers?" in the amended play; and although Mr Knight's mistake was pointed out in the "Athenæum," yet it remains uncorrected in the new edition. See Mr Knight's "Library Edition of Shakespeare," vol. iii. p. 52.

[2] This line is omitted in the folio edition of the amended play, although inserted in some modern editions from the early quartos.

hell for swearing to Gentlemen your[1] good soldiers and tall fellowes:[2] And when mistresse Briget lost the handle of her Fan,[3] I tooked on my ho-[4] thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteene pence?

Fal. Reason you rogue reason.

Doest thou thinke Ile indanger my soule gratis? In brief, hang no more about mee, I am no gybit for you. I[5] short knife and a throng[6] to your manner of pickt hatch,[7] goe. Youle not beare a Letter for me you rogue you: you stand vpon your honor. Why thou vnconfinable basenesse thou, tis as much as I can do to keep the termes of my honor precise. I, I my selfe sometimes, leauing the feare of God[8] on the left hand, am faine to shuffell, to filch & to lurch. And yet you stand vpon your honor, you rogue. You, you.

[1] For "you are." This mode of writing is frequently repeated in the course of the play.

[2] Bold, courageous persons.

[3] See the long note on the value of fans in Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. viii. p. 74, 75.

[4] The commencement of this word in the original is at the end of the line, and the conclusion of it left out by accident. In the 4° of 1619 this omission is supplied by the word "honesty," which is probably a guess of the person under whose superintendence the second edition of this sketch was printed, for in the same passage which is preserved in the amended play we find "honour" substituted, which is more congenial to the context, and was doubtlessly the original word.

[5] A mistake for "a."

[6] Dennis reads "thong," but see Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. viii. p. 76.

[7] A low neighbourhood in the East of London. "I proceeded toward Pickt-hatch, intending to beginne their first, which, as I may fitly name it, is the very skirts of all brothel-houses.—"The Black Booke, by T. M." 4°, Lond. 1604, p. 1.

[8] This is altered to "Heaven" in the amended play; and also at line 12, in the next page.

Pist. I do recant: what woulst thou more of man?
Fal. Well, go too, away, no more.

Enter MISTRESSE QUICKLY.

Quic. Good you god den sir.
Fal. Good den faire wife.
Quic. Not so ant like your worship.
Fal. Faire mayd then.
Quic. That I am Ile be sworne, as my mother was
The first houre I was borne.
Sir I would speake with you in private.
Fal. Say on I prethy, heeres none but my owne houshold.
Quic. Are they so? Now God blesse them, and make them his seruants.
Syr I come from Mistresse Foord.
Fal. So from Mistresse Foord. Goe on.
Quic. I sir, she hath sent me to you to let you
Vnderstand she hath receiued your Letter,
And let me tell you, she is one stands vpon her credit.
Fal. Well, come Misteris Ford, Misteris Ford.
Quic. I sir, and as they say, she is not the first
Hath bene led in a fooles paradice.
Fal. Nay prethy be briefe my good she Mercury.
Quic. Mary sir, sheed haue you meet her between eight and nine.[1]
Fal. So betweene eight and nine.
Quic. I forsooth for then her husband goes a bird-ing.
Fal. Well commend me to thy mistris, tel her
I will not faile her: Boy giue her my purse.
Quic. Nay sir I haue another arant to do to you
From Misteris Page:
Fal. From misteris Page? I prethy what of her?

[1] In the amended play, the hours for the two appointments of Falstaff with Mistress Ford are transposed.

Quic. By my troth I think you work by inchantments,
Els they could neuer loue you as they doo:
Fal. Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my
Good parts aside, I vse no other inchantments:
Quic. Well sir, she loues you extreemly:
And let me tell you, shees one that feares God,
And her husband giues her leaue to do all:
For he is not halfe so iealousie as M. Ford is.
Fal. But harke thee, hath misteris Page & mistris Ford,
Acquainted each other how dearly they loue me?
Quic. O God no sir: there were a iest indeed.
Fal. Well farwel, commend me to misteris Ford,
I will not faile her say.
Quic. God be with your worship.
[*Exit* MISTRESSE QUICKLY.

Enter BARDOLFE.

Bar. Sir heer's a gentleman,
One M. Brooke, would speak with you,
He hath sent you a cup of sacke.[1]
Fal. M. Brooke, hees welcome: Bid him come vp.
Such Brookes are alwaies welcome to me:

[1] It seems to have been a common custom at taverns, in our author's time, to send presents of wine from one room to another, either as a memorial of friendship, or, as in the present instance, by way of introduction to acquaintance. According to Reed, this practice was continued as late as the Restoration, who quotes the following passage from Dr Price's "Life of General Monk"—"I came to the Three Tuns before Guildhall, where the general had quartered two nights before. I entered the tavern with a servant and portmanteau, and asked for a room, which I had scarce got into but wine followed me as a present from some citizens, desiring leave to drink their morning's draught with me."

A Iack, will thy old bodie yet hold out?
Wilt thou after the expence of so much mony
Be now a gainer? Good bodie I thanke thee,
And Ile make more of thee then I ha done:
Ha, ha, misteris Ford, and misteris Page, haue
I caught you a the hip? go too.

Enter FOORD *disguised like* BROOKE.

For. God saue you sir.
Fal. And you too, would you speak with me?
For. Mary would I sir, I am somewhat bolde to trouble you,
My name is Brooke.
Fal. Good M. Brooke your verie welcome.
For. Ifaith sir I am a gentleman and a traueller,
That haue seen somewhat. And I haue often heard
That if mony goes before, all waies lie open.
Fal. Mony is a good souldier, and will on.
For. Ifaith sir, and I haue a bag here,
Would you wood helpe me to beare it.
Fal. O Lord, would I could tell how to deserue
To be your porter.
For. That may you easily sir Iohn: I haue an earnest
Sute to you. But good Sir Iohn when I haue
Told you my griefe, cast one eie of your owne
Estate, since your selfe knew what tis to be
Such an offender.
Fal. Verie well sir, proceed.
For. Sir I am deeply in loue with one Fords wife
Of this Towne. Now sir Iohn you are a gentleman
Of good discoursing, well beloued among Ladies,
A man of such parts that might win 20. such as she.
Fal. O good sir.

For. Nay beleeue it[1] sir Iohn, for tis time.[2] Now my loue
Is so grounded vpon her, that without her loue
I shal hardly liue.
Fal. Haue you importuned her by any means?
For. No neuer sir.
Fal. Of what qualitie is your loue then?
For. Ifaith sir, like a faire house set vpon
Another mans foundation.
Fal. And to what end haue you vnfolded this to me?
For. O, sir, when I haue told you that, I told you all:
For she sir stands so pure in the firme state
Of her honestie, that she is too bright to be looked
Against: Now could I come against her
With some detectiō, I should sooner perswade her
From her marriage vow, and a hundred such nice
Tearmes that sheele stand vpon.
Fal. Why would it apply well to the veruensie[3] of your affection,
That another should possesse what you would enioy?
Methinkes you prescribe verie prepostorously
To your selfe.
For. No sir, for by that meanes should I be certaine of that which I now misdoubt.
Fal. Well M. Brooke, Ile first make bold with your mony,
Next, giue me your hand. Lastly you shall
And[4] you will, enioy Fords wife.
For. O good sir.

[1] The edition of 1619 reads, "Nay, I beleeue it."
[2] A mistake in both copies for "true."
[3] That is, "vehemency."
[4] The edition of 1619 reads, "if," and the same correction has been made in other places, showing a change in the language in *seventeen* years only.

Fal. M. Brooke,[1] I say you shall.
For. Want no mony Syr Iohn, you shall want none.
Fal. Want no Misteris Ford M. Brooke,
You shall want none. Euen as you came to me,
Her spokes mate, her go between parted from me:
I may tell you M. Brooke, I am to meet her
Between 8. and 9. for at that time the Iealous
Cuckally knaue her husband wil be from home,
Come to me soone at night, you shall know how
I speed M. Brooke.
For. Sir do you know Ford?
Fal. Hang him poore cuckally knaue, I know him not,
And yet I wrong him to call him poore. For they
Say the cuckally knaue hath legions of angels,
For the which his wife seemes to me well fauored,
And Ile vse her as the key of the cuckally knaues
Coffer, and there's my randeuowes.[2]
For. Meethinkes sir it were very[3] good that you knew
Ford, that you might shun him.
Fal. Hang him cuckally knaue, Ile stare him
Out of his wits, Ile keepe him in awe
With this my cudgell: It shall hang like a meator
Ore the wittolly knaues head, M. Brooke thou shalt
See I will predominate ore the peasant,
And thou shalt lie with his wife. M. Brooke
Thou shalt know him for knaue and cuckold,
Come to me soone at night. [*Exit* FALSTAFFE.
For. What a damned epicurian is this?
My wife hath sent for him, the plot is laid:
Page is an Asse, a foole. A secure Asse,

[1] This is omitted in the folio of 1623.
[2] The amended play reads "harvest-home."
[3] This word is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Ile sooner trust an Irishman with my
Aquauita bottle,[1] Sir Hu our parson with my cheese,
A theefe to walk my ambling gelding, thē my wife
With her selfe : then she plots, then she ruminates,
And what she thinkes in her hart she may effect,
Sheele breake her hart but she will effect it.
God be praised, God be praised for my iealousie :
Well Ile goe preuent him, the time drawes on,
Better an houre too soone, then a minit too late,
Gods my life cuckold, cuckold. [*Exit* FORD.

Enter the DOCTOR *and his man.*

Doc. Iohn Rugbie goe looke met your eies ore de stall,
And spie and you can see de parson.
Rug. Sir I cannot tell whether he be there or no.
But I see a great many comming.
Doc. Bully moy, mon rapier Iohn Rugabie, begar de
Hearing[2] be not so dead as I shall make him.

Enter SHALLOW, PAGE, *my* HOST, *and* SLENDER.

Page. God saue you M. Doctor Cayus.
Shal. How do you M. Doctor?
Host. God blesse thee my bully doctor, God blesse thee.
Doc. Vat be all you, van to tree com for, a?
Host. Bully to see thee fight, to see thee foine,[3] to

[1] Heywood, in his "Challenge for Beauty," 1636, mentions the love of *aqua-vitæ* as characteristic of the Irish :—

"The Briton he metheglin quaffs,
The Irish *aqua-vitæ*."

The Irish *aqua-vitæ*, says Malone, was not brandy, but *usque-baugh*, for which Ireland has been long celebrated.

[2] "Herring," 4° of 1619.

[3] The ancient term for making a thrust in fencing or tilting.

see thee trauerse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass the punto. The stock,[1] the reuerse, the distance: the montnce[2] is a dead my francoyes? Is a dead my Ethiopian? Ho what see my gallon? my escuolapis?[3] Is a dead bullies taile,[4] is a dead?

Doc. Begar de preest be a coward Iack knaue,
He dare not shew his face.

Host. Thou art a castallian[5] king vrinall.
Hector of Greece my boy.

Shal. He hath showne himselfe the wiser man M. Doctor:
Sir Hugh is a Parson, and you a Phisition. You must
Goe with me M. Doctor.

Host. Pardon bully Iustice.[6] A word monsire mockwater.

Doc. Mockwater,[7] vat me[8] dat?

Host. That is in our English tongue, Vallor bully, vallor.

Doc. Begar den I haue as mockuater as de Inglish
Iack dog, knaue.

[1] A corruption of the Italian *stocata.*

[2] This strange corruption and false punctuation is followed in the edition of 1619. The passage must be read thus:—"To see thee pass the punto, the stock, the reverse, the distance, the montant; is a dead?"

[3] That is, *Æsculapius.*

[4] See an explanation of this in Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. viii. p. 94.

[5] A cant term, for a long note on which see Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. viii. p. 94, 95.

[6] The amended play reads "guest justice!" This fully explains why the merry Host of the Garter is so fond of the word "bully."

[7] See an explanation of this in Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. viii. p. 96.

[8] The edition of 1619 rightly reads "be."

Host. He will claperclaw[1] thee titely bully.
Doc. Claperclawe, vat be dat?
Host. That is, he will make thee amends.
Doc. Begar I do looke he shall claperclaw me dē,
And Ile prouoke him[2] to do it, or let him wag:
And moreouer bully, but M. Page and M. Shallow,
And eke cauellira Slender, go you all ouer the fields to Frogmore?
Page. Sir Hugh is there, is hee?
Host. He is there: goe see what humour hee is in,
Ile bring the doctor about by the fields:
Will it do well?
Shal. We wil do it my host.[3] Farewel M. Doctor.
[*Enter all but the* HOST *and* DOCTOR.
Doc. Begar I will kill de cowardly Iack preest,
He is make a foole of moy.
Host. Let him die, but first sheth your impatience,
Throw cold water on your collor,[4] come go with me
Through the fields to Frogmore, and Ile bring thee
Where mistris An Page is a feasting[5] at a farm house,
And thou shalt wear hir cried game:[6] sed I wel bully.[7]

[1] This word occurs also in "Tom Tyler and his Wife:"—"I would clapper-claw thy bones." I find the word earlier in the curious macaronic poem in MS. Lansd. 762.

[2] The remainder of this speech ought to be given to the host, not to the doctor.

[3] Omitted in the folio of 1623.

[4] Steevens quotes the following passage from Hamlet:—

> "Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
> Sprinkle cool patience."

[5] The edition of 1619 reads "feasting."

[6] This passage is very obscure. In the amended play (fol. 1623, p. 48) we have, "and thou shalt wooe her: Cride-game." Still, this last phrase is unintelligible, and the notes of the Variorum edition do not clear up the matter satisfactorily. Theobald alters it to *try'd game*, but Warburton reads "*cry aim*, said I well?" i.e. consent to it, approve of it. Steevens strongly supports Warburton's emendation.

[7] Omitted in the folio of 1623.

Doc. Begar excellent vel : and if you speak pour moy,
I shall procure you de gesse of all de gentlemē mon patinces. I begar I sall.
Host. For the which Ile be thy aduersary
To misteris An Page : Sed I well?
Doc. I begar excellent.
Host. Let vs wag then.
Doc. Alon, alon, alon. [*Exit omnes.*

Enter SYR HUGH *and* SIMPLE.

Sir Hugh. I pray you do so much as if you can espie
Doctor Cayus comming, and giue me intelligence,
Or bring me vrde if you please now.
Sim. I will sir.
Sir Hugh. Ieshu ples mee, how my hart trobes, and trobes,
And then she made him bedes of Roses,
And a thousand fragrant poses,
To shallow riueres. Now so kad vdge me, my hart
Swelles more and more. Mee thinkes I can cry
Verie well. There dwells a man in Babylon,[1]
To shallow riuers[2] and to falles,
Melodious birds sing Madrigalles.

[1] This is the first line of a ballad which was licensed to T. Colwell, in 1562, under the title of "The goodly and constant wyfe Susanna." It is quoted in "Twelfth Night," act ii. sc. 3. In the amended play, this is altered to a line in the old version of the 137th psalm, which is more in character. We may, perhaps, hazard a conjecture that it was originally so, and that the line from the popular ballad of Susanna was inserted in its place by mistake, which is not improbable, if the original sketch was edited from dictation.

[2] It is scarcely necessary to observe that this is an extract from the beautiful little ballad, attributed to Marlowe, entitled "The Passionate Shepherd to his Love." It is not generally known that Dr Wilson set it to Music, the original being in the Bod-

Sim. Sir here is M. Page and M. Shallow,
Comming hither as fast as they can.

Sir Hugh. Then it is verie necessary I put vp my sword,
Pray giue me my cowne[1] too, marke you.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Page. God saue you Sir Hugh.

Shal. God saue you M. parson.

Sir Hugh. God plesse you all from his mercies sake now.

Page. What the word and the sword, doth that agree well?

Sir Hugh. There is reasons and causes in all things, I warrant you now.

Page. Well Sir Hugh, we are come to craue
Your helpe and furtherance in a matter.

Sir Hugh. What is I pray you?[2]

Page. Ifaith tis this sir Hugh. There is an auncient friend of ours, a man of verie good sort, so at oddes with one patience, that I am sure you would hartily grieue to see him. Now Sir Hugh, you are a scholler well red, and verie perswasiue, we would intreate you to see if you could intreate him to patience.

Sir Hugh. I pray you who is it? Let vs know that.

Page. I am shure you know him, tis Doctor Cayus.

Sir Hugh. I had as leeue you should tel me of a messe of poredge,

leian library. It was extremely popular in the time of Shakespeare, as may be gathered from the plentiful allusions in contemporary writers. "Doe you take me for a woman, that you come vpon mee with a balled of Come live with me and be my Loue."—"Choice, Chance, and Change, or Conceits in their Colours," 1606, p. 3.

[1] That is, *gown*.

[2] "What is it, I pray you."—4° of 1619.

He is an arant lowsie beggerly knaue :
And he is a coward beside.
Page. Why Ile laie my life tis the man
That he should fight withall.

Enter DOCTOR *and the* HOST, *they offer to fight.*

Shal. Keep them asunder, take away their weapons.
Host. Disarme, let them question.
Shal. Let them keep their limbs hole, and hack our English.
Doc. Hark van vrd in your eare. You be vn daga And de Iack, coward preest.
Sir Hugh. Harke you, let vs not be laughing stockes to other mens humors. By Ieshu I will knock your vrinalls about your knaues cockcomes, for missing your meetings and appointments.[1]
Doc. O Ieshu mine host of de garter, Iohn Rogoby,
Haue I not met him at de place he make apoint,
Haue I not?
Sir Hugh. So kad vdge me, this is the pointment place,
Witnes by my Host of the garter.
Host. Peace I say gawle and gawlia,[2] French and Wealch,
Soule curer, and bodie curer.
Doc. This is verie braue, excellent.
Host. Peace I say, heare mine host of the garter,
Am I wise? am I politicke? am I Matchauil?
Shall I lose my doctor? No, he giues me the motiōs

[1] This passage is omitted in the amended play, but they were "recovered" by Pope.

[2] Sir Thomas Hanmer proposes to read "Gallia and Wallia," but, as Dr Farmer observes, it is objected that *Wallia* is not easily corrupted into *Gaul*. Possibly the word was written "Guallia;" and the present reading appears to confirm this conjecture. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. viii. p. 110.

And the potions. Shall I lose my parson, my sir Hu ?
No, he giues me the prouerbes, and the nouerbes :
Giue me thy hand terestriall,[1]
So giue me thy hand celestiall :
So boyes of art I have deceiued you both,
I haue directed you to wrong places,
Your hearts are mightie, your skins are whole,
Bardolfe laie their swords to pawne. Follow me lads
Of peace, follow me. Ha, ra, la. Follow.

[*Exit Host.*

Shal. Afore God[2] a mad host, come let vs goe.
Doc. I begar haue you mocka may thus ?
I will be euen met you my Iack Host.
Sir Hugh. Giue me your hand Doctor Cayus,
We be all friends :
But for mine hosts foolish knauery, let me alone.
Doc. I dat be vell, begar I be friends.

[*Exit omnes.*

Enter M. FOORD.

For. The time drawes on he shuld come to my house,
Well wife, you had best worke closely,
Or I am like to goe beyond your cunning :
I now will seek my guesse that comes to dinner,
And in good time see where they all are come.

Enter SHALLOW, PAGE, HOST, SLENDER, DOCTOR, *and* SIR HUGH.

By my faith a knot well met : your welcome all.
Page. I thanke you good M. Ford.
For. Welcome good M. Page,
I would your daughter were here.
Page. I thank you sir, she is very well at home.

[1] This passage is omitted in the folio of 1623.
[2] The folio of 1623 reads, "trust me."

Slen. Father Page I hope I haue your consent
For Misteris Anne ?
Page. You haue sonne Slender, but my wife here,
Is altogether for maister Doctor.
Doc. Begar I tanck her hartily !
Host. But what say you to yong Maister Fenton ?
He capers, he dances, he writes verses, he smelles
All April and May :[1] he wil cary it, he wil carit,
Tis in his betmes[2] he wil carite.
Page. My host not with my cōsent: the gentleman is
Wilde, he knowes too much : If he take her,
Let him take her simply : for my goods goes
With my liking, and my liking goes not that way.
For. Well I pray go home with me to dinner :
Besides your cheare Ile shew you wonders : Ile
Shew you a monster. You shall go with me
M. Page, and so shall you sir Hugh, and you Maister
Doctor.
Sir Hugh.[3] If there be one in the company, I shal
make two :
Doc. And dere be ven to, I sall make de tird :

[1] The folio of 1623 reads, "he smels April and May." This was the phraseology of the time ; not "he smells *of* April and May." So in "Measure for Measure :"—"he would mouth with a beggar of fifty, though *she smell brown bread and garlick.*" (Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. viii. page 114).

[2] A misprint, I suppose, for *buttons*, as in the folio (ed. 1623, p. 49). The general explanation is, that this is an allusion to the custom of wearing the flower called *bachelor's buttons*. Mr Knight, however, in his "Library Edition of Shakespeare," vol. iii. p. 74, says that a similar phrase, "It does not lie in your breeches," meaning it is not within your compass: "'tis in his buttons" therefore means—he's the man to do it ; his buttons hold the man. This is certainly a much more probable interpretation, and the context appears to me not only to warrant but almost require that explanation.

[3] This and the two following speeches are omitted in the amended play. See, however, Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. viii. p. 130, and act. iii. sc. 4.

Sir Hugh. In your teeth for shame,
Shal. Wel, wel, God be with you, we shall haue the fairer
Wooing at Maister Pages :
[*Exit* SHALLOW *and* SLENDER.
Host. Ile to my honest knight sir Iohn Falstaffe
And drinke Canary with him. [*Exit host.*
For. I may chance to make him drinke in[1] pipe wine,
First come gentlemen. [*Exit omnes.*

Enter MISTRESSE FORD, *with two of her men, and a great buck busket.*

Mis. For. Sirrha, if your M. aske you whither
You carry this basket, say to the Launderers.
I hope you know how to bestow it?
Ser. I warrant you misteris. [*Exit seruant.*
Mis. For. Go get you in. Well sir Iohn,
I beleeue I shal serue you such a trick,
You shall haue little mind to come againe.

Enter SIR IOHN.

Fal. Haue I caught my heauenlie Iewel?[2]
Why now let me die. I have liued long inough,
This is the happie houre I haue desired to see,
Now shall I sin in my wish,
I would thy husband were dead.
Mis. For. Why how then sir Iohn?
Fal. By the Lord,[3] Ide make thee my Ladie.

[1] "Drink in" is a common phrase of the time. There is, probably, something omitted here, as a pun seems to be intended. See Boswell's "Malone," vol. viii. p. 116.

[2] This is the first line in the second song in Sydney's "Astrophel and Stella." (Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. viii. p. 119.)

[3] The reader will observe with what care the profane passages have been altered in the amended play. We here have, "I'll speak it before the best lord."

Mis. For. Alas sir Iohn, I should be a verie simple Ladie.

Fal. Goe too, I see how thy eie doth emulate the Diamond.

And how the arched bent[1] of thy brow
Would become the ship tire, the tire vellet,
Or anie Venetian attire, I see it.

Mis. For. A plaine kercher sir Iohn, would fit me better.

Fal. By the Lord thou art a traitor[2] to saie so:
What made me loue thee? Let that perswade thee:
Ther's somewhat extraordinarie in thee: Goe too I loue thee:
Mistris Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate,[3] like one
Of these fellows that smels like Bucklers-berie,[4]
In simple time, but I loue thee,
And none but thee.

Mis. For. Sir Iohn, I am afraid you loue misteris Page.

Fal. I thou mightest as well saie
I loue to walke by the Counter gate,
Which is as hatefull to me
As the reake of a lime kill.

Enter MISTRESSE PAGE.

Mis. Page. Mistresse Ford, Mis. Ford, where are you?

[1] See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. viii. p. 120.

[2] *i.e.*, to thy own merit.

[3] The second is omitted in the amended play. Malone quotes the following from "Wily Beguil'd," 1606:—

> "I cannot play the dissembler,
> And woo my love with courting ambages,
> Like one whose love hangs on his smooth tongue's end;
> But in a word I tell the sum of my desires,
> I love faire Lelia."

[4] Buckler's-bury, in the time of Shakespeare, was chiefly inhabited by druggists, who sold all kinds of herbs, green as well as dry. (Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. viii. p. 123.)

Mis. For. O Lord step aside good sir Iohn.
[FALSTAFFE *stands behind the aras.*[1]
How now Misteris Page whats the matter?

Mis. Page. Why your husband woman is cõming,
With halfe Windsor at his heeles,
To looke for a gentleman that he saes
Is hid in his house: his[2] wifes sweete hart.

Mis. For. Speake louder.[3] But I hope tis not true Misteris Page.

Mis. Page. Tis too true woman. Therefore if you Haue any here, away with him, or your vndone for euer.

Mis. For. Alas mistresse Page, what shall I do? Here is a gentleman my friend, how shall I do?

Mis. Page. Gode body woman, do not stand what shal I do, and what shall I do. Better any shift, rather then you shamed. Looke here, here's a buck-basket, if hee be a man of any reasonable size, heele in here.

Mis. For. Alas I feare he is too big.

Fal. Let me see, let me see, Ile in, Ile in,
Follow your friends counsell. [*Aside.*[4]

Mis. Page. Fie sir Iohn is this your loue? Go too.

Fal. I loue thee, and none but thee:[5]

[1] The spaces left behind the walls and the wooden frames, on which arras was hung, were not more commodious to our ancestors than to the authors of their ancient dramatic pieces. Borachio, in "Much Ado about Nothing," and Polonius, in "Hamlet," also avail themselves of this convenient recess.

[2] "This," 4° of 1619.

[3] This is, of course, spoken aside to Mrs Page, in order that Falstaff, who is retired, may hear. This passage is omitted in the amended play, and yet it greatly heightens the effect of the scene.

[4] This stage direction is omitted in the second edition, but appears necessary to the sense.

[5] This passage is omitted in the amended play, but Malone says it deserves to be restored. Falstaff has, however, used the same words before to Mrs Ford.

Helpe me to conuey me hence,
Ile neuer come here more.

[SIR IOHN *goes into the basket, they put cloathes ouer him, the two men carries it away:* FOORD *meetes it, and all the rest,* PAGE, DOCTOR, PRIEST, SLENDER, SHALLOW.

For. Come pray along, you shall see all.
How now who goes heare? whither goes this?
Whither goes it? set it downe.

Mis. For. Now let it go, you had best meddle with buck-washing.

For. Buck, good buck, pray come along,
Maister Page take my keyes: helpe to search. Good
Sir Hugh pray come along, helpe a little, a little,
Ile shew you all.

Sir Hugh. By Ieshu these are iealosies & distemperes.

[*Exit omnes.*

Mis. Page. He is in a pittifull taking.

Mis. For. I wonder what he thought
Whē my husband bad them set down the basket.

Mis. Page. Hang him dishonest slaue,[1] we cannot vse
Him bad inough. This is excellent for your
Husbands iealousie.

Mis. For. Alas poore soule it grieues me at the hart,
But this will be a meanes to make him cease
His iealous fits, if Falstaffes loue increase.

Mis. Page. Nay we wil send to Falstaffe once again,
Tis great pittie we should leaue him:[2]
What wiues may be merry, and yet honest too.[3]

[1] The folio of 1623 reads, "dishonest rascal."

[2] The word "so" must be added at the end of this sentence, for the sake of the rhyme.

[3] The following song, written at the close of the seventeenth

Mis. For. Shall we be cõdemnd because we laugh? Tis old, but true: still sowes eate all the draffe.

Enter all.

Mis. Page. Here comes your husband, stand aside.
For. I can find no body within, it may be he lied.
Mis. Page. Did you heare that?

century, is taken from a MS. in my possession, and is curious as showing the popularity of this play:—

"We merry wives of Windsor,
Whereof you make your play;
And act us on your stages,
In London day by day:
Alass it doth not hurt us,
We care not what you do;
For all you scoff, we'll sing and laugh,
And yet be honest too.

Alass we are good fellows,
We hate dishonesty;
We are not like your city dames,
In sport of venery:
We scorn to punk, or to be drunk,
But this we dare to do;
To sit and chat, laugh and be fat,
But yet be honest too.

But should you know we Windsor dames,
Are free from haughty pride:
And hate the tricks you wenches have
In London and Bankside:
But we can spend, and money lend,
And more than that we'll do;
We'll sit and chat, laugh and be fat,
And yet be honest too.

It grieves us much to see your wants,
Of things that we have store;
In Forests wide and Parks beside,
And other places more:
Pray do not scorn the Windsor horn,
That is both fair and new,
Altho' you scold, we'll sing and laugh,
And yet be honest too.

And now farewell unto you all,
We have no more to say:
Be sure you imitate us right,
In acting of your play:
If that you miss, we'll at you hiss,
As others us'd to do;
And at you scoff, and sing, and laugh,
And yet be honest too."

Mis. For. I, I, peace.
For. Well Ile not let it go so, yet Ile trie further.
Sir Hugh. By Ieshu if there be any body in the kitchin
Or the cuberts,[1] or the presse, or the buttery,
I am an arrant Iew: Now God plesse me:
You serue me well, do you not?
Page. Fie M. Ford you are to blame.
Mis. Page. Ifaith tis not well M. Ford to suspect
Her thus without cause.[2]
Doc. No by my trot it be no vell:
For. Wel I pray bear with me, M. Page pardō me.
I suffer for it, I suffer for it:
Sir Hugh. You suffer for a bad conscience look you now.
For. Well I pray no more, another time Ile tell you all:
The mean time go dine with me, pardō me wife,
I am sorie. M. Page pray goe in to dinner,
Another time Ile tell you all.
Page. Wel let it be so, and to morrow I inuite you all
To my house to dinner: and in the morning weele
A birding, I haue an excellent Hauke for the bush.
For. Let it be so: Come M. Page, come wife:
I pray you come in all, your welcome, pray come in.
Sir Hugh. By so kad vdgme, M. Fordes is
Not in his right wittes! [*Exit omnes.*

Enter SIR IOHN FALSTAFFE.[3]

Fal. Bardolfe brew me a pottle sack presently:

[1] The folio of 1623 reads, "and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive me my sins at the day of judgment!"
[2] The edition of 1619 reads "without a cause."
[3] The edition of 1619 adds "and Bardolfe" to this stage direction.

Bar. With Egges sir?

Fal. Simply of it selfe, Ile none of these pullets sperme
In my drinke: goe make haste.
Haue I liued to be carried in a basket and throwne into the Tammes like a barow of Butchers offoll. Well, and I be serued such another tricke, Ile giue them leaue to take out my braines and butter them, and giue them to a dog for a new-yeares gift. Sblood, the rogues slided me in with as little remorse as if they had gone to drowne a blind bitches puppies[1] in the litter: and they might know by my sise I haue a kind of alacritie in sinking: and the bottom had bin as deep as hell I should downe. I had bene drowned, but that the shore was sheluie and somewhat shallowe: a death that I abhorre. For you know the water swelles a man: and what a thing should I haue bene whē I had bene swelled? By the Lord a mountaine of money.[2] Now is the Sacke brewed?

Bar. I sir, there's a woman below would speake with you.

Fal. Bid her come vp. Let me put some Sacke among this cold water, for my belly is as cold as if I had swallowed snow-balles for pilles.

Enter MISTRESSE QUICKLY.

Now whats the newes with you?

[1] So read the folios as well as the quartos, though modern editors have changed the position of the adjective, and read "a bitch's blind puppies." There is, however, no great improbability in the supposition that the mistake was intentional on the part of the author, and, in Falstaff's state of excitement, perhaps intended to raise merriment in the audience. On reading this speech, as here given, the reader cannot fail to be struck with the superior effect of it in the amended play; and the addition of "fifteen" after the above passage, simple as such a change might appear, wonderfully heightens the effect of the whole.

[2] Read "mummy."

Quic. I come from misteris Ford forsooth.

Fal. Misteris Ford, I haue had Ford inough,
I haue bene[1] throwne into the Ford, my belly is full
Of Ford: she hath tickled mee.[2]

Quic. O Lord sir, she is the sorrowfullest woman that her seruants mistooke, that euer liued. And sir, she would desire you of all loues you will meet her once againe, to morrow sir, betweene ten and eleuen, and she hopes to make amends for all.

Fal. Ten, and eleuen, saiest thou?

Quic. I forsooth.

Fal. Well, tell her Ile meet her. Let her but think
Of mans frailtie: let her iudge what man is,
And then thinke of me.[3] And so farewell.

Quic. Youle not faile sir?

[*Exit* MISTRESSE QUICKLY.

Fal. I will not faile. Commend me to her.
I wonder I heare not of M. Brooke, I like his
Mony well. By the masse here he is.

Enter BROOKE.

For. God saue you sir.

Fal. Welcome good M. Brooke. You come to know how matters goes.

For. Thats my comming indeed sir Iohn.

Fal. M. Brooke I will not lie to you sir,
I was there at my appointed time.

For. And how[4] sped you sir?

Fal. Verie ilfauouredly sir.

For. Why sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No, M. Brooke, but you shall heare. After we had kissed and imbraced, and as it were euen amid the prologue of our incounter, who should come,

[1] The folio of 1623 reads "I was."
[2] This is omitted in the folio of 1623.
[3] The folio of 1623 reads, "and then judge of my merit."
[4] Omitted in the folio of 1623.

but the iealous knaue her husband, and a rabble of his companions at his heeles, thither prouoked and instigated by his distemper. And what to do thinke you? to search for his wiues loue. Euen so, plainly so?[1]

For. While ye were there?

Fal. Whilst I was there.

For. And did he search and could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare sir, as God[2] would haue it,
A little before comes me[3] one Pages wife,
Giues her intelligence of her husbands
Approach: and by her inuention, and Fords wiues
Distraction, conueyed me into a buck basket.

For. A buck basket!

Fal. By the Lord[4] a buck basket rammed me in
With foule skirts, stokins, greasie napkins,
That M. Brooke, there was a compound of the most
Villanous smel, that euer offended nostrill.
Ile tell you M. Brooke, by the Lord for your sake
I suffered three egregious deaths: First to be
Crammed like a good bilbo, in the circumference
Of a pack, Hilt to point, heele to head: and then to
Be stewed in my owne grease like a Dutch dish:
A man of my kidney; by the Lord it was maruell I
Escaped suffication; and in the heat of all this
To be throwne into Thames like a horsehoo hot:
Maister Brooke, thinke of that hissing heate, Maister
Brooke.

[1] Omitted in the folio of 1623.

[2] The folio of 1623 reads, "good luck."

[3] A mistake for "in."

[4] The editors of the first folio, as in numerous other instances, have altered this to "yes," to avoid the penalty of the statute of King James I. I quite agree with Mr Collier in his *principle* of restoring the original exclamations in such cases, wherever practicable; for often, as in this instance, they heighten most considerably the general effect.

For. Well sir then my shute is void?
Youle vndertake it no more?
Fal. M. Brooke, Ile be throwne into Etna
As I haue bene in the Thames,
Ere I thus leaue her:[1] I haue receiued
Another appointment of meeting,
Between ten and eleuen is the houre.
For. Why sir, tis almost ten alreadie!
Fal. Is it? why then will I addresse[2] my selfe
For my appointment: M. Brooke come to me soone
At night, and you shall know how I speed,
And the end shall be, you shall enioy her loue:
You shall cuckold Foord: come to mee soone at night. [*Exit* FALSTAFFE.
For. Is this a dreame?[2] Is it a vision?
Maister Ford, maister Ford, awake maister Ford,
There is a hole made in your best coat M. Ford,
And a man shall not only endure this wrong,
But shall stand vnder the taunt of names,
Lucifer is a good name, Barbason good: good
Diuels names: But cuckold, wittold, godeso
The diuel himselfe hath not such a name:
And they may hang hats here, and napkins here
Vpon my hornes: Well Ile home, I ferit him,
And vnlesse the diuel himselfe should aime him,
Ile search vnpossible places: Ile about it,
Least I repent too late. [*Exit omnes.*

Enter M. FENTON, PAGE, *and* MISTRESSE QUICKLY.

Fen. Tell me sweet Nan, how doest thou yet resolue,
Shall foolish Slender haue thee to his wife?
Or one as wise as he, the learned Doctor?

[1] The edition of 1619 reads "Ere thus I leaue her."
[2] *i.e.* make ready.
[3] Part of this speech is transposed in the amended play.

Shall such as they enioy thy maiden hart?
Thou knowest that I haue alwaies loued thee deare,
And thou hast oft times swore the like to me.
Anne. Good M. Fenton, you may assure your selfe
My hart is settled vpon none but you,
Tis as my father and mother please:
Get their consent, you quickly shall haue mine.
Fen. Thy father thinks I loue thee for his wealth,
Though I must needs confesse at first that drew me.
But since thy vertues wiped that trash away,
I loue thee Nan, and so deare is it set,
Thut whilst I liue, I nere shall thee forget.
Quic. Godes pitie here comes her father.

Enter M. PAGE, *his wife*, M. SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Page. M. Fenton I pray what make you here?
You know my answere sir, shees not for you:
Knowing my vow, to blame to vse me thus.
Fen. But heare me speake sir.
Page. Pray sir get you gon: Come hither, daughter,
Sonne Slender let me speak with you. [*They whisper.*
Quic. Speake to Misteris Page.
Fen. Pray misteris Page let me haue your cōsent.
Mis. Page. Ifaith M. Fentō tis as my husband please.
For my part Ile neither hinder you, nor further you.
Quic. How say you this was my doings?
I bid you speake to misteris Page.
Fen. Here nurse, theres a brace of angels to drink,
Worke what thou canst for me, farewell. [*Exit* FEN.
Quic. By my troth, so I will, good hart.
Page. Come wife, you an I will in, and leaue M. Slēder
And my daughter to talke together. M. Shallow,
You may stay sir if you please.
[*Exit* PAGE *and his wife.*

Shal. Mary I thanke you for that:
To her cousin, to her.

Slen. Ifaith I know not what to say.

Anne. Now M. Slender, whats your will?

Slen. Godeso theres a Iest indeed: why misteris An, I neuer made wil yet: I thāk God I am wise inough for that.

Shal. Fie cusse fie, thou art not right,
O thou hadst a father.

Slen. I had a father misteris Anne, good vncle Tell the Iest how my father stole the goose out of The henloft. All this is nought, harke you mistresse Anne.

Shal. He will make you ioynter of three hundred pound a yeare, he shall make you a gentlewoman.

Slen. I be God that I will, come cut and long taile, as good as any is in Glostershire, vnder the degree of a Squire.

Anne. O God how many grosse faults are hid,
And couered in three hundred pound a yeare?
Well M. Slender, within a day or two Ile tell you more.

Slen. I thanke you good misteris Anne, vncle I shall haue her.

Quic. M. Shallow, M. Page would pray you to come you, and you M. Slender, and you mistris An.

Slen. Well Nurse, if youle speake for me, Ile giue you more than Ile talke of.

[*Exit omnes but* QUICKLY.

Quic. Indeed I will, Ile speake what I can for you,
But specially[1] for M. Fenton:
But specially of all for my Maister.
And indeed I will do what I can for them all three.

[*Exit.*

[1] The folio reads "speciously."

Enter MISTERIS FORD *and her two men.*

Mis. For. Do you heare? when your M. comes take vp this basket as you did before, and if your M. bid you set it downe, obey him.

Ser. I will forsooth.

Enter SYR IOHN.

Mis. For. Syr Iohn welcome.

Fal. What are you sure of your husband now?

Mis. For. He is gone a birding sir Iohn, and I hope will not come home yet.

Enter MISTRESSE PAGE.

Gods body here is misteris Page,
Step behind the arras good sir Iohn.
[*He steps behind the arras.*

Mis. Page. Misteris Ford, why woman, your husband is in his old vaine againe, hees comming to search for your sweet heart, but I am glad he is not here.

Mis. For. O God misteris Page the knight is here, what shall I do?

Mis. Page. Why then you'r vndone woman, vnles you make some meanes to shift him away.

Mis. For. Alas I know no meanes, vnlesse we put him in the basket againe.

Fal. No Ile come no more in the basket,
Ile creep vp into the chimney.

Mis. For. There they vse to discharge their Fowling peeces.

Fal. Why then Ile goe out of doores.

Mis. Page. Then your vndone, your but a dead man.

Fal. For God's sake deuise any extremitie,
Rather then a mischiefe.

Mis. Page. Alas I know not what meanes to make,

If there were any womans apparell would fit him.
He might put on a gowne and a mufler,
And so escape.

Mis. For. Thats wel remembred, my maids Aunt Gillian of Brainford,[1] hath a gowne aboue.

Mis. Page. And she is altogether as fat as he.

[1] In the amended play we have "the fat woman of Brentford" substituted for a person who was rather celebrated in the popular literature of the latter half of the sixteenth century. "Jyl of Brentford's Testament" was in Captain Coxe's library, and two copies, I believe, and no more, have descended to modern times —one in the Bodleian Library, and another which passed through the hands of Ritson and Heber. Dame Gillian's legacies, although dispensed with the utmost liberality, and in some respects with judgment, were not, however, very acceptable. According to the black-letter tract, she was hostess of a respectable inn at Brentford, and, therefore, we may presume, suitable company for Mistresse Ford:—

"At Brentford on the west of London,
Nygh to a place that called is Syon,
There dwelt a widow of a homly sort,
Honest in substance and full of sport:
Dally she cowd with pastim and jestes,
Among her neyghbours and her gestes;
She kept an inne of ryght good lodgyng,
For all estates that thyder was comyng."

This is on the supposition that Robert Copland, the writer of this tract, did not invent the circumstances. The joke of Gillian's legacy continued to a late period, for I find it alluded to in "Harry White his humour," 12mo. Lond. (1660):—

"The author in a recompence,
To them that angry be,
Bequeaths a gift that's cald
Old Gillian's legacie."

Master Ford may, however, have been correct in his appreciation of the old lady's character; for that one Dame Gillian was a witch appears from the following incantation, which has been kindly communicated to me by my friend Mr Wright, from a manuscript, in private hands, of the time of Charles I.:—

The Conjuringe of the Witch.

"Come away, come away,
Thou Lady gay!
Harke how shee stumbles!
Harke how she mumbles!

Mis. For. I that will serue him of my word.

Mis. Page. Come goe with me sir Iohn, Ile helpe to dresse you.

Fal. Come for God's sake, any thing.

[*Exit* MIS. PAGE & SIR IOHN.

Enter M. FORD, PAGE, PRIEST, SHALLOW, *the two men carries the basket, and* FORD *meets it.*

For. Come along I pray, you shal know the cause,
How now whither goe you? Ha whither go you?
Set down the basket you slaue,
You panderly rogue set it downe.

Mis. For. What is the reason that you vse me thus?

For. Come hither set downe the basket,
Misteris Ford the modest woman,
Misteris Ford the vertuous woman,
She that hath the iealous foole to her husband,
I mistrust you without cause do I not?

Mis. For. I Gods my record do you. And if you mistrust me in any ill sort.

For. Wel sed brazen face, hold it out,
You[1] youth in a basket, come out here,
Pull out the cloathes, search.

Hugh. Ieshu plesse me, will you pull vp your wiues cloathes?

Dame Gillian, Dame Gillian,
Why when? Why when?
By old clarett I thus enlarge thee!
By canary I thus charge thee!
By brittaine, water, glim and peter,
Appeare and answeare me in meter.
By the poxe in thy nose,
And the gout in thy toes,
By thy old dry skin,
And thy mumble within.
By thy little little ruffe,
And thy hood that's made of stuffe,
By the bottle at thy breech,
And thy old salt itch,
Appeare!
I come! I come!"

[1] Omitted in folio of 1623.

Page. Fie M. Ford you are not to go abroad if you be in these fits.

Sir Hugh. By so kad vdge me, tis very necessarie He were put in pethlem.[1]

For. M. Page, as I am an honest man M. Page, There was one conueyd out of my house here yesterday out of this basket, why may he not be here now?

Mis. For. Come mistris Page, bring the old womā downe.

For. Old woman, what old woman?

Mis. For. Why my maidens Ant, Gilliā of Brainford. A witch,[2] haue I not forewarned her my house, Alas we are simple we, we know not what Is brought to passe vnder the colour of fortune-Telling. Come downe you witch, come downe.

Enter FALSTAFFE *disguised like an old woman, and* MISTERIS PAGE *with him,* FORD *beates him, and hee runnes away.*

Away you witch get you gone.

Sir Hugh. By Ieshu I verily thinke she is a witch indeed,
I espied vnder her mufler a great beard.[3]

For. Pray come helpe me to search, pray now.

Page. Come weele go for his minds sake.

[*Exit omnes.*

Mis. For. By my troth he beat him most extreamly.

Mis. Page. I am glad of it, what shall we proceed any further?

Mis. For. No faith, now if you will let vs tell our

[1] Sir Hugh's pronunciation for "Bedlem."

[2] This speech ought to be given to Ford, and not as a continuation of Mrs Ford's explanation. The mistake is corrected in the second quarto.

[3] A beard was one of the marks of a supposed witch. See also "Macbeth," act i. sc. 3.

husbands of it. For mine I am sure hath almost fretted himselfe to death.

Mis. Page. Content, come weele goe tell them all,
And as they agree, so will we proceed. [*Exit both.*

Enter HOST *and* BARDOLFE.

Bar. Syr heere be three Gentlemen come from the Duke the Stranger sir, would haue your horse.

Host. The Duke, what Duke? let me speake with the Gentlemen, do they speake English?

Bar. Ile call them to you sir.

Host. No Bardolfe, let them alone, Ile sauce them:
They haue had my house a weeke at command,
I haue turned away my other guesse,
They shall haue my horses Bardolfe,
They must come off,[1] Ile sawce them. [*Exit omnes.*

Enter FORD, PAGE, *their wiues*, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER. SYR HUGH.

For. Well wife, heere take my hand, vpon my soule I loue thee dearer then I do my life, and joy I haue[2] so true and constant wife, my iealousie shall neuer more offend thee.

Mis. For. Sir I am glad, & that which I haue done,
Was nothing else but mirth and modestie.

Page. I misteris Ford, Falstaffe hath all the griefe,
And in this knauery my wife was the chiefe.

Mis. Page. No knauery husband, it was honest mirth.

Hugh. Indeed it was good pastimes & merriments.

Mis. For. But sweete heart shall wee leaue olde Falstaffe so?

Mis. Page. O by no meanes, send to him againe.

[1] *i.e.*, pay. [2] A mistake for "haue."

Page. I do not thinke heele come being so much deceiued.

For. Let me alone, Ile to him once againe like Brooke, and know his mind whether heele come or not.

Page. There must be some plot laide, or heele not come.

Mis. Page. Let vs alone for that. Hear my deuice.
Oft haue you heard since Horne the hunter dyed,
That women to affright their litle children,
Ses that he walkes in shape of a great stagge.[1]

[1] We have here no mention of the oak, which forms so prominent a feature in the legend as related in the amended play. On a question which has arisen relative to the position and existence of this tree, some very interesting papers have appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine," written by Dr Bromet. This gentleman refers to Norden's map, dated 1607, preserved in MS. Harl. 3749, but has apparently overlooked one point in connection with the assistance it affords in discovering the *loci* of Shakespeare's plot. It will be remembered that Mrs Page says that the fairies were to rush "from forth a saw-pit," and that Page, Shallow, and Slender, must "couch in the castle-ditch, till they see the light of our fairies." This passage affords a strong presumption that the saw-pit was near the castle-ditch, and that Herne's oak was not far removed from either, else why should they have considered it necessary to take these precautionary measures? It would be difficult to compare the maps of Collier and Norden with great accuracy, but I think there is little doubt that the "garden-plott graunted by patent," delineated by Norden, corresponds to the "King's Garden" in Collier's map. Now between this "garden plott" and the castle-ditch, we find in Norden's map a *a timber yard and a bridge.* The existence of a timber-yard affords grounds for believing that there may have been a saw-pit somewhere near; and Stowe, speaking of the Park walk, informs us that "at the end of this walke or baye is *a bridge and a dry dytche under the same, as parcell of the castell dyche,* wherby the sayde parke is severyd from the aforesayde walke and castell."—MS. Harl. 367, fol. 13. At this spot, therefore, it is probable that, in Shakespeare's time, there was a saw-pit for the fairies to "rush from," and it is certain that there was a dry ditch close by, and forming a part of the castle-ditch, where Page and his companions may have concealed themselves. If Shakespeare was well

Now for that Falstaffe hath bene so deceiued,
As that he dares not venture to the house,
Weele send him word to meet vs in the field,

acquainted with Windsor Little Park, and the probabilities are in favour of this supposition, this may have been the spot alluded to by him, yet it is very possible that the coincidences above-mentioned may have been quite accidental.

The following decisive evidence that the tree was destroyed is extracted from a contemporary newspaper, communicated to me by Mr Wright :—

Upon Herne's Oak being cut down in the spring of 1796.

Within this dell, for many an age,
Herne's oak uprear'd its antique head —
Oh! most unhallow'd was the rage
Which tore it from its native bed!

The storm that stript the forest bare
Would yet refrain this tree to wrong,
And Time himself appear'd to spare
A fragment he had known so long.

'Twas marked with popular regard,
When fam'd Elizabeth was queen;
And Shakespeare, England's matchless bard,
Made it the subject of a scene.

So honour'd, when in verdure drest,
To me the wither'd trunk was dear;
As, when the warrior is at rest,
His trophied armour men revere.

That nightly Herne walk'd round this oak,
"The superstitious eld receiv'd;"
And what they of his outrage spoke,
The rising age in fear believ'd.

The hunter in his morning range,
Would not the tree with lightness view;
To him, Herne's legend, passing strange,
In spite of scoffers, still seem'd true.

Oh, where were all the fairy crew
Who revels kept in days remote,
That round the oak no spell they drew,
Before the axe its fibres smote?

Could wishes but ensure the power,
The tree again its head should rear
Shrubs fence it with a fadeless bower,
And these inscriptive lines appear:—

"Here, as wild Avon's poet stray'd"—
Hold!—let me check this feeble strain—
The spot by Shakespeare sacred made,
A verse like mine would not profane

See, however, what Pye says in his "Comments on the Com-

Disguised like Horne, with huge horns[1] on his head,
The houre shalbe iust betweene twelue and one,
And at that time we will meet him both :
Then would I haue you present there at hand,
With litle boyes disguised and dressed like Fayries,
For to affright fat Falstaffe in the woods.
And then to make a period to the Iest,
Tell Falstaffe all, I thinke this will do best.

Page. Tis excellent, and my daughter Anne,
Shall like a litle Fayrie be disguised.

Mis. Page. And in that Maske Ile make the Doctor steale my daughter An, & ere my husband knowes it, to carrie her to Church, and marrie her.

Mis For. But who will buy the silkes to tyre the boyes?

Page. That will I do, and in a robe of white
Ile cloath my daughter, and aduertise Slender
To know her by that signe, and steale her thence.
And vnknowne to my wife, shall marrie her.

Hugh. So kad vdge me the deuises is excellent.
I will also be there, and be like[2] a Iackanapes,
And pinch him most cruelly for his lecheries.

Mis. Page. Why then we are reuenged sufficiently.
First he was carried and throwne in the Thames,
Next beaten well, I am sure youle witnes that.

mentators on Shakespeare," 8°. Lond. 1807, p. 13, 14—"The tree which the keepers show as Herne's oak is also in the little park, not much more than a hundred yards from the castle ditch, and in the middle of a row of elms, obviously above a century its juniors ; it is in a state of decay, and might well have been an old tree in the time of Shakespeare. I do not affirm this *is* the tree, but the other could *not* be the tree ; for Page proposes to couch in the castle ditch, till they see the light of the fairies ; and that this was not far from the tree appears from their laying hold of Falstaff as soon as he rises from the ground." This second tree is the one mentioned by Steevens.

[1] Can a pun be intended here on the name of Horne?

[2] The edition of 1619 reads, "and will be like."

Mis. For. Ile lay my life this makes him nothing fat.

Page. Well lets about this stratagem, I long
To see deceit deceiued, and wrong haue wrong.

For. Well send to Falstaffe, and if he come thither,
Twil make vs smile and laugh one moneth togither.
[*Exit omnes.*

Enter HOST *and* SIMPLE.

Host. What would thou haue boore, what thick-skin?
Speake, breath, discus, short, quick, briefe, snap.

Sim. Sir, I am sent frō my M. to sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Host. Sir Iohn, theres his Castle, his standing-bed, his trundle-bed, his chamber is painted about with the story of the prodigall, fresh and new, go knock, heele speake like an Antripophiginian[1] to thee:
Knock I say.

Sim. Sir I should speak with an old woman that went vp into his chamber.

Host. An old woman, the knight may be robbed, Ile call bully knight, bully Sir Iohn. Speake from thy Lungs military: it is thine host, thy Ephesian calls.

Fal. Now mine Host.[2]

Host. Here is a Bohemian tarter bully, tarries the comming downe of the fat woman: Let her descēd bully, let her descend, my chambers are honorable, pah priuasie, fie.

Fal. Indeed mine host there was a fat woman with me,
But she is gone.

[1] *i.e.* a cannibal. Cf. Othello, act i. sc. 3. Steevens says "it is here used as a sounding word to astonish Simple."

[2] The edition of 1619 here supplies the stage direction "He speakes above."

Enter SIR IOHN.

Sim. Pray sir was it not the wise woman of Brainford?

Fal. Marry was it Musselshell,[1] what would you?

Sim. Marry sir my maister Slender sent me to her,
To know whether one Nim that hath his chaine,
Cousoned him of it, or no.

Fal. I talked with the woman about it.

Sim. And I pray sir what ses she?

Fal. Marry she ses the very same man that
Beguiled maister Slender of his chaine,
Cousoned him of it.

Sim. May I be bold to tell my maister so sir?

Fal. I tike,[2] who more bolde.

Sim. I thanke you sir, I shall make my maister a glad man at these tydings, God be with you sir.[3]

Host. Thou art clarkly sir Iohn, thou art clarkly,
Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Marry was there mine host, one that taught
Me more wit than I learned this 7. yeare,
And I paid nothing for it,
But was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLFE.

Bar. O Lord sir cousonage, plaine cousonage.

Host. Why man, where be my horses? where be the Germanes?

Bar. Rid away with your horses:
After I came beyond Maidenhead,
They flung me in a slow of myre, & away they ran.

[1] He calls poor Simple *muscle-shell*, observes Dr Johnson, because he stands with his mouth open.

[2] The folio of 1623 reads "Sir Tike."

[3] The edition of 1619 supplies the stage direction of "Exit."

Enter DOCTOR.

Doc. Where be my my Host de gartyre ?
Host. O here sir in perplexitie.
Doc. I cannot tell vad be dad,
But begar I will tell you van ting,
Deare be a Garmaine Duke come to de Court,
Has cosened all de host[1] of Branford,
And Redding : begar I tell you for good will,
Ha, ha, mine Host, am I euen met you. [*Exit Host.*

Enter SIR HUGH.

Sir Hugh. Where is mine Host of the gartyr ?
Now my Host, I would desire you looke you now,
To haue a care of your entertainments,
For there is three sorts of cosen garmombles,
Is cosen all the Host of Maidenhead & Readings,
Now you are an honest man, and a scuruy beggerly lowsie knaue beside :
And can point wrong places,
I tell you for good will, grate why mine Host.
[*Exit.*
Host. I am cosened Hugh, and coy Bardolfe,
Sweet knight assist me, I am cosened. [*Exit.*
Fal. Would all the worell were cosened for me,
For I am cousoned and beaten too.
Well, I neuer prospered since I forswore
My selfe at Primero :[2] and my winde
Were but long inough to say my prayers,[3]
Ide repent, now from whence come you ?

[1] " Hosts," 4° of 1619.

[2] A game at cards, fashionable in Shakespeare's time. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. iii. p. 171.

[3] This is one of the few instances where the folio can be amended by the quarto. This sentence is unaccountably omitted in the amended play, though quite necessary for the complete sense of the passage.

Enter MISTRESSE QUICKLY.

Quic. From the two parties forsooth.
Fal. The diuell take the one partie,
And his dam the other,
And theyle be both bestowed.
I haue endured more for their sakes,
Then man is able to endure.
Quic. O Lord sir, they are the sorrowfulst creatures
That euer liued : specially mistresse Ford,
Her husband hath beaten her that she is all
Blacke and blew poore soule.
Fal. What tellest me of blacke and blew,
I haue bene beaten all the colours in the Rainbow,
And in my escape like to a bene apprehended
For a witch of Brainford, and set in the stockes
Quic. Well sir, she is a sorrowfull woman,
And I hope when you heare my errant,
Youle be perswaded to the contrarie.
Fal. Come goe with me into my chamber, Ile heare thee. [*Exit omnes.*

Enter HOST *and* FENTON.

Host. Speake not to me sir, my mind is heauie,
I haue had a great losse.
Fen. Yet heare me, and as I am a gentleman,
Ile giue you a hundred pound toward your losse.
Host. Well sir Ile heare you, and at least keep your counsell.
Fen. Thē thus my host. Tis not vnknown to you,
The feruent loue I beare to young Anne Page,
And mutually her loue againe to mee :
But her father still against her choise,
Doth seeke to marrie her to foolish Slender,
And in a robe of white this night disguised,
Wherein fat Falstaffe had a mightie scare,
Must Slender take her and carrie her to Catlen,

And there vnknowne to any, marrie her.
Now her mother still against that match,
And firme for Doctor Cayus, in a robe of red
By her deuice, the Doctor must steale her thence,
And she hath giuen consent to goe with him.

Host. Now which means she to deceiue, father or mother?

Fen. Both my good Host, to go along with me.
Now here it rests, that you would procure a priest,
And tarrie readie at the appointment place,
To giue our hearts vnited matrimonie.[1]

Host. But how will you come to steale her from among thē?

Fen. That hath sweet Nan and I agreed vpon,
And by a robe of white, the which she weares,
With ribones pendant flaring bout her head,
I shalbe sure to know her, and conuey her thence,
And bring her where the priest abides our cōming,
And by thy furtherance there be married.

Host. Well, husband your deuice, Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the maide, you shall not lacke a Priest.

Fen. So shall I euermore be bound vnto thee.
Besides Ile alwaies be thy faithfull friend.

[*Exit omnes.*

Enter SIR IOHN, *with a Bucks head vpon him.*

Fal. This is the third time, well Ile venter,
They say there is good luck in odd numbers,
Ioue transformed himselfe into a bull,
And I am here a Stag, and I thinke the fattest
In all Windsor forrest: well I stand here
For Horne the hunter, waiting my Does comming.

Enter MISTRIS PAGE, *and* MISTRIS FORD.

Mis Page. Sir Iohn, where are you?

[1] The folio of 1623 reads "ceremony."

Fal. Art thou come my doe? what and thou too?
Welcome Ladies.
Mis. For. I I sir Iohn, I see you will not faile,
Therefore you deserue far better then our loues,
But it grieues me for your late crosses.
Fal. This makes amends for all.
Come diuide me betweene you, each a hanch,
For my horns Ile bequeath thē to your husbands,
Do I speake like Horne the hunter, ha?
Mis. Page. God forgiue me, what noise is thir?
[*There is a noise of hornes, the two women run away.*

Enter SIR HUGH *like a Satyre, and boyes drest like Fayries, mistresse Quickly, like the Queene of Fayries: they sing a song about him, and afterward speake.*

Quic. You Fayries that do haunt these shady groues,
Looke round about the wood if you can espie
A mortall that doth haunt our sacred round:
If such a one you can espie, giue him his due,
And leaue not till you pinch him blacke and blew:
Giue them their charge Puck[1] ere they part away.
Sir Hugh. Come hither Peane, go to the countrie houses,
And when you finde a slut that lies a sleepe,
And all her dishes foule, and roome vnswept,
With your long nailes pinch her till she crie,
And sweare to mend her sluttish huswiferie.
Fai. I warrant you I will performe your will.
Hugh. Where is Pead? go you and see where Brokers sleep,
And fox-eyed Seriants with their mase,

[1] Robin Goodfellow, who is so prominently introduced in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Pean, mentioned in the next line, is the name of another fairy.

Goe laie the Proctors in the street,
And pinch the lowsie Seriants face:
Spare none of these when they are a bed,
But such whose nose lookes plew and red.
Quic. Away begon, his mind fulfill,
And looke that none of you stand still.
Some do that thing, some do this,
All do something, none amis.
Hir. sir Hugh.[1] I smell a man of middle-earth.[2]
Fal. God blesse me from that wealch Fairie.
Quic. Looke euery one about this round,
And if that any here be found,
For his presumption in this place,
Spare neither legge, arme, head, nor face.
Sir Hugh. See I haue spied one by good luck,
His bodie man, his head a buck.
Fal. God send me good fortune now, and I care not.
Quic. Go strait, and do as I commaund,
And take a Taper in your hand,
And set it to his fingers endes,
And if you see it him offends,
And that he starteth at the flame,
Then is he mortall, know his name:
If with an F. it doth begin,
Why then be shure he is full of sin.
About it then, and know the truth,
Of this same metamorphised youth.
Sir Hugh. Giue me the Tapers, I will try
And if that he loue venery.
[*They put the Tapers to his fingers and he starts.*
Sir Hugh. It is right indeed, he is full of lecheries and iniquitie.

[1] For "*Hir. Sir Hu,*" read "*Sir Hu.*"

[2] An ancient term for "the world." A "man of middle-earth" merely means "a mortal." It is an Anglo-Saxon word.

Quic. A little distant from him stand,
And euery one take hand in hand,
And compasse him within a ring,
First pinch him well,[1] and after sing.

[*Here they pinch him, and sing about him, & the Doctor comes one way & steales away a boy in red. And Slender another way he takes a boy in greene: And Fenton steales misteris Anne, being in white. And a noyse of hunting is made within: and all the Fairies runne away. Falstaffe pulles of his bucks head, and rises vp. And enters M. Page, M. Ford, and their wiues, M. Shallow, Sir Hugh.*

Fal. Horne the hunter quoth you: am I a ghost?
Sblood the Fairies hath made a ghost of me:
What hunting at this time at night?
Ile lay my life the mad Prince of Wales
Is stealing his fathers Deare. How now who haue
We here, what is all Windsor stirring? Are you there?

Shal. God saue you sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Sir Hugh. God plesse you sir Iohn, God plesse you.

Page. Why how now sir Iohn, what a pair of horns in your hand?

For. Those hornes he ment to place vpon my head,
And M. Brooke and he should be the men:
Why how now sir Iohn, why are you thus amazed?

[1] The common punishment given by the fairies to those who violated the laws of chastity. So in the "Faithful Shepherdess"—

> "Then must I watch, if any be
> Forcing of a chastity:
> If I find it, then in hast
> Give my wreathed horne a blast,
> And the fairies all will run,
> Wildly dancing by the moon,
> And will pinch him to the bone,
> Till his lustful thoughts be gone."

We know the Fairies man that pinched you so,
Your throwing in the Thames, your beating well,
And whats to come sir John, that can we tell.
Mis. Page. Sir Iohn tis thus, your dishonest meanes
To call our credits into question,
Did make vs vndertake to our best,
To turne your leaud lust to a merry Iest.
Fal. Iest, tis well, haue I liued to these yeares
To be gulled now, now to be ridden?
Why then these were not Fairies?
Mis Page. No sir Iohn but boyes.
Fal. By the Lord I was twice or thrise in the mind
They were not, and yet the grosnesse
Of the fopperie perswaded me they were.
Well, and the fine wits of the Court heare this,
Thayle so whip me with their keene Iests,
That thayle melt me out like tallow,
Drop by drop out of my grease. Boyes!
Sir Hugh. I trust me boyes sir Iohn: and I was
Also a Fairie that did helpe to pinch you.
Fal. I, tis well I am your May-pole,
You haue the start of mee,
Am I ridden[1] too with a wealch goate?
With a peece of toasted cheese?
Sir Hugh. Butter is better than cheese sir Iohn,
You are all butter, butter.
For. There is a further matter yet sir Iohn,
There's 20. pound you borrowed of M. Brooke Sir Iohn,
And it must be paid to M. Ford Sir Iohn.
Mis. For. Nay husband let that go to make amēds,
Forgiue that sum, and so weele all be friends.
For. Well here is my hand, all's forgiuen at last.
Fal. It hath cost me well,
I haue bene well pinched and washed.

[1] The 4°. of 1619 by some mistake reads "written."

Enter the DOCTOR.

Mis Page. Now M. Doctor, sonne I hope you are.

Doc. Sonne begar you be de ville voman,
Begar I tinck to marry metres An, and begar
Tis a whorson garson Iack boy.

Mis. Page. How a boy?

Doc. I begar a boy.

Page. Nay be not angry wife, Ile tell thee true,
It was my plot to deceiue thee so:
And by this time your daughter's married
To M. Slender, and see where he comes.

Enter SLENDER.

Now sonne Slender,
Where's your bride?

Slen. Bride, by Gods lyd I thinke theres neuer a man in the worell hath that crosse fortune that I haue: begod I could cry for verie anger.

Page. Why whats the matter sonne Slender?

Slen. Sonne, nay by God I am none of your son.

Page. No, why so?

Slen. Why so God saue me, tis a boy I haue married.

Page. How a boy? why did you mistake the word?

Slen. No neither, for I came to her in red as you bad me, and I cried mum, and hee cried budget,[1] so well as euer you heard, and I haue married him.

Sir Hugh. Jeshu M. Slender, cannot you see but marrie boyes?

Page. O I am vext at hart, what shal I do?

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE.

Mis. Page. Here comes the man that hath deceiued vs all:

[1] This mode of signals is alluded to in "Hudibras."

How now daughter, where haue you bin?
Anne. At Church forsooth.
Page. At Church, what haue you done there?
Fen. Married to me, nay sir neuer storme,
Tis done sir now, and cannot be vndone.
For. Ifaith M. Page neuer chafe your selfe,
She hath made her choise whereas her hart was fixt,
Then tis in vaine for you to storme or fret.
Fal. I am glad yet then your arrow hath glanced.
Mis. For. Come mistris Page, Ile be bold with you,
Tis pitie to part loue that is so true.
Mis. Page. Altho that I haue missed in my intent,
Yet I am glad my husbands match was crossed,
Here M. Fenton, take her, and God giue thee ioy.
Sir Hugh. Come M. Page, you must needs agree.
For. I yfaith sir come, you see your wife is wel pleased.[1]
Page. I cannot tel, and yet my hart's well eased,
And yet it doth me good the Doctor missed.
Come hither Fenton, and come hither daughter,
Go too, you might haue stai'd for my good will
But since your choise is made of one you loue,
Here take her Fenton, & both happie proue.
Sir Hugh. I will also[2] dance & eat plums at your weddings.
For. All parties pleased, now let vs in to feast,
And laugh at Slender, and the Doctors ieast.
He hath got the maiden, each of you a boy
To waite vpon you, so God giue you ioy,
And sir Iohn Falstaffe now shal you keep your word,[3]
For Brooke this night shall lye with mistris Ford.
[*Exit omnes.*

[1] The word "wel" is omitted in the quarto edition of 1619.
[2] This line is omitted in the folio of 1623, although restored by Pope and subsequent editors.
[3] "Now you shall keep your word," edition of 1619.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

THE

RIGHT EXCELLENT AND FAMOUS

HISTORYE

OF

PROMOS AND CASSANDRA:

Divided into two Commical Discourses.

In the fyrste parte is showne,

The unsufferable abuse of a lewde MAGISTRATE
The vertuous behaviours of a chaste LADYE:
The uncontrowled leawdenes of a favoured CURTISAN:
And the undeserved estimation of a pernicious PARASYTE.

In the seconde parte is discoursed,

The perfect magnanimitye of a noble KINGE,
In checking Vice and favouringe Vertue:

Wherein is showne,

The Ruyne and overthrowe of dishonest practises:
with the advauncement of upright dealing.

The WORKE of

GEORGE WHETSTONES GENT.

Formæ nulla Fides.

To his worshipfull Friende, and Kinseman,

WILLIAM FLEETWOODE ESQUIER,

Recorder of London.

—o—

SYR, (desirous, to acquite your tryed frendships, with some token of good will:) of late I perused divers of my unperfect workes, fully minded to bestowe on you, the travell of some of my forepassed time. But (resolved to accompanye the adventurous Captaine Syr Humfrey Gylbert, in his honorable voiadge,) I found my leysure too littel to correct the errors in my sayd workes. So that (inforced) I lefte them dirparsed, among my learned freendes, at theyr leasure, to polish, if I faild to returne: spoyling (by this meanes) my studdy of his necessarye furnyture. Amonge other unregarded papers, I fownde this discourse of Promos and Cassandra: which, for the rarenesse (and the nedeful knowledge) of the necessary matter contained therein (to make the actions appeare more lively), I devided the whole history into two Commedies: for that, *Decorum* used, it would not be convayde in one. The effects of both, are good and bad: vertue intermyxt with vice, unlawful desyres (yf it were possible) queancht with chaste denyals: al needeful action (I thinke) for publike vewe. For by the rewarde of the good, the good are encowraged in wel doinge: and with the scowrge of the lewde, the lewde are feared

from evil attempts : mainetayning this my oppinion with Platoes auctority. *Nawghtinesse, commes of the corruption of nature, and not by readinge or hearinge the lives of the good or lewde (for such publication is necessarye), but goodnesse (sayth be) is beawtifyed by either action.* And to these ends : Menander Plautus and Terence, themselves many yeares since intombed, (by their Commedies) in honour, live at this daye. The auncient Romanes heald these showes of suche prise, that they not onely allowde the publike exercise of them, but the grave Senators themselves countenaunced the Actors with their presence : who from these trifles wonne morallytye, as the Bee suckes the honny from weedes. But the advised devises of auncient Poets, discredited, with the tryfels of yonge, unadvised, and rashe witted wryters, hath brought this commendable exercise in mislike. For at this daye, the Italian is so lascivious in his commedies, that honest hearers are greeved at his actions : the Frenchman and Spaniarde folowes the Italians humor : the Germaine is too holye : for he presentes on everye common Stage, what Preachers should pronounce in Pulpets. The Englishman in this quallitie, is most vaine, indiscreete, and out of order : he fyrst groundes his worke, on impossibilities : then in three howers ronnes he throwe the worlde : marryes, gets Children, makes Children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monsters, and bringeth Gods from Heaven, and fetcheth Divels from Hel. And (that which is worst) their ground is not so unperfect, as their working indiscreete : not waying, so the people laugh. though they laugh them (for theyr folleys) to scorne : Manye tymes (to make mirthe) they make a Clowne companion with a Kinge : in theyr grave Counsels, they allow the advise of fooles : yea they use one order of speach for all persons : a grose *Indecorum*, for a Crowe, wyll yll counterfet the Nightingales

sweete voice: even so, affected Speeche doth misbecome a Clowne. For to work a Commedie kindly, grave olde men, should instruct: yonge men, should showe the imperfections of youth: Strumpets should be lascivious: Boyes unhappy: and Clownes, should be disorderly: enterminglinge all these actions, in such sorte, as the grave matter, may instruct; and the pleasant, delight: for without this chaunge, the attention, would be small: and the likinge, lesse.

But leave I this rehearsall, of the use, and abuse of Commedies: least that, I check that in others, which I cannot amend in my selfe. But this I am assured, what actions so ever passeth in this History, either merry, or morneful: grave, or lascivious: the conclusion showes, the confusion of Vice, and cherishing of Vertue. And sythe the end tends to this good, although the worke (because of evel handlinge) be unworthy your learned Censure, allowe (I beseeche you) of my good wyll, untyl leasure serves me, to perfect, some labour more worthe. No more, but that, almightye God be your protector, and preserve me from dainger, in this voiadge, the xxix. of July, 1578.

Your Kinsman to use,

GEORGE WHETSTONE.

THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

GENTLE Reader, this labour of Maister Whetstons, came into my handes, in his fyrst coppy, whose leasure was so lyttle (being then readie to depart his country) that he had no time to worke it anew, nor to geve apt instructions, to prynte so difficult a worke, beyng full of variety, both matter, speache, and verse: for that every sundry Actor, hath in all these a sundry grace; so that, if I commit an error, without blaming the Auctor, amend my amisse: and if by chaunce thou light on some speache that seemeth dark, consider of it with judgement, before thou condemne the worke: for in many places he is driven, both to praise, and blame, with one breath, which in readinge wil seeme hard, and in action, appeare plaine. Using this courtesy, I hould my paynes wel satisfyed, and Maister Whetston uninjured: and for my owne part, I wil not faile to procure such bookes, as may profit thee with delight.

Thy Friend R. I.[1]

[1] [Richard Jones the printer.]

THE ARGUMENT OF THE WHOLE HISTORYE.

—o—

In the Cyttie of Julio (sometimes under the dominion of Corvinus King of Hungarie, and Boemia) there was a law that what man so ever commited Adultery, should lose his head, and the woman offender, should weare some disguised apparrel, during her life, to make her infamouslye noted. This severe lawe, by the favour of some mercifull magistrate, became little regarded, untill the time of Lord Promos auctority: who convicting a yong Gentleman named Andrugio of incontinency, condemned, both him, and his minion, to the execution of this statute. Andrugio had a very vertuous, and beawtiful Gentlewoman to his Sister, named Cassandra: Cassandra to enlarge her brothers life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord Promos: Promos regarding her good behaviours, and fantasying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the sweet order of her talke: and doyng good, that evill might come thereof: for a time, he repryv'd her brother: but wicked man, tourning his liking unto unlawfull lust, he set down the spoile of her honour, raunsome for her Brothers life: Chaste Cassandra, abhorring both him and his sute, by no perswasion would yeald to this raunsome. But in fine, wonne with the importunitye of hir Brother (pleading for life) upon these conditions, she agreede to Promos. First that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. Promos as feareles in promise, as carelesse in

performance, with sollemne vowe, sygned her conditions: but worse then any Infydel, his will satisfyed, he performed neither the one nor the other: for to keepe his aucthoritye, unspotted with favour, and to prevent Cassandraes clamors, he commaunded the Gayler secretly, to present Cassandra with her brothers head. The Gayler, with the outcryes of Andrugio, abhorryng Promos lewdnes, by the providence of God, provyded thus for his safety. He presented Cassandra with a Felons head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brothers, by the Gayler, who was set at libertie) was agreeved at this trecherye, that at the pointe to kyl her selfe, she spared that stroke to be avenged of Promos. And devisying a way, she concluded, to make her fortunes knowne unto the kinge. She (executing this resolution) was so highly favoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on Promos: whose judgment was, to marrye Cassandra, to repaire her crased Honour: which donne, for his hainous offence he should lose his head. This maryage solmpnised, Cassandra tyed in the greatest bondes of affection to her husband, became an earnest suter for his life: the Kinge (tendringe the generall benefit of the common weale, before her special ease, although he favoured her much) would not graunt her sute. Andrugio (disguised amonge the company) sorrowing the grief of his sister, bewrayde his safetye, and craved pardon. The Kinge, to renowne the vertues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos. The circumstances of this rare Historye, in action lyvelye foloweth.

The Historie of Promos and Cassandra.

—o—

ACTUS I., SCENA I.

PROMOS, MAYOR, SHIRIFE, SWORDE-BEARER: *One with a bunche of keys:* PHALLAX, PROMOS *man.*

YOU officers which now in Julio staye,
Know you our leadge, the King of Hungarie,
Sent me Promos, to joyne with you in sway,
That styll we may to Justice have an eye.
And now to show my rule and power at lardge
Attentivelie, his Letters Pattents heare:
Phallax, reade out my Soveraines chardge.

Phal. As you commaunde, I wyl: give heedefull eare.

[PHALLAX *readeth the Kinges Letters Patents, which must be fayre written in parchment, with some great counterfeat zeale.*

Pro. Loe, here you see what is our Soveraignes wyl,
Loe, heare his wish, that right, not might beare swaye;
Loe, heare his care, to weed from good the yll,
To scoorge the wights, good Lawes that disobay.
Such zeale he beares unto the Common weale,
(How so he byds, the ignoraunt to saue)

As he commaundes, the lewde doo rigor feele:
Such is his wish, such is my wyll to have;
And such a Judge, here Promos vowes to be.
No wylfull wrong, sharpe punishment shall mysse;
Love, hate and gaine, the causes of Injustice.
The simple thrall, shalbe judgde with mercie,
Each shall be doombde, even as his merite is.
Love shall not staye, nor hate revenge procure,
Ne yet shall Coyne, corrupt or foster wrong:
I doo protest, whylste that my charge indure,
For friende nor foe, to singe a partiall song.
Thus have you heard, howe my Commission goes,
He absent, I present our Soveraigne styll:
It aunsweres then, each one his dutie showes,
To mee, as him, what I commaunde and wyll.
May. Worthy Deputie, at thy chardge we joye,
We doe submitte our selves to worke thy heast:
Receive the sword of Justice to destroy
The wicked impes, and to defend the rest.
Shir. Our Citty keyes take wisht Liftenaunt heare,
We doe committe our safetie to thy head:
Thy wyse foresight, will keepe us voyde of feare,
Yet wyll we be assistant still at neede.
Pro. Both Sworde and Keies, unto my Princes use
I doo receyve and gladlie take my chardge.
It resteth nowe, for to reforme abuse,
We poynt a tyme, of Councell more at lardge,
To treate of which, a whyle we will depart.
All speake. To worke your wyll, we yeelde a wylling hart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

LAMIA, *a Curtizane, entreth synging.*

THE SONG.

Al a flaunt now vaunt it, brave wenche cast away care,
With Layes of Love chaunt it, for no cost see thou spare.

Sith Nature hath made thee, with bewty most brave,
Sith Fortune doth lade thee, with what thou wouldst haue;
Ere Pleasure doth vade thee, thy selfe set to sale,
All wantons wyll trade thee, and stowpe to thy stale.
All a flaunt, Ut supra.

Yong Ruflers maintaines thee, defends thee and thine,
Olde Dottrels retaines thee, thy Beuties so shine;
Though many disdaynes thee, yet none may thee tuch;
Thus Envie refraynes thee, thy countenaunce is such.
All a flaunt, Ut supra.

Shee speaketh. Triumphe fayre Lamia now, thy wanton flag advaunce,
Set foorth thy selfe to bravest show, bost thou of happy chaunce
Gyrle, accompt thou thy selfe the cheefe, of Lady Pleasure's traine;
Thy face is faire, thy forme content, thy Fortunes both doth staine.
Even as thou wouldst, thy house doth stande, thy furniture is gay,
Thy weedes are brave, thy face is fine, and who for this doth paye?

Thou thy seife? no, the rushing Youthes, that bathe in wanton blisse,
Yea, olde and doating fooles sometimes, doo helpe to paye for this.
Free cost betweene them both I have, all this for my behove;
I am the sterne, that gides their thoughts, looke what I like, they love.
Few of them sturre that I byd staie; if I bid go, they flye;
If I on foe pursue revenge, *Alarme* a hundred crye.
The bravest, I their harts, their handes, their purses holde at wyl,
Joynde with the credite of the best, to bowlster me in yll.
But see wher as my trustie man, doth run, what newes brings he?

SCENA III.

ROSKO (LAMIA'S *man*) LAMIA.

Ros. Good people, did none of you, my mistresse Lamia see?
Lam. Rosko, what newes, that in such hast you come blowing?
Ros. Mistresse you must shut up your shops, and leave your occupying.
Lam. What so they be, foolish knave, tell mee true?
Ros. Oh yll, for thirtie, besydes you.
Lam. For mee good fellow, I pray thee why so?
Ros. Be patient Mistresse and you shall knowe.
Lam. Go too, say on.
Ros. Marrie, right nowe at the Sessions I was,

And thirtie must to *Trussum corde* go.
Among the which (I weep to showe) alas!
Lam. Why, whats the matter man?
Ros. O Andrugio,
For loving too kindlie, must loose his heade,
And his sweete hart, must weare the shamefull weedes,
Ordainde for Dames, that fall through fleshly deedes.
Lam. Is this offence, in question come againe?
Tell, tell, no more, 'tys tyme this tale were done:
See, see, howe soone my triumphe turnes to paine.
Ros. Mistresse, you promised to be quiet,
For Gods sake, for your owne sake, be so.
Lam. Alas poore Rosko, our dayntie dyet,
Our braverie and all we must forgo.
Ros. I am sorie.
Lam. Yea, but out alas, sorrowe wyll not serve:
Rosko, thou must needes provide thee else where,—
My gaynes are past, yea, I my selfe might starve;
Save that, I did provide for a deare yeare.
Ros. They rewarde fayre (their harvest in the stacke)
When winter coms, that byd their servaunts packe.
Alas Mistresse, if you turne mee off now,
Better than a Roge, none wyll me allowe.
Lam. Thou shalt have a Pasporte.
Ros. Yea, but after what sorte?
Lam. Why, that thou wart my man.
Ros. O the Iudge, sylde showes the favour,
To let one theefe, bayle another:
Tush I know, ere long you so wyll slyp awaye,
As you, for your selfe, must seeke some testimony
Of your good lyfe.
Lam. Never feare: honestly
Lamia nowe meanes to lyve, even tyll she dye.
Ros. As jumpe as Apes, in vewe of Nuttes to daunce,

Kytte wyll to kinde, of custome, or by chaunce:
Well, howe so you stand upon this holy poynt,
For the thing you knowe, you wyll jeopard[1] a joynt.
Lam. Admitte I woulde, my hazarde were in vaine.
Ros. Perhappes I know, to turne the same to gaine.
Lam. Thou comforts mee, good Rosko, tell me howe?
Ros. You wyl be honest, 'twere syn to hinder you.
Lam. I dyd but jeast, good sweete servaunt, tell mee.
Ros. Sweete servaunt now, and late, pack syr, god bwy ye.
Lam. Tush, to trye thy unwillingnesse, I did but jeast.
Ros. And I do but trye, how long you woulde be honest.
Lam. I thought thy talke was too sweete to be true.
Ros. Yea, but meant you, to byd honestie adue?
Lam. No, I dyd so long since, but inforste by neede,
To byd him welcome home againe, I was decreede.
Ros. Verie good, Mistresse, I know your minde,
And for your ease, this remedie I finde:
Prying abroade, for playefellowes and such,
For you Mistresse, I heard of one Phallax,
A man esteemde, of Promos verie much:
Of whose Nature, I was so bolde to axe,
And I smealt, he loved lase mutton well.
Lam. And what of this?
Ros. Marry of this, if you the waye can tell
To towle him home, he of you wyll be fayne,
Whose countenaunce, wyll so excuse your faultes,
As none for life, dare of your lyfe complaine.

[1] *Ieobarde* in text.

Lam. A good device, God graunt us good successe:
But I praye thee, what trade doth he professe?
Ros. He is a paltrie petyfogger.
Lam. All the better, suspition wyll be the lesse.
Well, go thy wayes, and if thou him espye,
Tell him from mee, that I a cause or two,
Would put to him, at leysure wyllinglie.
Ros. Hir case is so common, that smal pleading wyl serve, The scurge of lawe (and not zeale) keepeth the lewde in awe.
I go (nay ronne) your commaundement to observe.
Lam. Aye me alas, lesse Phallax helpe, poore wench undone I am:
My foes nowe in the winde, wyll lye to worke my open shame:
Now envious eyes will prie abroade, offenders to intrap,
Of force nowe Lamia, must be chaste, to shun a more mishap.
And, wanton girle, how wilt thou shift, for garments fine and gay?
For dainty fare, can crust content? who shal thy houserent pay?
And that delights thee most of all, thou must thy daliaunce leave;
And can then the force of lawe, or death, thy minde of love bereave?
In good faith, no: the wight that once, hath taste the fruits of love,
Untill hir dying daye will long, Sir Chaucers jests to prove.

SCENA IV.

LAMIA'S *mayde*, LAMIA.

May. Forsooth Mistris your thraule stays for you at home.

Lam. Were you born in a myll, curtole? you prate so hye.

May. That gentelman, that came the last day with Captain Prie.

Lam. What young Hipolito?

May. Even he.

Lam. Least he be gone, home hye,
And will that[1] Dalia pop him in the neather roome,
And keepe the falling doore close tyll I come;
And tell my thraule his fortune wyll not staye.

May. Wyll you ought else? [*Exit.*

Lam. Pratyng vixen, away.
Gallants adue, I venter must Hipolito to see,
He is both young and welthy yet, the better spoyle for mee.
Note.
My hassard for his sake I trowe, shall make him pray and pay:
He, he: shall pranck me in my plumes, and deck mee brave and gay.
Of Curtisie, I praye you yet, if Phallax come this waye,
Report to put a case with him, heare Lamia long dyd stay. [*Exit.*

ACTUS II., SCENA I.

CASSANDRA, *a Mayd.*

Cas. Aye mee, unhappy wenche, that I must live the day
To see Andrugio tyeless dye, my brother and my stay.
The only meane, God wot, that should our house aduaunce

[1] [Old copy, *that not.*]

Who in the hope of his good hap, must dy through wanton chance.
O blynde affectes in love, whose tormentes none can tell,
Yet wantons wyll byde fyre, and frost, yea hassard death, nay hell, The force of love.
To taste thy sowre sweete frutes, digested styll with care,
Fowle fall thee love, thy lightning joyes, hath blasted my welfare;
Thou fyerst affection fyrst, within my brothers brest:
Thou mad'st Polina graunt him (earst) even what he would request:
Thou mad'st him crave and have a proofe of Venus meede,
For which foule act he is adjudgd eare long to lose his heade.
The lawe is so severe, in scourging fleshly sinne,
As marriage to worke after mends doth seldome favour win.
A law first made of zeale, but wrested much amis:
Faults should be measured by desart, but all is one in this: A good law yll executed.
The lecher fyerd with lust, is punished no more,
Then he which fel through force of love, whose mariage salves his sore;
So that poore I dispayre, of my Andrugios lyfe,
O would my dayes myght end with his, for to appease my stryfe.

SCENA II.

ANDRUGIO *in Prison.* CASSANDRA.

And. My good Syster Cassandra?
Cas. Who calleth Cassandra?
And. Thy wofull brother Andrugio.

Cas. Andrugio, O dismall day, what greefes doe mee assayle?
Condempned wretch to see thee here fast fettered now in Iayle,
How haps thy wits were witched so, that knowing death was meede
Thou wouldest commit (to slay us both) this vile lascivious deede.
And. O good Cassandra, leave to check, and chide me thraule therfore,
If late repentaunce, wrought me helpe, I would doe so no more.
But out alas, I wretch, too late, doe sorrowe my amys
Unles Lord Promos graunt me grace, in vayne is had ywist.
Wherfore sweete sister, whylst in hope, my dampned lyfe yet were,
Assault his hart, in my behalfe, with battering tyre of teares.
If thou by sute dost save my lyfe, it both our joyes will be,
If not it may suffice thou soughtst to set thy brother free:
Wherfore speede to proroge my dayes, to-morrowe else I dye.
Cas. I wyll not fayle to pleade and praye, to purchase the mercye,
Farewell awhyle, God graunt mee well to speede.
And. Syster adew, tyl thy returne, I lyve, twene hope, and dreede.
Cas. Oh happy tyme, see where Lord Promos coms.
Now tongue addresse thy selfe, my mind to wray:
And yet least haste worke waste, I hold it best,
In covert, for some advauntage, to stay.

SCENA III.

PROMOS *with the* SHRIEFE *and their Officers.*

Pro. 'Tis strange to thinke, what swarms of unthrifts live
Within this towne, by rapine, spoyle, and theft:
That were it, not that Justice ofte them greeve
The just mans goods, by Ruflers should be reft.
At this our Syse are thirtye judgde to dye,
Whose falles I see, their fellowes smally feare:
So that the way is, by severity
Such wicked weedes, even by the roots to teare:
Wherfore Shriefe, execute with speedy pace
The dampned wightes, to cutte of hope of Grace.
Shr. It shalbe done.
Cas. to herselfe. O cruell words they make my hart to bleede,
Now, now, I must this dome seeke to revoke,
Least grace come short, when starved is the steede.
She kneeling speakes to Promos. Most mighty Lord, and worthy Iudge, thy judgement sharpe abate,
Vaile thou thine ears, to heare the plaint, that wretched I relate,
Behold the wofull Syster heare, of poore Andrugio,
Whom though that lawe awardeth death, yet mercy do him show:
Way his yong yeares, the force of love, which forced his amis,
Way, way, that Marriage works amends, for what committed is.
He hath defilde no nuptiall bed, nor forced rape hath mov'd;
He fel through love, who never ment, but wive the wight he lov'd.
And wantons sure, to keepe in awe, these statutes first were made,

Or none but lustfull leachers, should with rygrous law be payd.
And yet to adde intent thereto, is farre from my pretence:
I sue with teares, to wyn him grace, that sorrows his offence.
Wherefore herein, renowned Lord, Justice with pitie payse:
Which two in equall ballance waide, to heaven your fame will raise.
Pro. Cassandra leave of thy bootlesse sute, by law he hath been tride,
Lawe founde his faulte, Lawe judgde him death.
Cas. Yet this maye be replide,
That law a mischiefe oft permits, to keepe due forme of lawe,
That lawe small faultes, with greatest doomes, to keepe men styl in awe.
Yet Kings, or such as execute regall authoritie,
If mends be made, may over-rule the force of lawe with mercie.
Here is no wylful murder wrought, which axeth blood againe;
Andrugios faulte may valued be, Marriage wipes out his stayne.
Pro. Faire Dame, I see the naturall zeale thou bearest to Andrugio,
And for thy sake (not his desart) this favour wyll I showe:
I wyll repryve him yet a whyle, and on the matter pawse;
To-morrowe you shall lycence have, afresh to pleade his cause.
Shriefe execute my charge, but staye Andrugio,
Untill that you in this behalfe, more of my pleasure knowe.
Shr. I wyll performe your wyll.

Cas. O most worthy Magistrate, myselfe thy thrall I binde,[1]
Even for this lytle lightning hope, which at thy handes I finde.
Now wyl I go and comfort him which hangs twixt death and life. [*Exit.*
Pro. Happie is the man that injoyes the love of such a wife.
I do protest, hir modest wordes, hath wrought in me amaze.
Though she be faire, she is not deckt with garish shewes for gaze;
Hir bewtee lures, hir lookes cut off, fond sues with chast disdain;
O God I feele a sodaine change, that doth my freedome chayne,
What didst thou say? fie Promos fie: of hir avoide the thought,
And so I will; my other cares wyll cure what love hath wrought.
Come awaye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA IV.

PHALLAX, PROMOS, OFFYCERS, GRIPAX, *and* RAPAX, *Promoters.*

Phal. My trusty friendes about your businesse straight,
With symple showes, your subtile meanings bayte:
Promote all faults, up into my office,
Then turne me lose, the offenders to fleece.
Gri. Tush, to finde lawe breakers let me alone,
I have eyes, will looke into the Mylstone.

[1] [Old copy, *finde.*]

Phal. God a mercy Gripax.
Rap. I am so subtyll sighted I trowe,
As I the very thoughts of men doo know.
Gri. I fayth, Rapax, what thought thy wife when she,
To lye with the preest, by night stole from thee?
Rap. Marry she knew, you and I were at square;
And least we fell to blowes, she did prepare,
To arme my head, to match thy horned browe.
Grip. Goe and a knave with thee.
Rap. I stay for you.
Phal. No harme is done, here is but blow for blow,
Byrds of a fether, best flye together,
Then like partners, about your market goe,
Marrowes adew, God sent you fayre wether.
Grip. Fare you well, for us take no care,
With us this brode speeche sildome breedeth square.
[*Exeunt.*
Phal. Marry sir, welfare an office, what some ever it be, [*Phallax alone.*
The very countenance is great, though slender be the fee.
I thanke my good Lord Promos now, I am an officer made,
Offices. In sooth more by hap then desart, in secret be it sayde.
No force for that, each shyft for one, for Phallax will doo so;
Well fare a head can take his tyme, nay watch for time I trow.
I smyle to thinke of my fellowes, how some brave it, some waight,
A note for wayghters. And thinke reward, there service just, with offered shifts wyl bayght;
When they (poore soules) in troth do falle a myle upon account,

For flattery and fervent plesing, are meanes to make men mount:
I speak on proofe, Lord Promos, I have pleased many a day,
Yet am I neither learned, true, nor honest any way.
What skyls for that, by wit or wyle, I have an office got,
By force wherof every lycence, warrant, pattent, pasport,
Leace, fyne, fee, *et cetera*, pas and repas, through Phallax hands
Disordred persons brybe me wel, to escape from Iustice hands.
And welthy churles for to promote, I now have set a worke,
Such hungry lads, as soone will smell, where statute breakers lurk;
And if they come within our Grype, we meane to stripe them so
As (if they scape from open shame) their bagges with us shall goe.
And trust me this, we officers, of this mylde mould are wrought;
Agree with us, and sure your shame by us shal not be sought.
But soft a whyle, I see my Lord; what makes him lowre so?
I wyll intrude into his sight, perhaps his greefe to know.

SCENA V.

PHALLAX. PROMOS.

Promos. Well mette Phallax, I long have wysht to showe
A cause to thee which none but I yet know.

Phal. Say on my Lord, a happy man weare I
If any way, your wish I could supply.
Pro. Faine would I speake, but oh, a chylling feare,
(The case is such) makes mee from speech forbeare.
Phal. These wordes my Lord (whome ever have bene just)
Now makes, me thinke, that you my truth mistrust.
But cease suspect, my wyll with yours shall gree,
What so (or against whome) your dealing be.
Pro. Against a wight of small account it is,
And yet I feare, I shall my purpose mys.
Phal. Feare not my Lorde, the olde Proverbe doth saye,
Faynt harts doth steale fayre Ladyes seld away.
Pro. Fayre Ladyes O, no Lady is my love,
And yet she sure, as coye as they wyl prove.
Phal. I thought as much, love dyd torment me so.
But what is she that dare saye Promos noe?
Pro. Doe what one can, fyre wyll breake forth I see.
My words unwares, hath shown what greeueth mee:
My wound is such, as love must be my leache,
Which cure wyll bryng my Gravity in speeche,
For what may be, a folly of more note,
Then for me to see, a man gray beard to dote.
Phal. No, my Lorde, *Amor omnia vincit,*
And Ovid sayth, *Forma numen habet.*
And for to proue, loves service seemes the wise,
Set Sallamon and Sampson, before your eyes;
For wyt, and strength, who wonne the cheefest prise,
And both lyv'd by the lawes love did devise,
Which proves in love, a certaine godhed lyes.
And Goddes rule yearely, by wisdome from the skyes:
Whose wyls (thinke I) are wrought best by the wise.
Pro. Indeede divine, I thinke loves working is,
From reasons use, in that my senses sweare;
In pleasure paine, in payne I fynde a blysse,
On woe I feede, in sight of foode I stearve:

These strange effects, by love are lodged in mee,
My thoughts are bound, yet I myselfe am free.
Phal. Well my Good Lord, I axe (with pardon sought)
Who she may be, that hath your thrauldome wrought.
Pro. The example is such, as I sygh to showe,
Syster she is, to dampned Andrugio.
Phal. All the better for you the game doth goe,
The proverb sayth, that kyt wyll unto kinde,
If this be true this comfort then I fynde :
Cassandras flesh is as her brothers frayle,
Then wyll she stoupe, (in cheefe) when Lords assayle.
Pro. The contrary (through feare) doth worke my payne,
For in her face, such modesty doth raigne,
As cuttes of loving sutes, with chaste disdayne.
Phal. What love wyll not necessity shall gayne,
Her brother's lyfe, will make her glad and fayne.
Pro. What is it best, Andrugio free to set,
Ere I am sure, his systers love to gette ?
Phal. My lovyng Lord, your servaunt meanes not so,
But if you will, else where in secret goe :
To work your wyll, a shift I hope to showe.
Pro. With ryght good wyll, for such my sicknes is,
As I shall dye, if her good will I mys. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA VI.

The HANGMAN, *with a greate many ropes abought his necke.*

The wynd is yl, blowes no mans gaine, for colde I neede not care,
Here is nyne and twenty sutes of apparrell for my share :
And some berlady very good, for so standeth the case,
As neyther gentelman, nor other Lord, Promos sheweth Grace.

But I marvell much poore slaves, that they are hanged so soone,
They were wont to stay a day or two, now scarce an after noone:
All the better for the hangman, I pardons dreaded sore,
Would cutters save, whose clothes are good, I never feard the poore.
Let me see, I must be dapper in this my facultie,
Here are new ropes, how are my knots? I faith syr, slippery.
At fast or loose, with my Giptian, I meane to have a cast;
Tenne to one I read his fortune by the Marymas fast.

Serg. Away, what a stur is this, to see men goe to hanging?

Hangman. Harke, God bwy ye, I must be gone, the prisners are a comming. [*Exit.*

SCENA VII.

Sixe prisoners bounde with cordes. Two Hacksters, *one* Woman, *one like a* Giptian, *the rest poore* Roges, *a* Preacher, *with other Offycers.*

They sing.

With harte and voyce to thee O Lorde,
At latter gaspe, for grace we crie:
Unto our sutes, goode God accorde,
Which thus appeale, to thy mercie.
Forsake us not in this distresse,
Which unto thee, our sinnes confesse:
Forsake us not in this distresse,
Which unto thee, our sinnes confesse.

First Hack. Al sorts of men beware by us, whom present death assaults;

Looke in your conscience what you find, and sorrow for your faults :
Example take by our fresh harmes, see here the fruites of pride :
I for my part deserved death, long ere my theft was spide.
O careles youth, lead, lead awrie with everie pleasing toy,
Note well my words, they are of woorth, that cause though my annoy.
Shun to be prankt, in peacocks plumes, for gaze which only are ;
Hate, hate, the dyce even as the devill, of wanton Dames beware.
These, these, wer they, that suckt my welth, what folowed them in neede ?
I was intist by lawles men on theevish spoyles to feede.
And nussed once in wicked deedes, I feard not to offende,
From bad to worse, and worst I fell, I would at leysure mende.
But oh presuming over much styll to escape in hope,
My faultes were found, and I adjudge, to totter in a rope :
To which I go with these my mates, likewise for breach of lawes.
For murder some, for theeverie some, and some for litle cause.
Second Hack. Beware deere friends of quarelling, thirst spoile of no mans breath ;
Blood, axeth blood, I shedding blood, untimelie catch my death.
A Woman. Maides and women, shun pride and sloth, the rootes of every vice,
My death ere long, wil shew their ends, God graunt it make you wise.

A Scoffing Catchpole. How now Giptian? All *a mort* knave, for want of company?
Be crustie man: the Hangman straight, wil reade Fortunes with thee.
The Preacher. With this thy scoffing speach, good friend offend him not,
His faults are scorged, thine scape (perhaps) that do deserve his lot.
A poore Roge. Jesus save me, I am cast for a purse, with three halfepence.
A Churlish Officer. Dispatch prating knave, and be hangd, that we were jogging hence.

They leysurablie depart synging. The Preacher whispering some one or other of the Prisoners styll in the eare.

They sing.

Our secrete thoughts, thou Christ dost knowe,
Whome the worlde, doth hate in thrall:
Yet hope we that, thou wilt not soe,
On whome alone, we thus do call.
Forsake us not, in this distresse,
Which unto thee, our sinnes confesse;
Forsake us not, &c.

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

PROMOS *alone.*

Pro. Do what I can, no reason cooles desire,
The more I strive, my fonde affectes to tame,
The hotter (oh) I feele, a burning fire
Within my breast, vaine thoughts to forge and frame.
O straying effectes, of blinde affected Love,
From wisdomes pathes, which doth astraye our wittes;
Which make us haunt, that which our harmes doth move

A sickenesse lyke, the Fever Etticke fittes,
Which shakes with colde, when we do burne like fire.
Even so in Love, we freese, through chilling feare,
When as our hartes, doth frye with hote desire:
What said I? lyke to Etticke fittes? nothing neare;
In sowrest Love, some sweete is ever suckt.
The Lover findeth peace, in wrangling strife,
So that if paine, were from his pleasure pluckt,
There were no Heaven, like to the Lover's life.
But why stande I to pleade, their ioye or woe,
And rest unsure, of hir I wish to have?
I knowe not if Cassandra love, or no:
But yet admytte, she graunt not what I crave,
If I be nyce to hir brother lyfe to give:
Hir brother's life, too much wyll make her yeelde
A promise then, to let hir brother lyve:
Hath force inough, to make her flie the field.
Thus though sute fayle, necessitie shall wyn.
Of Lordlie rule the conquering power is such:
But (oh sweete sight) see where she enters in:
But hope and dreade, at once my harte doth tuch.

Might masters right.

SCENA II.

CASSANDRA, PROMOS.

Cassandra speakes to herselfe.

Cas. I see two thralles, sweete seemes a lytle joye;
For fancies free, Andrugios breast hath scope;
But least detract, doth rayse a new annoye,
I nowe will seeke to turne, to happe his hope.
See, as I wisht, Lord Promos is in place;
Now in my sute, God graunt I maye finde grace.
[*She kneeling speaks to* PROMOS.
Renowned Lorde, whylst life in me doth last,
In homage bondes, I binde myselfe to thee;
And though I did thy goodnesse latelie taste,

Yet once againe, on knees I mercie seeke :
In his behalfe, that hanges twene death and life,
Who styll is preast, if you the mendes do leeke,
His lawles love, to make his lawfull wife.
Pro. Faire dame, I wel have wayd thy sute, and wish to do thee good,
But all in vaine, al things conclude, to have thy brother's blood.
The stricknes of the law condempnes, an ignoraunt abuse,
Then wylfull faultes are hardlie helpt, or cloked with excuse ;
And what may be more wylfull, then a Maide to violate ?
Cas. The force was smal, when with her wyl, he wretch the conquest gate.
Pro. Lawe ever at the worst, doth conster evyl intent.
Cas. And lawe even with the worst, awardes them punishment ;
And sith that rigorous lawe adjudgd hym to dye,
Your glorie will be much the more, in showing him mercie.
The world wil think, how that you do, but graunt him grace on cause ;
And where cause is, there mercy should abate the force of lawes.
Pro. Cassandra, in thy brothers halfe, thou hast sayde what may be ;
And for thy sake, it is, if I doe set Andrugio free :
Short tale to make, thy beauty hath surprysed mee with love,
That maugre wit, I turne my thoughts as blynd affections move.
And quite subdude by Cupids might, neede makes mee sue for grace
To thee Cassandra, which doest holde, my freedome in a lace.

Yeelde to my will, and then commaund, even what thou wilt of mee;
Thy brothers life, and all that else, may with thy liking gree.
Cas. And may it be, a Judge himself, the self same fault should use, [*Cassandra to hirself.*
For which he domes an others death? O crime without excuse.
Renowned Lorde, you use this speach (I hope) your thrall to trye,
If otherwise, my brothers life, so deare I will not bye.
Pro. Faire Dame my outward looks my inward thoughts bewray,
If you mistrust, to search my harte, would God you had a kaye.
Cas. If that you love (as so you saye) the force of love you know,
Which fealt, in conscience you should my brother favour show.
Pro. In doubtfull warre, one prisoner still, doth set another free.
Cas. What so warre seekes, love unto warre, contrary is, you see.
Hate fostreth warre, love cannot hate, then maye it covet force.
Pro. The Lover ofte sues to his foe, and findeth no remorse.
Then if he hap to have a helpe, to win his frowarde foe,
Too kindle a foole, I will him holde, that lets such vantage goe.
Cas. Well, to be short, my selfe wyll dye, ere I my honor stayne;
You know my minde, leave off to tempt, your offers are in vaine.
Pro. Bethink yourself, at price inough I purchase sweet your love;

Andrugios life suffis'd alone, your straungenes to remove;
The which I graunt, with any wealth that else you wyll require:
Who buyeth love at such a rate, payes well for his desire.
Cas. No Promos, no; honor never at value maye be solde;
Honor farre dearer is then life, which passeth price of golde.
Pro. To buie this Juel at the full, my wife I may thee make.
Cas. For unsure hope, that peereless pearle, I never will forsake.
Pro. These sutes seems strange at first I see, wher modesty beares sway; [*To himself.*
I therfore wil set down my wyll, and for hir answer staye.
Fayre Cassandra, the juel of my joye,
Howe so in showe, my tale seemes straunge to thee,
The same well waide, thou need'st not be so coye,
Yet for to give thee respite to agree,
I wyll two daies hope styll of thy consent,
Which if thou graunt (to cleare my clowdes of care)
Cloth'd like a Page (suspect for to prevent)
Unto my Court, some night, sweet wenche repaire.
Tyl then adue; thou these my words in works perform'd shalt find.
Cas. Farewel my Lord, but in this sute you bootles wast your wind.
Cassandra, O most unhappy, subject to everie woe,
What tongue can tel, what thought conceive, what pen thy griefe can shew?
Whom to scurge, nature, heaven and earth do heapes of thral ordain,
Whose words in waste, whose works are lost, whose wishes are in vain.

That which to others comfort yeelds, doth cause my hevy cheer,
I meane my beautie breedes my bale, which many hold so deere.
I woulde to God that kinde else where, bestowed had this blase,
My vertues then had wrought regard, my shape now gives the gase.
This forme so Promos fiers with Love, as wisdom cannot quench
His hote desire, tyll he lust, in Venus seas hath drencht.

At these wordes Ganio must be readie to speake.

SCENA III.

GANIO, ANDRUGIOS *boye.* CASSANDRA.

Gan. Mistres Cassandra, my Master longs to heare of your good speed.
Cas. Poore Ganio, his death alas, fierce Fortune hath decreed.
Gan. His death: God forbyd all his hope should turne to such successe,
For Gods sake, go and comfort him, I sorrowe his distresse.
Cas. I needes must go, although with heavy cheere.
Gan. Sir, your syster Cassandra is here. [*Exit.*

SCENA IV.

ANDRUGIO *out of prison.* CASSANDRA *on the stage.*

And. My Cassandra what newes, good sister showe.
Cas. All things conclude thy death, Andrugio:
Prepare thy selfe, to hope it ware in vain.
And. My death, alas what raysed this new disdayne?
Cas. Not Justice zeale, in wicked Promos sure.

And. Sweete, show the cause, I must this doome indure.
Cas. If thou dost live, I must my honor lose.
Thy raunsome is, to Promos fleshly wyll
That I do yelde: then which I rather chose
With torments sharpe, my selfe he first should kyll.
Thus am I bent, thou seest thy death at hand,
O would my life, would satisfie his yre,
Cassandra then, would cancell soone thy band.
And. And may it be a Judge of his account,
Can spot his minde, with lawles love or lust?
But more, may he doome any fault with death,
When in such faute, he finds himselfe unjust?
Syster, that wise men love we often see,
And where love rules, gainst thornes doth reason spurne.
But who so loves, if he rejected be,
His passing love, to peevish hate will turne.
Deare sister then, note how my fortune stands,
That Promos love, the one is oft in use;
And sith he crave, this kindnesse, at your hands,
Thinke this, if you his pleasure do refuse,
I in his rage (poor wretch) shall sing *Peccavi.*
Here are two evyls, the best harde to digest,
But where as things are driven unto necessity,
There are we byd, of both evyls choose the least.
Cas. And of these evils, the least, I hold is death,
To shun whose dart, we can no meane devise,
Yet honor lyves, when death hath done his worst,
Thus fame then lyfe is of far more emprise.
And. Nay Cassandra, if thou thy selfe submyt,
To save my life, to Promos fleashly wyll,
Justice wyll say thou dost no cryme commit,
For in forst faultes is no intent of yll.
Cas. How so th' intent is construed in offence,
The Proverbe saies, that tenne good turnes lye dead,
And one yll deede, tenne tymes beyonde pretence

By envious tonges, report abrode doth spread.
Andrugio so, my fame, shall vallewed bee,
Dispite wyll blase my crime, but not the cause;
And thus although I fayne would set thee free,
Poore wench I feare, the grype of slaunder's pawes.
And. Nay sweete sister more slaunder would infame,
Your spotles lyfe, to reave your brothers breath,
When you have powre, for to enlarge the same,
Once in your handes, doth lye my lyfe, and death.
Way that I am, the selfe same flesh you are,
Thinke I once gone, our house will goe to wrack:
Knowe forced faultes, for slaunder neede not care:
Looke you for blame, if I quaile through your lack.
Consider well, my great extremitie,
If other wise, this doome I could revoke,
I would not spare, for any jeberdye
To free thee wench, from this same heavy yoke.
But ah I see, else, no way saves my life,
And yet his hope, may further thy consent,
He sayde he maye percase make thee his wife,
And t' is likelie, he cannot be content
With one nights joye: if love he after seekes,
And I discharg'd, if thou aloofe then be,
Before he lose thy selfe, that so he leekes,
No doubt but he, to marryage, wyll agree.
Cas. And shall I sticke to stoupe, to Promos wyll,
Since my brother injoyeth life thereby?
No, although it doth my credit kyll;
Ere that he should, my selfe would chuse to dye.
My Andrugio, take comfort in distresse,
Cassandra is wonne, thy raunsome greate to paye,
Such care she hath, thy thraldome to releace:
As she consentes, her honor for to slay.
Farewell, I must, my virgins weedes forsake,
And lyke a page to Promos lewde repayre. [*Exit.*
And. My good sister to God I thee betake,
To whom I pray, that comforte change thy care.

SCENA V.

PHALLAX *alone.*

Phal. Tis more than straunge, to see Lord Promos plight,
He fryskes abought, as byrdes ware in his breech.
Even now he seemes (through hope) to taste delight,
And straight (through feare) where he clawes it doth not ytch.
He museth now, strayght wayes the man doth sing,
(A sight in sooth, unseemely for his age:)
He longing lookes, when any newes shal bring,
To speake with him, without there waytes a page.
O worthy wit (fyt for a Judges head)
Unto a man to chaunge a shiftless mayde.
Wyncke not on me, twas his, and not my deede:
His, nay, his rule, this *Metamorphos* made—
But Holla, tongue, no more of this I pray.
Non bonus est, ludere cum sanctis.
The quietest and the thryftiest they say,
Is not to checke, but prayse great mens amys.
I finde it true, for soothing Promos vaine
None lyke my selfe, is lykte in his conceyte:
Whyle favour last, then good, I fish for gaine:
(For Grace wyll not byte alwayes at my bayte)
And as I wish, at hande, good Fortune see:
Here coms Rapax and Gripax, but what's this?
As good, as fayre handsell, God graunt it bee:
The knaves bring a Woman, *coram nobis.*

SCENA VI.

PHALLAX, GRIPAX, RAPAX, *a* BEDELL, *and one with a browne Byll, bring in* LAMIA, *and* ROSKO *hir man.*

Lam. Teare not my clothes my friends, they cost more then you are aware.

Bede. Tush, soon you shal have a blew gown, for these take you no care.
Ros. If she tooke thy offer poore knave, thy wife would starve with cold.
Gri. Well syr, whipping shall keepe you warme.
Phal. What meanes these knave to scolde?
Rap. Maister Phallax, we finde you in good time,
A Woman here, we have brought afore you;
One to be chargde with many a wanton crime,
Which tryall will, with proofe inough finde true:
A knave of hirs, we have stayed likewise,
Both to be us'd as you shall us advise.
Phal. What call you hir name?
Rap. Lamia.
Phal. Fair Dame, hereto what do you saye?
Lam. Worshipfull Sir, my selfe I happy reake,
With patience that my aunswer you will heare:
These naughtie men, these wordes on mallice speake
And for this cause, yll wyll to me they beare.
I scornde to keepe, their mindes with money playe;
I meane to keepe, my life from open shame,
Yea, if I lyv'd, as lewdlie as they saye:
But I that knewe, my selfe unworthy blame,
Shrunk not, to come unto my triall nowe:
My tale is tolde, conceyve as lyketh you.
Phal. My friends, what proofe have you against this dame?
Speake on sure ground, least that you reape the shame:
The wrong is great, and craves great recompence,
To touch her honest name, without offence.
Gri. All Julio Syr doth ryng of her lewd lyfe.
Byll. Indeede she is knowne for an ydle huswife.
Ros. He lyes, she is occupied day and night.
Phal. To sweare against her is there any wight?
Rap. No, not present, but if you do detayne her,
There wilbe found by oth, some that wyll stayne her.

Phal. I see she is then on suspition stayde;
Whose faultes to search, upon my charge is layde.
From charge of her I therfore will set you free,
My selfe will search her faultes if any be,
A Gods name you may depart.

2 *or* 3 *speake.* God bwy Syr.

Gri. In such shares as this, henceforth I will begin,
For all is his, in his clawes, that commeth in.
[*Exeunt.*

Phal. Fayre Lamia, since that we are alone,
I plainely wyll discourse to you my minde,
I thinke you not to be so chast a one,
As that your lyfe, this favor ought to fynde:
No force, for that, since that you scot free goe,
Unpunished, whose life is judged yll;
Yet thinke (through love) this grace the Judge doth show,
And love with love ought to be answered styll.

Lam. Indeede I graunt (although I could reprove,
Their lewde Complayntes with goodnesse of my lyfe)
Your curtesy, your detter doth me prove,
In that you tooke (my honest fame in stryfe,)
My aunswere for discharge of their report:
For which good turne, I at your pleasure rest,
To worke amends, in any honest sort.

Phal. Away with honesty, your answeare then in sooth,
Fyts me as jumpe as a pudding a Friar's mouth.

Ros. He is a craftie childe, dally, but do not.

Lam. Tush, I warrant thee, I am not so whot,
Your wordes are too harde Sir for me to conster.

Phal. Then to be short, your rare bewtie my harte hath wounded so,
As (save your love, become my leach) I sure shall die with woe.

Lam. I see no signe of death, in your face to appeare,

Tis but some usual qualme you have, pitifull Dames to feare.

Phal. Faire Lamia, trust me I faine not, betimes bestow som grace.

Lam. Well, I admit it so, onelie to argue in your case.

I am maried, so that to set your love on me were vaine.

Phal. It suffiseth me, that I may your secrete friend remaine.

Ros. A holie Hoode, makes not a Frier devoute,

He will play at small game, or he sitte out.

Lam. Though for pleasure, or to prove me, these profers you do move,

You are to wise, to hassarde life, upon my yeelding love:

The man is painde with present death, that useth wanton pleasure.

Phal. To scape such paine, wise men, these joyes, without suspect can measure.

Furthermore, I have ben (my Girle) a Lawier to too long,

If at a pinche, I cannot wrest the Law from right to wrong.

Lam. If lawe you do professe, I gladlie crave,

In a cause or two, your advise to haue.

Phal. To resolve you, you shall commaunde my skill,

Wherfore like friendes, lets common in good wyll.

Lam. You are a merie man, but leave to jeast,

To morrowe night, if you will be my Geast

At my poore house, you shall my causes knowe,

For good cause, which I meane not here to showe.

Phal. Willinglie, and for that, haste calles me hence,

My sute tyll then, shall remaine in suspence:

Farewell Clyent, to morrowe looke for me. [*Exit.*

Lam. Your good welcome Sir, your best cheere will be.

Ros. I tolde you earst, the nature of Phallax,
Money, or faire Women, workes him as waxe:
And yet I must commend your sober cheere,
You told your tale, as if a Saint you were.
Lam. Well (in secreete be it sayde) how so I seemd divine,
I feared once, a blewe gowne, would have bene my shrine.
But now that paine is flead, and pleasure keepes his holde,
I know that Phallax will, my Fame hence forth upholde:
To entertaine which Geast, I will some dayntie cheere prepare;
Yet ere I go, in pleasant song, I meane to purge my care.

THE SONG.

Adue, poore care, adue,
Go, cloye some helples wretche;
My life, to make me rue,
Thy forces do not stretche.

Thy harbor, is the harte,
Whom wrong, hath wrapt, in woe;
But wrong, doth take my parte
With cloke of right in shoe.

My faultes, inquirie scape,
At them the Iudges winke;
Those for my fall that gape,
To showe my lewdnesse shrinke.

Then silly care go packe,
Thou art no Geast for mee;
I have, and have, no lacke,
And lacke, is shrowde for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA VII.

CASSANDRA, *apparelled like a page.*

Cas. Unhappy wretche, I blush my selfe to see
Apparelled thus monstrous to my kinde:
But oh, my weedes, wyll with my fault agree,
When I have pleasde, lewde Promos fleshlie minde.
What shall I doo, go proffer what he sought?
Or on more sute, shall I give my consent?
The best is sure, since this must needes be wrought;
I go, and showe, neede makes me to his bent.
My fluddes of teares, from true intent which floe,
Maye quenche his lust, or ope his muffled eyen,
To see that I deserve to be his wife;
Though now constrainde to be his Concubine.
But so, or no, I must the venter give,
No daunger feares the wight, prickt foorth by neede:
And thus lyke one more glad to dye, then lyve,
I forwarde set, God graunt me well to speede.
[*Exit.*

ACTUS IV., SCENA I.

DALIA, LAMIA'S *Maide, going to market.*

Dal. With my Mistresse, the worlde is chaunged well,
She fearde of late, of whipping cheere to smell;
And nowe againe, both gallant, fresh and gaye,
Who in Julio flauntes it out, like Lamia?
A luckie friende (yea, one that beareth swaye)
Is now become, a proppe, of such a staye
To hir good name, as who is he dare saye,
That Lamia doeth offende, nowe any waye?
This, hir goode friende, wyll be hir Geast this night,
And that he maye in his welcome delyght,
To market I, in haste, am sent to buye,
The best cheare, that, I fasten on my eye. [*Exit.*

SCENA II.

PROMOS *alone.*

Pro. By proofe I finde, no reason cooles desire.
Cassandraes sute, suffised to remove
My lewde request, but contrarie, the fire,
Hir teares inflam'd, of lust, and filthy Love.
And having thus, the conquest in my handes,
No prayer serv'de to work restraint in mee,
But needes I woulde untye the precious bandes
Oft his fayre Dames spotles Virginitie.
The spoyle was sweete, and wonne even as I woulde ;
And yet ungainde, tyll I had given my trothe,
To marie hir, and that hir brother shoulde
Be free from death, all which I bounde with oathe :
It resteth nowe (unlesse I wrong hir much)
I keepe my vowe : and shall Andrugio lyve?
Such grace woulde mee with unindifferencie tuch,
To pardon him, that dyd commit a Rape.
To set him free, I to Cassandra sware ;
But no man else, is privie to the same ;
And rage of Love, for thousand oathes nyll spare,
More then are kept, when gotten is the game.
Well, what I sayde, then Lover like I sayde,
Nowe reason sayes, unto thy credite looke ;
And having well, the circumstaunces wayde,
I find I must, unsweare the oathe I tooke.
But double wrong, I so should do Cassandra ;
No force for that, my might, commaundeth right ;
Hir previe maime, hir open cryes will staye ;
Or if not so, my frowning will hir fright :
And thus shall rule, conceale my filthy deede.
Nowe foorthwith, I will to the Gayler sende
That secretelie Andrugio he behead,
Whose head he shall, with these same wordes commend
" *To Cassandra, as Promos promist thee,*
From prison loe, he sendes thy Brother free."

SCENA III.

CASSANDRA.

Cas. Fayne would I wretch conceale, the spoyle of my virginity,
But O my gilt doth make mee blush, chast virgins here to see.
I monster now, no mayde nor wife, have stoupte to Promos lust,
The cause was nether sute nor teares, could quench his wanton thurst.
What cloke wyl scuse my crime? my selfe, my conscience doth accuse:
And shall Cassandra now be termed, in common speeche, a stewes?
Shall she, whose vertues bare the bell, be calld a vicious dame?
O cruell death, nay hell to her, that was constraynd to shame:
Alas few wyll give foorth I fynd, to save my brothers lyfe;
But fayntly I through Promos othes, doo hope to be his wife.
For lovers feare not how they sweare, to wyn a Lady fayre,
And having wonne what they did wish, for othes nor Lady care.
But to be just or no, I joy Andrugio yet shall lyve,
But ah, I see a sight, that doth my hart asunder ryve.

SCENA IV.

GAYLER *with a dead mans head in a charger.*
CASSANDRA.

Gay. This present wil be Galle I know, to fayre Cassandra,

Yet if she knewe as much as I, most swete I dare well say.
In good tyme, see where she doth come, to whome my arrand is.
Cas. Alas his hasty pace to me, showes somewhat is amys.
Gay. Fayre Cassandra my Lord Promos, commends him unto thee,
To keepe his word, who sayes from prison he sends thy brother free.
Cas. Is my Andrugio done to death? fye, fye, O faythles trust!
Gay. Be quiet Lady, law found his fault, then was his judgement just.
Cas. Wel my good friend, show Promos this, since law hath don this deed,
I thank him yet, he would vouchsaf on me my brothers head;
Loe this is all: now geve me leave to rew his losse alone.
Gay. I wyll performe your will, and wish you cease your mone.
Cas. Farewell.
Gay. I sure had showen what I had done, her tears I pittied so,
But that I wayde, that women syld, do dye with greefe and woe:
And it behoves me to be secret, or else my neckeverse cun,
Well now to pack my dead man hence, it is hye tyme I run.
Cas. Is he past sight? then have I time to wayle my woes alone:
Andrugio, let mee kis thy lippes, yet ere I fall to mone.
O would that I could wast to teares, to wash this bloody face,

Which fortune farre beyond desart hath followed with disgrace.
O Promos falce, and most unkinde, both spoyld of love and ruth,
O Promos thou dost wound my hart, to thinke on thy untruth,
Whose plyghted fayth, is tournd to frawd, and words to works unjust.
Why doe I lyve unhappy wench, syth treason quites my trust?
O death devorse me wretch at once, from this same worldly lyfe.
But why do I not slay myselfe, for to appease thye stryfe?
Perhaps within this wombe of myne, another Promos is;
I so by death shalbe avengd of him in murthring his;
And ere I am assured that, I have revengd this deede,
Shall I dispatch my lothed life? that hast weare more then speede.
So Promos would triumphe that none his Tiranny should know;
No, no this wicked fact of his so slightly shall not goe.
The king is just and mercyfull, he doth both heare and see;
See mens desarts, heare their complaynts, to Iudge with equity.
My wofull case with speede, I wyll unto his grace addresse,
And from the first, unto the last, the truth I wyll confesse.
So Promos thou, by that same lawe shalt lose thy hated breth,
Through breach whereof, thou didst condemne Andrugio unto death.
So doing yet, the world will say I broke Dianas lawes:

But what of that? no shame is myne, when truth hath
showne my cause.
I am resolved, the king shall knowe of Promos injury;
Yet ere I goe, my brothers head, I wyll ingraved see.
[*Exit.*

SCENA V.

GAYLER. ANDRUGIO.

Gay. Andrugio, as you love our lives, forthwith post
you away:
For Gods sake to no lyving friend, your safety yet
bewraye;
The proverbe sayth, two may keepe counsell if that
one be gone.
And. Assure thy selfe most faithful friend, I wylbe
knowne to none.
To none alas, I see my scape yeeldes mee but small
releefe;
Cassandra, and Polina wyll destroye themselves, with
greefe;
Through thought that I am dead: they dead, to live
what helpeth me?
Gay. Leave of these plaints of smal availe, thank
God that you are free,
For God it was, within my mind, that did your safety
move,
And that same God, no doubt wyl worke for your
and their behove.
And. Most faithful friend, I hope that God wyl
worke as you do say,
And therfore, to some place unknowne I wyl my selfe
convaye.
Gayler, farewel: for thy good deede, I must remayne
thy debter:
In meane whyle yet receyve this gyft, tyll fortune sends
a better.

Gay. God bwy sir, but kepe your mony, your need you do not know.

And. I pas not now for fortuns threats, yea though hir force she show,
And therfore styck not to receyve this smale reward in part.

Gay. I wyll not sure, such proffers leave, tys time you doe depart.

And. Since so thou wilt, I wylbe gone : adue tyl fortune smile. [*Exit.*

Gay. Syr, fare you wel, I wyl not fayle to pray for you the while.
Well, I am glad, that I have sent him gone,
For, by my fayth, I lyv'd in perlous feare :
And yet God wot, to see his bytter mone,
When he should dye, would force a man forbeare,
From harming him, if pitty might beare sway.
But see how God hath wrought for his safety ?
A dead mans head, that suffered th'other day,
Makes him thou'ht dead, throughout the citie.
Such a just, good and righteous God is he :
Although awhyle he let the wicked raygne,
Yet he releeves, the wretch in misery ;
And in his pryde, he throwes the tyraunt downe.
I use these wordes, upon this onely thought,
That Promos long his rod cannot escape ;
Who hath in thought, a wylfull murder wrought,
Who hath in act performd a wicked rape.
Gods wyll be done, who well Andrugio speede ;
Once well I hope, to heare of his good lucke ;
For God thou knowest my conscience dyd this deede,
And no desire of any worldly muck. [*Exit.*

SCENA VI.

DALIA *from market.*

Dal. In good sweete soothe, I feare I shalbe shent

It is so long, since I to market went;
But trust me, wyld fowle are such costly geare,
Specially, woodcocks, out of reason deare,
That this houre, I have the market bett,
To drive a bargayne to my most profyt;
And in the end, I chaunst to light on one
Hyt me as pat, as a pudding Pope Jone.
Other market maydes pay downe for their meate,
But that I have bought, on my score is set.
Well fare credit when mony runneth low,
Marry yet, Butchers, the which do credit so,
(As much good meate, as they kyll) may perchaunce
Be glad and fayne at heryng cobs to daunce.
What force I that? every man shyft for one;
For if I starve, let none my fortune mone.

[*She faynes to goe out.*

SCENA VII.

GRIMBALL, DALIA; *eyther of them a Basket.*

Grim. Softe Dalia; a woorde with you I praye.

Dal. What, friend Grimbal; welcome as I maye saye.

Grim. Sayst thou so? then kysse me then for acquaintaunce.

Dal. If I lyke your manhoode, I may do so perchaunce.

[*She faynes to looke in his basket.*

Grim. Bate me an ase, quoth Boulton: Tush, your minde I know:
Ah syr, you would, belike, let my Cock Sparrowes goe.

Dal. I warrant thee Grimball.

[*She takes out a white pudding.*

Grim. Laye off handes Dalia.
You powte me, if that you got, my Pudding awaye.

Dal. Nay good sweete, honny Grimball, the Pudding give me.

Grim. Iche were as good geete hir, for she wyll hate, I see,
Well, my nown good harte roote, I freelie give thee this,
Upon condition, that thou give me a kys.
Dal. Nay, but first wash your lippes, with sweete water you shall.
Grim. Why ych was ryte now, for my Pudding, hony sweet Grimbal.
Well Dalia, you will floute so long, tyll (though I saye)
With kindnesse you wyll cast a proper handsome man away:
Wherefore, soote Conny, even a little spurte.
Dal. Laye off handes Sir.
Grim. Good do not byte, for ych meane thee no hurte:
Come off Pyggesnie, prefarre me not a jote.
Dal. What woulde the good foole have?
Grim. Why, you woot whote.
Hearke in your eare.
Dal. You shall commaunde, so proper a man ye are.
That for your sake, I wyll not sticke to ware
A blew Cassocke, during my lyfe forsoothe:
Mary for my sake, I woulde be verie lothe,
So goodlie a handsome man, should lose his head.
Grim. Nay, for my head, care not a Tinker's torde,
For so God judge me, and at one bare worde,
Yle lose my death, yea, and my great browne Cowe,
I love you so filthilie; law ye nowe.
Dal. Thou sayest valiantlie, nowe sing, aswell too;
And thou shalt quicklie knowe, what I meane to doo.
Grim. Yes by Gogs foote, to pleasure thee, ych shall
Both syng, spring, fight and playe the dewle and all.
Dal. O lustilie.

THE SONG.

Grim. *Come smack me, come smack me, I long for a smouch.*
Dal. *Go pack thee, go pack thee, thou filthie fine slouch.*
Grim. *Leard how I love thee.*
Dal. *This cannot move me.*
Grim. *Why pretie Pygsney, my harte, and my honny?*
Dal. *Because, goodman Hogs face, you woe without money.*
Grim. *I lacke money, chy graunt.*
Dal. *Then Grimball avaunt.*
Grim. *Cham yong sweete hart, and feate, come kysse me for love.*
Dal. *Crokeshanke, your Iowle is to great, such lyking to move.*
Grim. *What meane you by this.*
Dal. *To leave thee by gys.*
Grim. *First smack me, first smack, I dye for a smouch.*
Dal. *Go pack thee, go pack thee, thou filthy fine slouch.* [*Exit.*

Grim. Dalia, art thou gone? what wolt serve me soe?
O God, cham readie to raye myselfe for woe.
Be valiaunt, Grimball, kyle thyself man?
Nay, bum Ladie, I will not by Saint Anne.
Ich have hearde my great Grandsier saye,
Maide will saye naye, and take it; and so she maye.
And therefore chyll, to Mistresse Lamia.
With these Puddings, and Cock Sparowes, by and by;
And in the darke, againe, ych will hir tyre.

ACTUS V., SCENA I.

PHALLAX *alone.*

Phal. I marvell much what worketh to my Lord Promos unrest,

He fares as if a thousand Devils, were gnawing in his brest.
There is sure some worme of griefe, that doth his conscience nip,
For since Andrugio lost his head, he hath hung downe the lippe:
And truth to say, his fault is such as well may greve his mynd,
The Devill himselfe could not have usde a practise more unkind.
This is once, I love a woman, for my life, as well as he,
But (fayre dames) with her that loves me, I deale well with, trust mee.
Well, leave I now my Lord Promos, his owne deeds to aunswere:
Lamia I know lookes, and double lookes, when I come to supper:
I thought as much: see, to seeke mee, heare coms her Aple squier.

SCENA II.

ROSKO, PHALLAX.

Rosko. O that I could find Master Phallax, the meat burnes at the fire.
And by your leave, Andrugios death doth make my mistris sweate.
Phal. How now Rosko?
Ros. Ist you sir? my Mistris doth intreate,
That with all speede, your worship will come away to supper;
The meate and all is ready to set upon the borde sir.
Phal. Gramercy for thy paynes, I was even comming to her.
Ros. You are the welcomst man alyve to her I know,
And trust me at your commaundement remayneth poore Rosko.

Phal. It is honestly sayd, but now tell mee,
What quality hast, that I may use thee.
Ros. I am a Barbour, and when you please sir,
Call (and spare not) for a cast of rose water.
Phal. But heare me, canst thou heale a greene wound well?
Ros. Yea greene and ould.
Phal. Then thy best were to dwel
In some usuall place or streete, where through frayes,
Thou mayst be set a worke with wounds alwayes.
Ros. I thanke my Mistris I have my hands full,
To trym gentlemen of her acquayntaunce;
And I trust syr, if that your worship chaunce
To have neede of my help, I shall earne your mony
Afore an other.
Phal. That thou shalt truly,
But syrra, where dwels Lamia?
Ros. Even heare syr, enter I pray.
Phal. That I wyl sure, if that my way be cleare.
Ros. Yes sir, her doores be open all the yeare.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENA III.

POLINA (*the mayde, that* ANDRUGIO *lov'd*) *in a blew gowne.*

Pol. Polina curst, what dame alyve hath cause of griefe lyke thee?
Who (wonne by love) hast yeeld the spoyle of thy virginity?
And he for to repayre thy fame, to marry thee, that vowde,
Is done to death for first offence, the second mends not lowde.
Great shame redounds to thee, O Love, in leaving us in thrall;
Andrugio and Polina both, in honoryng thee did falle.

Thou so dydst witch our wits, as we from reason strayed quight,
Provockt by thee, we dyd refuse, no vauntage of delight:
Delight, what did I say? nay death, by rash and fowle abuse,
Alas I shame to tell thus much, though love doe worke excuse.
So that (fayre dames) from such consent, my accydents of harme,
Forewarneth you, to keepe aloofe though love your harts do arme.
But ah Polina, whether runnes thy words into advise,
When others harmes, inforst by love, could never make the wise.
The cause is plaine, for that in love, no reason stands in steade,
And reason is the onely meane, that others harmes we dreade.
Then, that the world hereafter may, to love inferre my yll,
Andrugio's Tombe with dayly teares, Polina worship wyll:
And furthermore I vowde, whylst life in mee doth foster breth
No one shall vaunt of conquered love, by my Andrugio's death.
These shamefull weedes, which forst I were that men my fault may know,
Whilst that I live, shall show I morne for my Andrugio.
I wyll not byde the sharpe assaultes, from sugred words I sent,
I wyll not trust to careles othes, which often wyn consent:
I wyll cut off occasions all, which hope of myrth may move;

With ceasles teares yle quench each cause, that kindleth coles of love :
And thus tyl death, Polina wyll estraunge her selfe from joy,
Andrugio, to reward thy love which dyd thy life destroy. [*Exit.*

SCENA IV.

ROSKO *alone.*

Ros. A Syr, in fayth, the case is altred quight,
My mistris late that lived in wretched plight,
Byds care adue and every cause of woe,
The feare is fled, which made her sorrow so.
Master Phallax so under props her fame
As none for lyfe dare now her lewdnes blame.
I feare (nay hope) she hath bewicht him so,
As haulfe his brybes, unto her share will goe :
No force for that, who others doth deceyve,
Deserves himselfe, lyke measure to receyve.
Well, leave I Lamia, for her selfe to pray
Better then I can showe, who knowes the way :
It stands me on, for my poore selfe to shyfte,
And I have founde a helpe at a dead lyfte :
My ould friend Grimbals purce, with pence is full,
And if I empty it not, Dalia wull.
The slavering foole, what can he rap and rend,
(He loves her so) upon the fylth wyll spend :
But bye your leave, yle barre her of this match,
My net and all is set, the foole to catch.
Forsooth before his amorous sute he move
He must be trimd to make her more to love
And in good sooth, the world shall hardly fall
But that he shalbe washt, pould, shav'd and all :
And see the luck, the foole is fast I know,
In that with Rowke he doth so sadly goe.

SCENA V.

GRYMBALL, ROWKE, ROSKO.

Grim. God bores, as sayst, when somewhat handsome ch'am,
I fayth she wyll come off for very shame.
Row. Yea without doubt, for I sweare by saynt Anne,
My selfe loves you, you are so cleane a young man.
Grim. Nay, thou woult say so, when my face is fayre washt.
Ros. Good luck a Gods name, the wodcocke is masht.
Row. And who Barbes ye Grimball?
Grim. A dapper knave, one Rosko.
Ros. Well leatherface, we shall have you Asse ere you goe.
Row. I know him not, is he a deaft barber?
Grim. O, yea, why he is Mistris Lamias powler,
And looke syrra, yen is the lyttell knave.
How dost Rosko?
Ros. Whope, my eye sight God save,
What ould Grimball? welcome, sit you downe heare.
Boye?
Boy. Anon.
Ros. Bay leaves in warme water, quick, bring cleane geare. Boy in the House.
Boy. Strayght.
Row. As thou sayd'st Grimball, this is a feate knave indeede.
Ros. How say' syr? oyntments for a scab, do you neede?
Row. Scab, scurvy Jack, ile set you a worke syr.
Grim. Nay gogs foote, good nowe, no more of this stur.
Row. I fayth Barber, I wyll pyck your teeth straight.

Ros. Nay, to pick my purse, I feare thou dost wayght.
Row. Nay, gogs hart.
Grim. Nay, gogs foote.
Ros. Now come Ruffen.
Grim. Leave, if you be men,
Heare ye me now? be friendes, and by my trothe,
Chill spende a whole quarte of Ale on you bothe.
Ros. Well, masse Grimball, I lytle thought I wus,
You woulde a brought a knave, to use mee thus.
Grim. Why, knowest him not? why it is lustie Rowke.
Ros. A strong theefe, I warrant him by his looke.
Row. Go to Barber, no more, least Copper you catch.
Grim. What? wilt give thy nose away? beware that match.
For chy see no Copper unlest be theare.
Boy brings water. *Boy.* Master, here is delicate water, and cleane geare. [*Exit.*
Ros. Well, to quiet my house, and for Grimbals sake,
If it pleaseth you, as friendes, we handes will shake.
Grim. I, I, do so.
Row. And for his sake I agree.
Grim. Well then, that we may drinke, straight wayes wash mee.
Ros. Good syr, here's water as sweete as a Rose.
Nowe whyles I wash, your eyes harde you must close.
Grim. Thus?
Ros. Harder yet.
Grim. O, thus.
Ros. Yea marry, so.
Howe syrra, you knowe what you have to doe.

ROWKE, *cuttes* GRIMBALS *purse.*

Ros. Winke harde, Grimball.
Grim. Yes, yes, I shall.
Row. Heare's the toothpick, and all. [*Exit.*

Ros. Departe then tyll I call.
Verie well syr, your face is gayly cleane,
Were your teeth nowe pickt, you maye kisse a queane.
Grim. Sayst thou mee so? Good nowe dispatch and awaye:
I even fyssell, untyll I smouch Dalia.
Ros. O doo you so? I am right glad you tell:
I else had thought, tad bene your teethe dyd smell.
Grim. O Lorde, gogs foote, you picke me to the quicke.
Ros. Quiet yourselfe, your teeth are furred thicke.
Grim. O, oh no more, O God, I spattell blood.
Ros. I have done, spyt out, this doth you much good.
Boye?
Boy. Anon. [*Boy within.*
Ros. Bring the drinke in the Porringer,
To gargalis his teeth.
Boy. It is here syr. [*Exit.*
Ros. Wash your teeth with this, good maister Grimball.
Grim. I am poysoned, ah, it is bytter gall.
Ros. Eate these Comfyts, to sweeten your mouth with all.
Grim. Yea mary syr, these are gay sugred geare.
Ros. Their sweetnesse straight, wyll make you stinke I feare.
Grim. Well nowe, what must I paye, that chy were gone.
Ros. What you wyll.
Grim. Sayst me so? O cham undone.
Ros. Howe nowe Grimball?
Grim. O Leard, my Purse is cutte.
Ros. When? where?
Grim. Nowe, here.
Ros. Boye, let the doore be shutte,

If it be here, we wyll straight wayes see.
Where's he, that came with you?
Grim. I can not tell.
Ros. What is hee?
Grim. I knowe not.
Ros. Where doth he dwell?
Grim. O Leard, I ken not I.
Ros. You have done well.
This knave, your pence, in his pocket hath purst:
Let's seeke him out.
Grim. Nay hearke, I must neades first.
O Learde, Learde, cham sicke: my belly akes, too, too.
Ros. Thou lookst yll: well, yle tell thee what to doo.
Since thou art so sicke, straight wayes, get thee home,
To finde this Jacke, my selfe abroade wyll rome:
The rather, for that he playde the knave with mee.
Grim. Cham sicke in deede, and therfore ych thanke thee.
Ros. I see sometime, the blinde man hits a Crowe;
He maye thanke me, that he is plagued soe.
Grim. Well, well, Dalia, the love ych bare to thee,
Hath made me sicke, and pickt my purse from mee.
[*Exit.*
Ros. A, is he gone? a foole company him:
In good sooth sir, this match fadged trim.
Well, I will trudge, to finde my fellewe Rowke,
To share the price, that my devise hath tooke.
[*Exit.*

SCENA VI.

CASSANDRA *in blacke.*

Cas. The heavy chargde, that Nature bindes me too
I have perform'd, ingrav'd my Brother is:

I woulde to God (to ease my ceaseles woo)
My wretched bones, intombed were with his,
But O in vaine, this bootelesse wish I use,
I, poore I must lyve in sorrowe, joynde with shame.
And shall he lyve? that dyd us both abuse?
And quench through rule, the coles of just revenge?
¶ O no: I wyll nowe hye me to the King;
To whome I wyll recount my wretched state;
Lewde Promos rape, my Brothers death, and all:
And (though with shame, I maye this tale relate)
To proove that force, enforced me to fall.
When I have showne, Lorde Promos fowle misdeedes,
This knife foorthwith, shall ende my woe and shame:
My gored harte, which at his feete then bleedes,
To scorge his faultes, the King wyll more inflame.
In deedes to doo, that I in woordes pretende,
I nowe advise, my journey, to the King:
Yet ere I go, as Swans sing at their ende
In solemne Song, I meane my knell to ryng.

CASSANDRAES SONG.

Sith fortune thwart, doth crosse my joyes with care,
Sith that my blisse, is chaungde to bale by fate;
Sith frowarde chaunce, my dayes in woe doth weare,
Sith I alas, must mone without a mate;
I wretch have vowde, to sing both daye and night,
O sorrowe slaye, all motions of delight.

Come grieslie griefe, torment this harte of mine,
Come deepe dispaire, and stoppe my loathed breath;
Come wretched woe, my thought of hope to pine,
Come, cruell care, preferre my sute to death:
Death, ende my wo, which sing both daye and night,
O sorrowe slaye, all motions of delight. [*Exit.*

G. W.

THE SECONDE PART OF THE FAMOUS HISTORIE OF PROMOS AND CASSANDRA:

Set forth in a Comicall DISCOURSE.

BY GEORGE WHETSTONE GENT.

Formæ nulla Fides.



The Seconde Parte of the Historie of Promos and Cassandra.

—o—

ACTUS I., SCENA I.

POLINA *in a blewe Gowne, shadowed with a blacke Sarcenet, going to the Temple to praye, upon* ANDRUGIOS *Tombe.*

PROMISE is debt, and I my vowe have past,
Andrugios Tombe, to wash with daylie teares;
Which Sacrifice (although God wot in waste)
I wyll performe, my Alter is of cares.
Of fuming sighes, my offring incense is,
My pittious playntes, in steede of Prayers are:
Yea, woulde to God in penaunce of my mys,
I with the rest, my loathed lyfe might share,
But O in vaine, I wish this welcomde ende;
Death is to slowe, to slaye the wretched wight:
And all to soone, he doth his forces bende,
To wounde their hartes, which wallowe in delight.
Yet in my eare, styll goes, my passing Bell,
So ofte as I Andrugios death doo minde;
So ofte as men, with poynted fingers tell,

Their friendes, my faultes, which by my weedes they finde.
But O the cause, with Death, which threates me most,
I wish to dye, I dye through wretched woe;
My dying harte, desires to yeelde the ghost,
My traunces straunge, a present death foreshowe.
But as the reede doth bow at every blast,
To breake the same, when rowghest stormes lackes might,
So wretched I, with every woe do waste,
Yet care wants force, to kyll my harte out ryght.
O gratious God, and is my gilt so great
As you the same, with thousand deathes must wreake?
You will it so, else care I could intreate
With halfe these woes, my thryd of lyfe, to breake.
But what meanst thou Polina, most accurst,
To muse why God, this pennaunce joynes thee to?
Whose correction, although we take at worst,
To our great good he doth the same bestow.
So that, syth greefe can not relyve my friend,
Syth scorching syghes my sorrowes cannot drye,
Syth care himselfe, lackes force my lyfe to ende,
Syth styll I lyve that every howre doe dye;
Syth mighty God appoyntes my pennaunce so,
In mornefull song I wyll my patience show.

POLINAS SONG.

Amyd my bale, the lightning joy, that pyning care doth bring,
With patience cheares my heavy hart, as in my woes I sing.
I know my Gilt, I feele my scurge; my ease is death I see;
And care (I fynde) by peecemeale weares, my hart to set mee free.

O care, my comfort and refuge, feare not to worke thy wyll;
With patience I, thy corsives byde, feede on my life thy fyll:
Thy appetyte with syghes and teares, I dayly wyl procure,
And wretched I, wil vaile to death, throw when thou wilt thy Lure. [*Exit* POLINA.

SCENA II.

Enter a MESSENGER *from the King.*

I have at length (though weery come in troth)
Obtaynd a sight of Julios stately walles:
A Kings message, can not be done with sloth:
Whome he bids goe, must runne through myre and dyrt:
And I am sent to Lord Promos in post,
To tel him that the king wyll see him strayght;
But much I feare that Promos needes not bost,
Of any gayne by his soveraygnes receyte.
But Holla tongue, of lavysh speeche beware.
Though subjects oft in Princes meaning prye,
They must their words, and not their myndes declare,
Unto which course I wyll my tongue apply,
Lord Promos shall my princes comming know,
My prince himselfe, the cause thereof shall show.

SCENA III.

ROSKO, LAMIAS *man.*

Ros. Ist possible that my Mistris Lamia,
Over the shooes should b'yn love with Phallax?
Why by Jesus (as she her selfe doth say,)
With pure good wyll, her harte doth melt lyke waxe:
And this I am sure, every howre they themselves,
By their sweete selves, or by their letters greete.
But the sporte is to see the loving elves,

Byll together when they in secret meete.
She lowres, he lauffes, she syghes throwe pure love ;
The strumpets and crocodiles teares alyke. Nay, nay, sayes he (good pugges) no more of this.
Well, sayes shee, and weepes, my griefe you do not prove.
Then strayght this storme is cheared with a kys.
And then aboth sides, three wordes and a smouch ;
Within her eare, then whispereth this slouch,
And by the way he stumbleth on her lyppes.
Thus eyther stryves most loving signes to show ;
Much good doo it them, syth they are both content :
Once I am sure, how so the game doth goe,
I have no cause their lyking to repent :
I syldom doe betweene them message beare,
But that I have an Item in the hande :
Well, I must trudge to doe a certaine chare,
Which, take I tyme, cocke for my gayne doth stand.

SCENA IV.

PHALLAX. DOWSON, *a Carpenter.*

Phal. Dispatch Dowson, up with the frame quickly,
So space your roomes, as the nyne worthyes may,
Be so instauld, as best may please the eye.
Dow. Very good, I shall.
Phal. Nay soft Dowson, stay :
Let your man at saynt Annes crosse, out of hande,
Ereckt a stage, that the Wayghts in sight may stande.
Dow. Wyll you ought else ?
Phal. Soft a whyle, let me see,
On Jesus gate, the fowre vertues I trow,
Appoynted are to stand.
Dow. I syr, they are so.
Phal. Wel, then about your charge, I wyll foresee
The Comfort of Musick, well plast to be.
Dow. I am gone syr. [*Exit.*

SCENA V.

The BEDELL *of the Taylers,* PHALLAX.

Bed. Heare you maister Phallax?
The Wardens of the Marchanttaylers axe
Where (with themselves) they shall their Pageaunt place?
Phal. With what strange showes, doo they their Pageaunt grace?
Bed. They have Hercules, of Monsters conqueryng,
Huge great Giants, in a forest fighting
With Lyons, Beares, Wolves, Apes, Foxes, and Grayes,
Baiards, Brockes, &c.
Phal. O wondrous frayes.
Marry syr, since they are provided thus
Out of their wayes, God keepe Maister Pediculus.
Bed. You are pleasaunt syr, but with speede I pray,
You aunswere mee, I was charged not to stay.
Phal. Because I know, you have all things currant,
They shall stand where they shal no viewers want:
How say you to the ende of Ducke Alley?
Bed. There all the beggers in the towne wilbe.
Phal. O, most attendaunce is, where beggers are,
Farewell, away.
Bed. I wyll your wyll declare. [*Exit.*

SCENA VI.

PHALLAX. *Two men, apparrelled, lyke greene men at the Mayor feast, with clubbes of fyreworke.*

Phal. This geare fadgeth now, that these fellowes peare:
Friendes where waight you?
First. In Jesus streete to keepe a passadge cleare.
That the King and his trayne, may passe with ease.
Phal. O, very good.

Second. Ought else syr, do you please ?
Phal. No, no ; about your charge.
Both. We are gone. [*Exeunt.*
Phal. A syr, heare is short knowledge, to entertayne a kyng ;
But O, O, *quid non pecunia ?* yea, at a dayes warning ?
The king in provision that thought to take us tardy,
As if we had a yeare bene warnd, shall by his welcome see :
I have yet one chare to do : but soft, heare is Rosko,
I must needes delyver him a messadge before I goe.

SCENA VII.

ROSKO. PHALLAX.

Ros. I fayth, I have noble newes for Lamia.
Phal. Nay soft, friend Rosko, take myne in youre waye.
Ros. Mayster Phallax, O syr I cry you mercy.
Phal. Rosko with speede tell thy Mistris from mee,
The King straight wayes wyll come to the Cytie,
In whose great trayne there is a company,
Within her house with me shall mery be.
Therefore, for my sake, wyll her to forsee,
To welcome them, that nothing wanting be,
This is all I wyll, for want of leysure. [*Exit.*
Ros. I wyll not fayle syr, to show your pleasure :
Mary, in faith, these newes falles jumpe with the rest,
They shalbe welcome and fare of the best :
But although they well fyll their bodyes thus,
Their purses will be dryven to a *non plus :*
No force a whyt, each pleasure hath his payne,
Better the purce then body starve of twayne,
Well, I wyll trudge, my welcome newes to tell,
But then abroade, good company to smell. [*Exit.*

SCENA VIII.

CORVINUS *the King*, CASSANDRA, *two counsellers, and* UDISTAO, *a young nobleman.*

King. Cassandra, we draw neare unto the Towne,
So that I wyll that you from us depart,
Tyll further of our pleasure you doe heare.
Yet rest assur'd, that wycked Promos,
Shall abide such punishment, as the world
Shall hould mee just, and cleare thee of offence.

Cas. Dread soveraigne, as you wyl, Cassandra goeth hence. [*Exit.*

King. I playnely see, it tendes to great behove
That prynces oft doo vayle their eares to heare,
The Misers playnt: for though they doe appoynt
Such as they thynke will Iustice execute,
Aucthority is such a commaunder,
As, whereas men by office beareth sway,
If they their rule by conscience measure not,
The poore mans ryght is overcome by might:
If love or hate from Iustice leade the Iudge,
Then money sure may overrule the case.
Thus one abuse is cause of many moe,
And therefore none in Iudges ought to be.
How Rulers wrong, fewe tales are tould the King:
The reason is, their power keepes in awe
Such men as have great cause for to complayne.
If Cassandra her goodes, nay, lyfe preferd
Before revenge of Promos trechery,
I had not knowne, his detestable rape,
The which he forst to save her brothers lyfe.
And furthermore, Andrugios raunsome payde,
I had not knowne he put him unto death:
For when (good soule) she had this treason tould,
Through very shame her honour so was spoyld,
She drewe her knyfe to wound her selfe to death,

Whose pytious plyght, my hart provockt to wrath
At Promos wyles:
So that to use indifferency to both,
Even in the place where all these wronges were done;
Myselfe am come, to syt upon the cause.
But see where Promos and the Mayor waight
To welcome mee with great solemnity:
With cheereful showe I shadowe wyll the hate,
I beare to him for his insolency;
Perhaps I may learne more of his abuse,
Whereby the more his punishment may be.
Come my Lords, to the Towne haste we apace.

All speake. We all are prest, to wayght upon your Grace.

SCENA IX.

PROMOS, MAIOR, *three Aldermen in red Gownes, with a Sworde-bearer, awayghtes the Kinges comming.*

PROMOS, *his briefe Oration.*

Pro. Renowned King, lo here your faithful subjects preast to show
The loyall duetie which (in right) they to your highnesse owe.
Your presence, cheares all sorts of us; yet ten times more we joye
You thinke us stoarde, our warning short, for to receyve a Roye.
Our wyll, is such, as shall supplie, I trust, in us all want,
And where good wyll the welcome geves, provysion syld is scant,
Loe, this is all; yea, for us all, that I in wordes bestowe,
Your Majestie, our further zeale, in ready deedes shall knowe.

And first, dreade King, I render you, the swoorde of Iustice heare,
Which as your Liuetenant I trust, uprightlie I dyd beare.

The KING *delyvers the Sworde, to one of his Counsell.*

King. Promos, the good report, of your good government I heare,
Or at the least, the good conceyte that towards you I beare;
To incourage you the more, in Iustice to perseaver,
Is the cheefe cause, I dyd addresse, my Progresse heather.

Pro. I thanke your highnesse.

The MAIOR *presentes the* KING, *with a fayre Purse.*

Maior. Renowned King, our ready wylles to showe,
In your behalfe, our goodes (nay lyves) to spende;
In all our names, I freelie here bestowe
On your Highnes this Purse: unto this ende,
To possesse your most royall Majestie,
In all our wealth, therto bounde by duetie.

King. Your great good wyls, and gyfts with thankes I take;
But keepe you styll, your goodes, to do you good.
It is inough, and all that I do crave,
If needes compels for your and our safety,
That you in part your proffers large performe;
And for this time as outward showes make proofe,
It is inough (and all that I desire),
That your harts and tongues (alyk) byd me welcome.

All. Lord preserve your Majesty.

Five or sixe, the one halfe men, the other women, neare unto the Musick, singing on some stage erected from the ground. During the first parte of the song, the KING *faineth to talke sadlie with some of his Counsell.*

The Kings Gentleman Usher. Forwards my Lordes.

They all go out leysurablie while the rest of the Song is made an ende.

ACTUS II., SCENA I.

LAMIA *the Curtizan.*

Lam. The match goes harde, which rayseth no mans gaine.
The vertue rare, that none to vice maye wreast;
And sure, the Lawe that made me late complaine.
Allureth me, many a wanton geast.
Dames of my Trade, shutte up their shoppes for feare,
Their stuffe provd *Contra formam Statuti:*
Then I, which lycenst am, to sell fine ware,
Am lyke to be well customed perdy.
And nowe Tyme serves, least custome after sayle,
At hyest rate, my Toyes I vallue must:
Let me alone, to set my Toyes to sale;
Yong Ruflers I, in faith, wyll serve of trust.
Who wayes me not, him wyll I fayne to love,
Who loves me once, is lymed to my heast;
My cullers some, and some shall weare my glove,
And be my harte, whose payment lykes me best.
And here at hande are customers I trowe;
These are the friendes of Phallax, my sweete friende:
Now wyll I go, and sit my wares to showe,
But let them laugh, that wynneth in the ende. [*Exit.*

SCENA II.

APIO *and* BRUNO, *two Gentlemen strangers, with* ROSKO.

Ap. Come on good friende: where dwels Lady Lamia?

Ros. Even by, Syr.

Ap. Well then, go thy waye,
Showe who sent us, and what our meaning is;
Least she not knowing us, doo take amys,
That thus boldlye we come to visite hir.
Ros. No bolder then welcome, I warrant you Sir.
Bru. Well, thy message doo.
Ros. I go. [*Exit.*

Fowre Women bravelie apparelled, sitting singing in LAMIAES *windowe, with wrought Smockes, and Cawles, in their hands, as if they were a working.*

THE QUYRE.

If pleasure be treasure,
Ap. Harke.
The golden worlde is here, the golden worlde is here.
Refuse you, or chuse you;
But welcome who drawes neare; but welcome who drawes neare.
Bru. They be the Muses sure.
Ap. Naye, Syrens lure.
First sings. Here lyves delyght,
Second sings. Here dyes despight:
Thei both. Desyre here, hath his wyll.
Third sings. Here loves reliefe,
Fourth sings. Destroyeth griefe:
Last two. Which carefull hartes doth kyll.
Bru. Attende them styll.
Ap. That, as you wyll.
First sings. Here wysh in wyll, doth care destroye,
Second sings. Playe here your fyll, we are not coye:
Third sings. Which breedes much yll, we purge annoy,
Fourth sings. Our lyves here styll, we leade in joye.

THE QUYRE.

If pleasure, be treasure,
The golden worlde is here, the golden worlde is here:

Refuse you, or chuse you,
But welcome, who coms neare, but welcome, who coms neare.
First. Wantons drawe neare,
Second. Taste of our cheare;
Both. Our Cates are fine and sweete;
Thirde. Come, be not coye,
Fourth. To worke our joye;
The last two. We fall wyll at your feete.
Bru. A, good kinde wormes.
Ap. Harke.
First. Loe, here we be, good wyll which move,
Seconde. We lyve you fee, for your behove:
Thirde. Come we agree, to let you prove,
Fowrth. Without a fee, the fruites of Love.
The Quire all. If pleasure be treasure, the golden worlde is here, &c.
Bru. Upon this large warrant, we maye venter.
The doore opes alone, come, let us enter.
Ap. Agreede.

Enter a SERGEAUNT *bearing a Mace, another* OFFICER, *with a Paper, lyke a Proclamation; and with them the* CRYER.

Off. Cryer, Make a noyse.
Cry. O yes. *And so thrise.*
Off. All manner of personnes, here present,
Cry. All manner of personnes, here present,
Off. Be sylent, on payne, of imprisonment.
Cry. Be sylent, on payne, of imprisonment.

The OFFICER *reads the Proclamation.*

Corvinus, the hye and mightie King of Hungarie and Boemia: Unto all his loving Subjects of Julio, sendeth greeting. And therewithall, giveth knowledge of his Princelie favour towards every sort of them. First, if any person, Officer, or other, hath wronged

any of his true subjects, by the corruption of brybes, affecting or not favoring of the person, through Usurie, extortion, wrong imprisonment, or with any unjust practise, His Majestie wylles the partie so grieved to repayre to Syr Ulrico, one of his highnesse privie Counsell; who (finding his or their injuries) is commaunded to certifie them, and their proofe unto the Kings majestie; where incontinentlie he wyll order the controversie, to the release of the partie grieved, and the punishment of the offenders. Further, if any of his faithfull subjectes can charge any person, Officer, or other, with any notable or haynous offence, Treason, Murder, Sacriledge, sedicion, or with any such notorious cryme; for the safetie of his Royal person, benefyte and quiet of his Realme and subjectes, on Fridaye next, his most excellent Majestie (with the advise of his honorable Counsell) wyl in open Court syt, to heare and determine all such offences. Therfore he strayghtlie chargeth all and everie of his subjectes that knowe any such haynous offenders, one the forenamed daye, that he present both the offender and his faulte. Dated at his Royall Court, in Julio, the 6 of Februarie.

GOD save the KING. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA III.

ROSKO.

Ros. See howe we are crost: we thought the King for pleasure,
Came to visite us: when to his paine,
And our plagues, I feare he bestowes his leysure,
To heare the wronges, of such as wyll complayne
Of any man: But the sport is to see
Us officers, one looke of another;
I at Lorde Promos, Lorde Promos at mee;
The Lawiers at the Shriefe and Maior.

They gase asmuch on the ruling Lawier;
For to be plaine, the clearest of all,
Peccavi syng, to heare the grievous call,
Against Usurie, brybrie, and barrating,
Suborning, extorcion, and boulstring.
Some faultes are hearde, some by Proclamation staye,
Before the King, to be hearde on Fridaye.
I yet have scapte, and hope to go scot free:
But so, or no, whylst leysure serves mee,
To have my aunswers fresh if I be cauld,
Of merry mates, I have a meetyng stauld,
To whome my sences to refresh I wend;
Who gets a pace as meryly may spend. [*Exit.*

SCENA IV.

SIR ULRICO *with divers papers in his hand, two poore Citysiens, soliciting complayntes.*

Ul. As thou complaynst agaynst all equity,
Houldes Phallax thy house, by this extremity?
First. Yea sure, and he hath bound me so subtylly,
As lesse you helpe, lawe yeeldes me no remidy.
Ul. Well, what say you? is Phallax mony payd?
Second. Save fyve pound Syr.
Ul. For which your bond is stayde.
Second. Nay mary, the same I would gladly pay,
But my bonde for the forfeyt he doth stay.
Ul. Summum Jus, I see, is *Summa Injuria.*
So these wronges must be salved some other way.
First. Yea, more then this, most men say—
Ul. What?
First. To be playne, he keepes Mistris Lamia.
Ul. Admyt he doe, what helpe have you by this?
Second. Yes mary, it prooves a double knave he is,
A covetous churle, and a lecher too,
Ul. Well, well, honest men, for your witnesse go,
And as on porofe, I finde your injuries,
So I wyl move, the king for remedyes.

Both. We thanke your honour. [*Exeunt.*

Ul. Tys more then straunge, to see with honest show,
What fowle deceytes, lewde officers can hyde:
In every case, their crafte, they collour so,
As styll they have, stryckt lawe upon their side.
These cunning Theeves, with lawe, can Lordships steale,
When for a sheepe, the ignoraunt are trust:
Yea, who more rough with small offenders deale,
Then these false men, to make themselves seeme just?
The tirant Phallaris, was praysed in this
When Perillus the brasen torment made;
He found the wretch, straight wayes in some amys,
And made him first, the scourge thereof to taste:
A just reward for such as doe present
An others fault, himselfe, the guiltyest man:
Well, to our weale, our gratious king is bent,
To taste these theeves, to use what meanes he can.
But as at Cheastes, though skylful players play,
Skyllesse vewers, may see, what they omyt,
So though our king in searching Judgment may,
Gesse at their faultes, which secret wronges commit,
Yet for to judge, by trueth, and not by ame,
Myselfe in cheefe his highness doth auctorise
On proofe for to returne who meryts blame,
And as I fynde, so he himselfe will punish;
So that to use my charge indyfferently,
My Clyents wronges, I wyll with wytnesse trye.

[*As he is going out,* PIMOS, *a young gentelman, speakes to him.*

SCENA V.

Pim. Sir Ulrico, I humbly crave to know
What good successe, my honest sute ensues.

Ul. Master Pimos, in breefe, the same to showe,
I feare, you both, my order wyll refuse.

Lyros, that thinkes, he geves more then he should,
And you, for that, you have not, what you would.
Pim. It shall goe hard, if your award mislikes mee.
Ul. Wel, goe with me, and you the same shall see.
Pim. I waight on you. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS III., SCENA I.

PHALLAX.

Phal. My troubled hart with guiltynesse agrev'd
Lyke fyre doth make my eares and cheekes to glow:
God graunt I scape this blacke day unreprev'd,
I care not how the game goe to-morrow.
Well, I wyll set a face of brasse on it,
And with the rest, upon the King attend;
Who even anon wyll heare in Iudgement syt,
To heaven or hel some officers to send.
But soft, a pryze, Gripax and Rapax I see,
A share of their venture belonges to mee.

SCENA II.

GRIPAX, RAPAX, *Promoters*, JOHN ADROYNES, *a Clowne*,[1] PHALLAX.

John. Nay, good honest Promoters, let mee go.
Grip. Tush John Adroines, we must not leave you so;
What? an ould hobclunch a wanton knave?
You shal to the King.
John. Marry John Adroynes, God save:
The King? why he wyll not looke on poore men.
Rap. Yes, yes, and wyll spye a knave in your face.
John. Wyll he so? then, good you be gone apace.
Grip. And why?

[1] [A name apparently borrowed from "A C. Mery Talys" (1526).]

John. Least in my face, he spye you too.
Phal. Have you seene a dawe, bebob two crowes so?
Rap. Well, come awaye sir patch.
John. Leave, or by God yle scratch.
They fawle a fighting.
Grip. What wilt thou so?
John. Yea, and byte too.
Gri. Helpe Rapax, play the man.
John. Nay, do both what you can.
Phal. If that in bobs, theyr bargayne be,
In fayth they share alone for mee.
Rap. What bytest thou hobclunch?
John. Yea, that chull, and punch.
Gri. O Lorde God, my hart.
John. Knaves, ile make you fart.
Rap. Hould my hands Lob.
John. Fyrst, take this bob.
Phal. To parte this fraye, it is hye time, I can tell,
My Promoters else of the roste wyll smell.
Rap. O, my necke thou wilt breake.
John. Yea, Gods ames, cryst thou creake?
Phal. How now, my friends? why what a stur is this?
Gri. Marry.
Phal. What?
John. Eare they part, yle make them pys.
Phal. Houlde, no more blowes.
John. Knaves, this honest man thanke,
That you scape so well.
Phal. Friend be not to cranke;
I am an officer, and meane to know,
The cause why you brauld thus, before I go;
Your bobs show, that the same, you best can tell.
Rap. I would your worship, felt the same as well.
I then am sure, this blockhedded slave,
For both his faults, double punishment should have.
Phal. What faults?
Rap. Marry.

John. He wyll lye lyke a dogge.
Phal. How now you churle, your tonge would have a clog,
Say on.
Rap. To showe his first, and chiefest faughte,
His Fathers maide, and he are naught.
John. What I?
Rap. I.
John. By my Grandsires soule, you lye.
Phal. Peace.
Friende, for this faulte, thou must dye.
John. Dye, Learde save us: you sqwade knave, yle bum yee.
For reforming a lye, thus against mee.
Phal. Tush, tush, it helpeth not: if they can prove this.
Gri. For some proofe, I sawe him and the Maide kys.
John. Can not foke kys, but they are naught by and by?
Phal. This presumption, friende, wyll touch thee shrowdlie.
If thou scape with life, be thou sure of this,
Thou shalt be terriblie whypped, for this kys.
John. Whypt, mary God shielde; chy had rather be hangde.
Rap. Growte nowle, come to the King.
John. Arte not well bangde?
Phal. Well, good fellowes, lets take up this matter.
Gri. Nay first John Adroines shalbe trust in a halter.
Phal. Why? helpes it you, to see the poore man whypt?
I praye you friendes, for this tyme let him goe.
John. Stande styll, and chull, whether they wyll or no.
Rap. Nay, but we charge him, in the Kings name, staye thee.

Phal. Harke, honest man, I warrant thee set free,
Grease them well in their handes, and speake them fayre.
John. O Leard God, our tallowe potte is not here.
Phal. Tush, clawe them with money.
John. Why so, my nayles are sharpe.
Phal. I see, for Clownes Pans Pype is meeter then Apollos Harpe :
They can skyll of no Musicke but plaine Song.
Gri. I praye lets go, we tryfle tyme too long.
Phal. Strayght.
Cockes soule, knave, stoppe his mouth with money.
John. O, I ken you nowe syr, chi crie you mercie.
Rap. Come on flouch, wylt please you be jogging hence?
John. Here is all, tenne shyllinges and thyrtene pence.
Phal. Harke ye my friendes.
Gri. We must not let him goe.
Phal. Harke once more.
John. Give them the money.
Phal. It shall be so.
Rap. Well, although he deserves great punishment,
For your sake, for this tyme we are content :
John Adroines farewell, henceforth be honest,
And for this faulte, wyll passe it ore in jeast.
[*Exeunt.*
John. Then gives our money.
Phal. Why?
John. Why, they dyd but jeast.
Phal. Yea, but they tooke thy money in earnest.
[*Exit.*
John. Art gone, now the Dewle choake you all with it :
How chy kisse againe, the knaves have taught me wyt,
But by Saint Anne, chy do see burlady,

Men maye do what them woll, that have money.
Ich surely had bene whipt, but for my golde,
But chull no more, with smouches be so bolde.
Yea, and ych with all Lovers to be wyse,
There be learing knaves abroade, have Cattes eyes.
Why, by Gods bores, they can bothe see and marke,
If a man steale, but a smouch in the darke.
And nowe the worlde is growne, to such jollie spye,
As if foke doo kysse, the'are naught by and by.
Well, ych wyll home, and tell my father Droyne,
Howe that two theeves robd mee of my Coyne.
[*Exit.*

Enter the KING, PROMOS, ULRICO, MAIOR, GONSAGO, PHALLAX, *with two other attendants.*

Kin. Sir Gonsago, if that we henceforth heare,
With will, or wealth, you doe our subjects wrong,
Looke not agayne, this favour for to fynde;
We use this grace, to wyn you to amende:
If not our wrath shall feare you to offende.
God speede you.
[GONSAGO *doth reverence and departeth.*

Kin. I see by proofe, that true the proverbe is,
Myght maisters right, wealth is such a canker,
As woundes the conscience, of his Maister,
And devoures the hart of his poore neyghbour.
To cure which sore, Iustice his pryde must pyne,
Which Iustice ought in princes most to shine:
And syth subjects lyve by their Princes law,
Whose laws in cheefe, the rytch should keep in awe:
The poore in wronges, but sildome doth delyght,
They have inuffe, for to defend their right:
It much behoves the maker of these lawes,
(This mony findes in them, so many flawes)
To see his lawes, observ'd as they are ment,
Or else good lawes, wyll turn to evyll intent.

Well, ere I leave, my poorest subjects shall,
Both lyve and lyke, and by the richest stawll.
Pro. Regarded and most mightie Prince, your clemency herein,
Those harts your rule commands through feare, to faithful love shall win.
Ul. Renowmed King, I am for to complaine,
Of Phallax, Lord Promos secondary,
Whose hainous wronges many poore men doth paine,
By me, who pray, your highnes remedy.
Kin. My Lord Promos, it seemes you rule at large,
When as your clarkes are officers unjust.
Pro. Dread King, I thinke he can these wrong discharge.
Kin. Doe you but thinke syr? a sure speare to trust?
A dum death and blynde judge can do as much:
Well, well, God graunt, your owne lyfe byde the tuch.
Syr Ulrico, your complaynt continew.
Ul. Gratious King, his wronges be these, in few.
Fyrst, Phallax, is a common Barriter,
In office, a lewd extortioner.
The crafty man, oft puts these wronges in use,
If poore men have that lykes his searching eye,
He showeth gould, the needy souls to lure;
Which if they take, so fast he doth them tye,
That by some bonde or coveaunt forfayted,
They are inforst (farre beneath the vallew)
To let him have what his eye coveyted:
And for to prove, that this report is true,
I showe no more, then witnesse prov'd by oth,
Whose names and handes, defends it heare as troth.
[ULRICO *delivers the King a writing with names at it.*
Kin. How now Promos? how thinke you of your man?
Use both your wyttes, to cleare him if you can.
Pro. Dread King, my hart to heare his faultes doth bleede.

King. How far'de it then, to suffer it indeede?
It dyde, I trowe, or now you speake in jest.
Thy Master's mute Phallax, I houlde it best
That thou speake for thyselfe.
Phal. I humbly crave
Of your grace, for aunswere, respyt to have.
King. Why? to devise a cloke to hyde a knave?
Friend, *veritas non quærit angulos,*
And if yourselfe you on your truth repose,
You may be bould, these faultes for to deny:
Some, lyttel care, upon their othes to lye:
See if any in your behalfe will sweare.
Phal. O Lord God, is there no knyghtes of the poste heare?
Well, then of force, I must sing *Peccavi,*
And crye out ryght, to the King for mercy,
O King, I am in faulte, I must confesse,
The which I wyll with repentaunce redresse.
King. Thy confession doth meryt some favour
But repentaunce payes not thy poore neyghbour;
Wherefore, Syr Ulrico, his goods sease you,
And those, he wrong'd, restore you to their due.
Ul. Looke what he gettes, most thinke he wastes straight waye
Upon a leawde harlot named Lamia:
So that his goods, wyll scarce pay every wight,
King. Where naught is left, the king must lose his right.
Pay as you may, I hould it no offence
If eache pay somewhat for experience:
But by the way, you rule the citty well
That suffer, by your nose, such dames to dwell.
And now Phallax, thy further pennaunce ys,
That forthwith thou do resigne thy office.
Ulrico, to his account lykewise see.
Ul. It shalbe done.
King. Phallax, further heare me:

Because thou didst, thy faultes at first confesse
From punishment, thy person I release.
Phal. I most humbly do thanke your majesty.
Pro. Ah, out alas, Cassandra heare I see.

CASSANDRA *in a blewe gowne, shadowed with black.*

Cas. O would that teares, myght tel my tale, I shame so much my fall,
Or else Lord Promos lewdnes showen, would death would ende my thrall!
Pro. Welcome my sweete Cassandra.
Cas. Murderous varlet, away,
Renowmed King, I pardon crave for this my bould attempt,
In preasing thus so neare your grace, my sorrow to present:
And least my foe, false Promos heare, do interrupt my tale,
Graunt gratious King, that uncontrould I may report my bale.
King. How now Promos? how lyke you, of this song?
Say on fayre dame, I long to heare thy wrong.
Cas. Then knowe dread soverayne, that he this doome did geve,
That my Brother for wantonnesse should lose his head,
And that the mayde which sind should ever after lyve
In some religious house, to sorrowe her misdeede.
To save my brother jug'd to dye, with teares I sought to move
Lord Promos hart, to showe him grace; but he with lawles love
Was fyred by and by; and knowing necessity,
To save my brothers lyfe, would make me yeeld to much,
He crav'd this raunsome, to have my virginitie;

No teares could worke restraynt, his wicked lust was such;
Two evils here were, one must I chuse, though bad were very best,
To see my brother put to death, or graunte his lewde request.
In fyne, subdude with naturall love, I did agree,
Upon these two poyntes, that marry me he should,
And that from prison vyle, he should my brother free.
All this with monstrous othes, he promised he would.
But O this perjurd Promos, when he had wrought his wyll,
Fyrst cast me of, and after caus'd the Gailer for to kill
My brother, raunsomde with the spoyle of my good name:
So that for companing, with such a hellish feende
I have condemnde myself to weare these weedes of shame;
Whose cognisance doth showe, that I have (fleshly) sin'd.
Lo thus, hie and renowned king, Cassandra endes her tale,
And this is wicked Promos that hath wrought her endles bale.
King. If this be true, so fowle a deede shall not unpunisht goe,
How sayst thou Promos to her playnte? art giltye? yea, or noe?
Why speakst thou not? a faulty harte, thy scilence sure doth showe.
Pro. My gilty hart commaunds my tongue, O king, to tell a troth,
I doe confesse this tale is true, and I deserve thy wrath.
King. And is it so? this wicked deede thou shalt ere long buy deare.
Cassandra, take comfort in care, be of good cheere:
Thy forced fault, was free from evil intent,
So long, no shame, can blot thee any way:

And though at ful I hardly can content thee
Yet as I may, assure thyselfe I wyl.
Thou wycked man, might it not thee suffice,
By worse then force, to spoyle her chastitie,
But heaping sinne on sinne against thy oth,
Haste cruelly her brother done to death.
This over proofe, ne can but make me thinke
That many waies thou hast my subjectes wronged;
For how canst thou with Iustice use thy swaie?
When thou thy selfe dost make thy will a lawe?
Thy tyranny made mee, this progresse make,
How so, for sport tyll now I colloured it
Unto this ende, that I might learne at large
What other wronges by power, thou hast wrought,
And heere, I heare: the Riche suppresse the poore:
So that it seemes, the best and thou art friendes:
I plaste thee not, to be a partiall Iudge.
Thy Offycers are covetous, I finde,
By whose reportes, thou over-rulest sutes:
Then who that gives an Item in the hande,
In ryght, and wrong, is sure of good successe.
Well, Varlet, well; too slowe I hether came,
To scourge thy faultes, and salve the sores thou mad'st.
On thee vyle wretche, this sentence I pronounce;
That forthwith thou shalt marry Cassandra,
For to repayre hir honour, thou dydst waste;
The next daye thou shalt lose thy hated lyfe,
In penaunce, that thou mad'st hir Brother dye.
Pro. My faultes were great, O King, yet graunt me mercie,
That nowe with bloody sighes, lament my sinnes too late.
King. Hoc facias alteri quod tibi vis fieri:
Pitie was no plee Syr, when you in judgement sate:
Prepare your selfe to dye, in vaine you hope for lyfe.
My Lordes, bring him with mee: Cassandra come you in like case;

My selfe wyll see, thy honour salv'd, in making thee his Wife,
The sooner to shorten his dayes.
All the company. We wayte upon your Grace.

As the King is going out, a Poore man shall kneele in his waye.

King. Syr Ulrico, I wyld, Commission should be made,
To Syr Anthony Alberto, and Justice Diron,
To heare and determine, all sutes to be had
Betweene Maister Prostro, and this poore man: is it done?
Ul. Renowned King, it is ready.
King. Repayre to Syr Ulrico, for thy Commission.
All. God preserve your Majestie.
[*They all depart save the* CLOWNE.
Clowne. Bones of me, a man were better speak to great Lords chy see,
Then to our proud Justlers of peace, that byn in the cuntry:
He that is rytch, as my dame sayth, goes away with the Hare,
This two yeere, they have hard my matter, and yet cham nere the neere.
And at first dash, a good fatte Lorde, God in heaven save his life,
Fayth, for nothing, teld the King of Mas Prostros, and my stryfe.
O Leard, ych thought the King could not bide on poore men to looke;
But God save his Grace, at fyrst dash, my Supplycation he tooke.
And you hard, how gently he calld mee poore man, and wild me goe
For my Pasport, I kenne not what, to good syr Ulrico.

Well, chull go fort, and hope to be with Master Prostros to bring;
But ere ych goe, chul my Ballat, of good King Corvine sing.

THE CLOWNES SONG.

You Barrons bolde, and lustie Lads,
Prepare to welcome, our good King,
Whose comming so, his subjectes glads
As they for joye, the Belles doo ryng.
They fryske, and skippe, in everie place,
And happy he, can see his face.
Who checks the rytch, that wrong by might,
And helpes the poore, unto his right.

The love that rygour gettes through feare,
With grace and mercie, he doth wyn;
For which we praye thus, everie where,
Good Lorde preserve, our King Corvin.
His favour raignes, in everie place,
And happy he, can see his face. [*Exit.*

ACTUS IV., SCENA I.

GRESCO, *a good substantiall Offycer, Two Beadelles in Blew Coates, with Typestaves.*

Gres. Come, loytring knaves, speede about your businesse;
Fetche mee in, all ydle vacaboundes.
First. Yes syr, yes.
Gres. Searche Ducke alley, Cocke lane, and Scouldes corner,
About your charge, lets see, how you can sturre.
Second. Yes, I have winges in my heeles to flee.
First. Who gives two pence, a straunge Monster to see?
Second. What Monster?

First. A horned Beast, with winges upon his heeles.
Second. Out dronken dreule.
Gres. What? runnes your head on wheeles?
Be packing bothe, and that betymes, you are best.
First. We are gone Syr, we dyd but speake in jeast.
[*Exeunt Beadelles.*
Gres. The King, I fayth, hath set us all a worke,
To searche odde holes, where ydle varlettes lurke.
He so nypped, our Maior for yll rule,
As ever since, he hath bene lyke to whule.
And in a rage, the man is nowe so whotte,
As lewde personnes, tagge, and ragge, goes to potte.
But in chiefe, he stormes, at fine Mistrisse Lamia,
She drinkes for all, come she once in his waye,
And least she scape, my selfe forsooth he wylles
Worshipfullie to fetch hir, with fortie Bylles.
Well, I must goe, and worke our Maior's heast,
No force, for once, she wyll never be honest. [*Exit.*

SCENA II.

ANDRUGIO, *as out of the wooddes, with Bowe and Arrowes, and a cony at his gyrdle.*

And. This savage life were hard to brooke, if hope no comfort gave;
But I (whose life, from tyrants wrath, Gods providence did save),
Do take in worth this misery, as penaunce for my mys;
Stil fed with hope to chaunge this state, when Gods good pleasure is.
A hollow Cave for house, and bed, in worth Andrugio takes,
Such sorie foode, as fortune sendes, he syldome nowe forsakes.
I am my selfe forsoothe, nowe Butcher, Cooke, Cater and all,

Yea, often tymes I fall to sleepe, with none, or supper small.
Then in my Denne, I call to minde, the lyfe I lyv'de in blisse :
And by the want I freedome judge, the greatest joy that is.
The freeman is in viewe of friendes, to have release in neede :
The exyle, though he have no lacke, yet lyves he styll in dreede
That his mysdeedes, wyll hardly scape, the punishment of lawe,
And lyving, he were better dead, that lyveth in this awe.
Besides this feare, which never fayles, the banisht man in want,
As ofte he is, is sure to finde his succor's verie scant.
Then who is he so mad, that friendes, and freedome doth enjoye ?
That wyll adventure breach of lawe, to lyve in this annoye ?
And not annoye to him alone, but to his friendes and kyn :
Great be the cares, Cassandra, and Polina lyveth in,
Through thought of me, whom long agone, beheaded they suppose,
For my offence thus are they scorgde, yet dare I not disclose
My safetie, for their helpe : but harke, who commeth here ?
This chaunce seemes strange : God graunt good newes, I hope, and yet I feare.

JOHN ADROYNES *a Clowne*, ANDRUGIO.

John. If che could finde my Mare, che would be rusty by the rood,

And cham sure the hoorechup, is peaking in this wood.
Chy wyl seeke every corner, but che wyll find her.
[*He whistlyng lookes up and downe the stage.*
And. This clowne can hardly mee bewray, and yet such dunghyll churles,
Such newes, as is in market tounes, about the country whorles.
What seekes thou, good fellow?
John. My sqawde Mare, dost her know?
And. No.
John. Then scummer mee not, in haste ych goe
Seeke my mare, to see the sport at Julio.
And. What sport?
John. A lyttel sport.
And. What?
John. Nay skyl not a whit?
And. What meanes this Asse?
John. T'wyll teache the hoorecup wyt.
H'yll hang handsome young men for the soote sinne of love,
When so his knavery, himselfe, a bawdy jack doth prove.
And. His wordes seemeth straunge, somewhat is awry.
John. Wel, chyll see his shoulders, from's jowle to flye.
And. Whose shoulders, friend?
John. As though you dyd know?
And. Whome?
John. Lord Promos.
And. Yes; my most accursed foe:
But what of him?
John. Thou kenst.
And. No.
John. Sayst not, yes.
And. Yes.
John. So.

And. But friend, thou took'st my wordes amys,
I know nothing, in what state Promos is.
John. Thou knowst and thou knowest not: out horson foole.
Leave stealing Cunnyes, and get thee to scoole.
Farewell.
And. Soft.
John. O th' arte no foole good theefe:
Save my mony take my life.
And. Tush be breefe.
Some newes of lewde Lord Promos tell mee,
And wyth lyfe and mony, yle set thee free.
John. I wyll: thou knowst the King now at Julio.
And. Very well.
John. Thou canst tel as wel as I.
Let me goe.
And. Nay yle see if thou dost lye.
If thou dost, yle whip thee, when thou hast done.
John. Kissyng and lying, ich see is all one;
And chave no mony, chul tell true therfore.
And. Dispatch then.
John. Then, lying Promoter, this more:
Casgandra scusde Promos of honestie,
And killyng Ramstrugio for baudry.
And. What more?
John. The King at Promos, great pleasure did take,
And Casgandra an honest woman to make;
The King maunded him, her strayght to marry,
And for killyng her brother, he must dye.
And. Is this true?
John. Why? how say you? do I lye?
And. Well, so or noe, for thy newes have this connie.
John. Gods boores, geve it me; to be swete, tis to cheape,
Bur Lady yet, tyll sunday it will keepe.
Well, now God bwye, Mas lying Promoter,
Wees see at the sport.

And. I peradventure.

John. Since can not finde my Mare, on foote chull goe :

Ych thinke each daye a nowre to be at Julio.

[*Exit.*

And. Straunge are the newes, the Clowne hath showne to me ;

Not straunge a whyt, if they well scanned be,
For God we see, styll throwes the tyraunt downe,
Even in the heyght, and pride of his renowne.
Lorde Promos rule, nay tyranny in deede,
For Judges is a mirror, worthy heede.
The wretched man, with showe of Justice zeale,
Throughly dyd, with poore offenders deale.
The wicked man, both knew and judg'd, abuse,
And none so much as he, her faultes dyd use.
He fellons hang'd, yet by extorcion stoale ;
He wantons plag'd, himselfe a doating foole.
He others checkt, for suing for their right ;
And he himselfe, mayntayned wrongs by might.
But see the rule of mischiefe, in his pride,
He headlong falles, when least, he thought to slide.
Well, by his fall, I maye perhaps aryse :
Andrugio yet, in clymbing be thou wyse,
What? styll unknowne, shall I live in this wood?
Not so.
Go wraye these newes, no doubt, unto my good.
Yet ere I go, I wyll my selfe disguise,
As in the Towne, in spyte of linxes eyes,
I wyll unknowne, learne how the game doth go,
But ere I go, syth eased is my woe,
My thankes to God, I fyrst in song wyll shoe.

ANDRUGIOS SONG.

To thee O Lord, with hart, and voyce I syng,
Whose mercie great, from mone to sweet delight ;

From griefe to joye, my troubled soule doest bring,
Yea, more thy wrath, hath foylde my foe in syght,
Who sought my life (which thou O God didst save)
Thy scorge hath brought, untimely to his grave.
Whose griefe wyll gawle, a thousande Judges moe,
And wyll them see, themselves, and sentence just,
When blacke reproche, this thundring shame shall shoe,
A Judge condemde for murder, thefte, and luste.
This scorge, O God, the lewde in feare wyll bring,
The just for joy, thy praises lowde wyll syng.
[*Exit.*

GRESCO, *with three other, with bylles, bringing in* LAMIA *prisoner.*

Gre. Come on faire Dame, since faire words, works no heede,
Now fowle meanes shall in you repentaunce breede.
Lam. Maister Gresco, where you maye helpe, hurt not.
Gre. And nothing but chastment, wyll helpe you to amende.
Well, I wyll not hurt you, your lewdnes to defende.
Lam. My lewdnes Syr: what is the difference,
Betwixt wantons, and hoorders of pence?
Gre. Thou hast winde at wyll, but in thy eyes no water:
Tho' arte full of Grace, how she blusheth at the matter.
Lam. Howe sample I, your wife and daughter Syr?
Gre. Axe mee, when whypping hath chaung'd thy Nature.
Lam. What whypping? why? am I a Horse or a Mare?
Gre. No; but a beast, that meetelie well wyll bare,
Lam. Indeede (as nowe), perforce, I beare this flowte:
But use me well, else I fayth, gette I out,
Looke for quittaunce.

Byl. Binde hir to the Peace Syr, [*First Byl.*
So maye your Worship be out of daunger.
Gre. Bring hir awaye, I knowe how to tame hir.
Lam. Perhaps Syr, no; the worst is but shame hir.
Byl. Come ye drab. [*Second Byl.*
Lam. Howe nowe scab? handes of my Gowne.
Byl. Care not for this, yuse have a blew one soone.
[*Third Byl. Exeunt.*

CASSANDRA.

Cas. Unhappy Wench, the more I seeke, for to abandone griefe,
The furder off, I wretched finde, both comfort and reliefe.
My Brother first, for wanton faultes, condempned was to dye:
To save whose life, my sute, wrought hope of Grace, but haples I,
By such request, my honour spoyld, and gayned not his breath;
For which deceyte, I have pursude, Lorde Promos unto death,
Who is my Husbande nowe become, it pleas'd our Soveraigne so,
For to repayre, my crased Fame; but that nowe workes my wo.
This day, he must (oh) leese his head my Brother's death to quite,
And therin Fortune hath alas, showne me hir greatest spyte.
Nature wyld mee, my Brother love, now dutie commaunds mee,
To preferre before kyn, or friend, my Husband's safetie.
But O, aye me, by Fortune, I am made his chiefest foe;
Twas I alas, even onely I, that wrought his ouerthroe.

What shall I doo, to work amends, for this my haynous deede?
The tyme is short, my power small, his succors axeth speede.
And shall I seeke to save his blood that lately sought his lyfe?
O yea, I then was sworne his foe; but nowe as faithfull Wife,
I must and wyll, preferre his health, God sende me good successe,
For nowe unto the King I wyll, my chaunged minde to expresse. [*Exit.*

PHALLAX.

Phal. Was ever man, set more freer then I?
First went my goodes, then my Offyce did flye.
But had the King, set me free from flattrie,
The next deare yeare, I might have starv'd, perdie.
But Lorde Promos, hath a far more freer chaunce,
He free from Landes, goodes, and Office doth daunce,
And shalbe free from life, ere long, with a Launce.
The Officers, and chiefe men of Julio
Vengeaunce lyberall, themselves lykewise showe.
Poore knaves, and queanes that up and down do goe,
These horesen kinde crustes, in houses bestoe,
But yet, poore cheere they have: marry for heate,
They whyp them untyll verie blood they sweate.
But see, their cost bestowe of fyne Lamia,
To save hir feet, from harde stones, and cold waye,
Into a Carte, they dyd the queane convaye,
Apparelled in colours verie gaye;
Both Hoode, and Gowne, of greene, and yellowe Saye.
Hir Garde weare Typstaves, all in blewe arraye;
Before hir a noyse of Basons dyd playe,
In this triumphe, she ryd well nye a daye.
Fie, fie, the Citie is so purged nowe,
As they of none, but honest men allowe;

So that farewell my parte, of thriving there:
But the best is, flattrers lyve everie where.
Set cocke on hoope; *Domini est terra.*
If thou cannot where thou wouldst, lyve where thou maye.
Yes, yes, Phallax knoweth whether to go;
Nowe, God bwy ye all honest men of Julio:
As the Devilles lykes, the company of Friers,
So flattrers loves as lyfe, to joyne with lyers.

ACTUS V., SCENA I.

ANDRUGIO, *disguised in some long blacke Cloake.*

And. These two dayes, I have bene in Court disguis'd,
Where I have learnd, the scorge that is devis'd
For Promos faulte, he my syster spowsed hath,
To salve hir Fame, crackt by his breache of fayth.
And shortlie he must lose his subtyll head,
For murdring me, whome no man thinkes but dead,
His wyll was good, and therfore beshrewe mee
If (mov'd with ruthe) I seeke to set him free.
But softlie, with some newes, these fellowes come:
I wyll stande close, and heare both all and some.

SCENA II.

Enter ULRICO, MARSHALL.

Ul. Marshall, heare your warrant is; with speede,
The king commaundes, that Promos you behead.
Mar. Sir, his highnesse wyll shalbe forthwith done.
[*Exit* MARSHALL.
Ul. The kin welnye to pardon him was wonne,
His heavy wyfe, such stormes of tears did showre,
As myght, with rueth, have moyst a stony hart.
But Promos guylt, dyd soone this grace devoure.
Our gratious king, before hir wretched smart,

Preferd the helth, of this our common weale :
But see againe, to sue for him she comes,
Her ruthfull lookes, her greefe, doth force mee feele.
With hope, I must hir sorrowes needes delay,
Tyll Promos, be dispatcht out of the way.

SCENA III.

CASSANDRA.

Cas. Syr Ulrico, if that my unknowne greefe,
May move good mindes, to helpe mee to releefe,
Or bytter syghes, of comfort cleane dismayde,
May move a man, a shiftlesse dame to ayde ;
Rue of my teares, from true intent which flowe,
Unto the king, with me, yet once more goe.
See if his grace, my husbands lyfe will save,
If not, with his, death shall my corps ingrave.
Ul. What shall I doe, her sorrowes to decreace ?
Feede her with hope : fayre dame, this mone surcease ;
I see the king to grace is somewhat bent,
We once agayne thy sorrowes wyll present :
Come we wyl wayght for tyme, thy sute to show.
Cas. Good knight, for time do not my sute foreslowe,
Whylst grasse doth growe, ofte sterves the seely steede.
Ul. Feare not, your Lorde, shal not dye with such speede. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANDRUGIO.

And. Lord God, how am I tormented in thought ?
My sisters woe, such rueth in me doth grave,
As fayne I would (if ought save death I caught)
Bewray my selfe, Lord Promos life to save,
But lyfe is sweete, and naught but death I eye,
If that I should, my safety now disclose ;

So that I chuse, of both the evels, he dye :
Time wyll appease, no dought, Cassandras woes.
And shal I thus acquite Cassandra's love ?
To worke her joy ? and shal I feare to dye ?
Whylst, that she lyve, no comforte may remove
Care from her harte, if that hir husband dye ?
Then shall I stycke, to hasard lym ? nay life ?
To salve hir greefe, since in my cure it rests.
Nay first, I wilbe spoyld, with blooddy knife,
Before I fayle her, plunged in distres.
Death is but death, and all in fyne shall dye :
Thus (being dead) my fame, shall live alway :
Well, to the king, Andrugio now wyll hye,
Hap lyfe, hap death, his safety, to bewray. [*Exit.*

SCENA IV.

The MARSHALL ; *three or fowre with halbards, leading* PROMOS *to execution.*

Byl. Roome friends ; what mean you thus to gase on us ? [*A Bylman.*
A comes behinde, makes all the sport I wus.
Pro. Farewell, my friendes, take warning by my fall,
Disdaine my life, but lysten to my ende ;
Fresh harmes, they say, the viewers so apall,
As oft they win, the wicked to amend.
I neede not heare, my faultes at large resyte,
Untimely death, doth witnesse what I was ;
A wicked man, whiche made eache wrong seeme right,
Even as I would, was wrested every case.
And thus long tyme, I lyv'd and rul'd by wyl :
Where as I lov'd, their faultes I would not see :
Those I did hate, tenne tymes beyond there yll
I did persue, vyle wretch, with cruelty.
Yea dayly I, from bad to worse did slyde,
The reason was, none durst controule my lyfe ;

But see the fall of mischeeve, in his pride:
My faultes were knowne, and loe, with bloddy Axe
The headseman strayght, my wronges with death wyll quite;
The which in worth I take, acknowledging,
The doome was geven on cause, and not on spyte;
Wishing my ende, might serve for a warning,
For such as rule, and make their will a lawe:
If to such good, my faynting tale might tend,
Wretched Promos, the same would longer draw;
But if that wordes prevayle, my wofull ende
From my huge faultes, then tenne tymes more wyll warne.
Forgevenesse now, of all the world I crave;
Therewith that you, in zealous prayer, wyll
Beseeche of God, that I the grace may have,
At latter gaspe, the feare of death to kyll.

Mar. Forwards my Lord, me thinkes you fayntly goe.

Pro. O syr, in my case your selfe would be as flowe.

Enter CASSANDRA, POLINA, *and one mayde.*

Cas. Aye alas! my hope is untimely,
Whether goes my good Lord?

Pro. Sweete wife, to dye.

Cas. O wretched wench, where may I first complayne?
When heaven, and earth, agrees upon my payne?

Pro. This mone good wife, for Chrystes sake, forsake;
I late resolv'd, through feare of death, now quake;
Not so much, for my haynous sinnes forepast;
As for the greefe that present thou dost tast.

Cas. Nay, I vile wretch, should most agreeved be,
Before thy time, thy death which hastened have:
But (O sweete husband) my fault forgeve mee,
And for amends, Ile helpe to fyll thy grave.

Pro. Forgeve thee, ah: nay, for my soules releefe.
Forget sweete wyfe, this thy most guyltles greefe,
Mar. My Lord Promos, these playntes, but move hir mone,
And your more greefe, it is best you ware gone.
Good Maddame way, by lawe your Lord doth dye,
Wherefore make vertue of necessity:
Delay, but workes your sorrowes, and our blames,
So that now, to the comfort of these dames,
And your wisdome, inforced, we leave you:
My Lord Promos, byd your wife and friends adew.
Pro. Farewell, farewell, be of good cheare deare wyfe:
With joy for woe, I shall exchange this life.
Andrugios death, Polina forgeve mee.
Pol. I doe, and pray the Lord, to releeve yee.
Cas. Yet ere we part, sweete husband let us kis,
O, at his lyppes, why fayleth not my breath?
Pro. Leave mone, swete wife, I do deserve this death.
Farewell, farewell.

They all depart, save POLINA, CASSANDRA, *and her woman.*

Cas. My loving Lorde, farewell.
I hope, ere long, my soule with thine shall dwell.
Pol. Now, good Madame, leave of this bootelesse griefe.
Cas. O Polina, sorrowe is my reliefe,
Wherfore, sweete wenche, helpe me to rue my woe,
With me vyle wretche, thy bytter plaintes bestowe;
To hasten lyngring death, who wanteth might,
I see, alone, to sley, the wretched wight.
Pol. Nay, first powre foorth your playnts, to the powers Divine,
When hate, doth clowde, all worldly grace, whose mercies styll do shine.
Cas. O, so or no, thy motion doeth well,
Swan lyke, in song, to towle my passing Bell.

The Song of CASSANDRA.

Deare dames, divorse your minds from joy, helpe to bewayle my wo,
Condole with me, whose heavy sighs,[1] *the pangs of death do shoe:*
Rend heairs, shed teares, poore wench distrest, to hast the means to dye,
Whose joye, annoy; reliefe, whose griefe, hath spoyld with crueltie.

My brother slaine, my husband ah, at poynt to lose his head,
Why lyve I then unhappy wench, my suckers being dead?
O time, O cryme, O cause, O lawes, that judged them thus to dye;
I blame you all, my shame, my thrall, you hate that harmelesse trye.

This Tragidy they have begun, conclude I wretched must,
O welcome care, consume the thread, thereto my life doth trust:
Sound bell, my knell, away delaie, and geve mee leave to dye,
Lest[2] *hope, have scope unto my hart, afresh for ayde to flye.*

Enter GANIO *sometime* ANDRUGIOS *Boye.*

Gan. O sweete newes, for Polina and Cassandra. Andrugio lyves.
Pol. What doth poore Ganio saye?
Gan. Andrugio lyves: and Promos is reprivd.
Cas. Vaine is thy hope, I sawe Andrugio dead.
Gan. Well, then from death, he is againe revyv'd Even nowe, I sawe him, in the market stead.

[1] Old copy, *sights.* [2] Old copy, *des.*

Pol. His wordes are straunge.
Cas. Too sweete, God wot, for true.
Gan. I praye you, who are these here in your view?
Cas. The King.
Gan. Who more?
Pol. O, I see Andrugio.
Cas. And I my Lorde Promos, adue sorrowe.

Enter the KING, ANDRUGIO, PROMOS, ULRICO, *the* MARSHALL.

Pol. My good Andrugio!
And. My sweete Polina!
Cas. Lyves Andrugio, welcome sweete brother.
And. Cassandra?
Cas. I.
And. Howe fare, my deare Syster?
Kin. Andrugio, thou shalt have more leysure,
To greete one another: it is our pleasure,
That you forthwith, your fortunes here declare,
And by what meanes, you thus preserved weare.
And. My fault, through love, and judegment for my faulte,
Lorde Promos wronges, unto my Sister done,
My death supposde, dreade King, were vaine to tell.
Cassandra heare, those dealinges all hath showne,
The rest are these.
When I should dye, the Gayler mov'd to ruth,
Declard to mee, what Promos pleasure was;
Amazde whereat, I tolde him all the trueth,
What, betwene Cassandra, and him dyd passe.
He much agriev'd Lord Promos guylt to heare,
Was verie lothe, mee (wofull man) to harme;
At length, just God, to set me (wretched) cleare,
With this defence, his wylling minde did arme.
Two dayes afore, to death, were divers done,
For severall faultes, by them committed;
So that of them, he tooke the heade from one,

And so to Cassandra, the same presented,
Affirming it, to be hir brothers head.
Which done, by night, he sent me post away,
None but supposed, that I in deede was dead,
When as in trueth, in uncouth hauntes I laye.
In fine, a Clowne, came peaking through the wood
Wherin I lyv'd, your Graces being here;
And Promos death, by whome I understood,
Glad of which newes, howe so I lyvd in feare,
I ventured to see his wretched fall:
To free suspect, yet straunger lyke arayde,
I hether came: but loe, the inwarde thrall
Of Cassandra, the hate, so sore dismayde,
Which I conceyved agaynst my brother Promos,
That loe, I chews'd, to yeeld myselfe to death
To set him free; for otherwyse I knew
His death ere long, would sure have stopt her breath.
Loe gratious king, in breefe I here have showne,
Such adventures, as wretched I have past;
Beseeching you with grace to thinke upon,
The wight that wayles his follyes at the last.

Kin. A strange discourse, as straungely come to light,
Gods pleasure is, that thou should'st pardoned be:
To salve the fault, thou with Polina mad'st,
But marry her, and heare I set thee free.

And. Most gratious Prince, thereto I gladly gree.

Pol. Polina, the happiest newes of all for thee.

Cas. Most gratious King, with these my joye to match,
Vouchsafe, to geve my dampned husbande lyfe.

Kin. If I doo so, let him thanke thee, his Wife.
Cassandra, I have noted thy distresse,
Thy vertues eke, from first unto the last;
And glad I am, without offence it lyes,
In me to ease, thy griefe, and heavines
Andrugio sav'd, the juell of thy joye,

And for thy sake, I pardon Promos faulte,
Yea let them both, thy vertues rare commende;
In that their woes, with this delyght doth ende.
Com. God preserve your Majestie.
Pro. Cassandra, howe shall I discharge thy due?
Cas. I dyd, but what a Wife, shoulde do for you.
Kin. Well, since all partes are pleased, as they woulde,
Before I parte, yet Promos, this to thee:
Henceforth, forethinke, of thy forepassed faultes,
And measure Grace, with Justice evermore.
Unto the poore, have evermore an eye,
And let not might, out countenaunce their right:
Thy Officers, trust not in every tale,
In cheife, when they are meanes, in strifes and sutes,
Though thou be just, yet coyne maye them corrupt.
And if by them, thou dost unjustice showe,
Tys thou shalt beare, the burden of their faultes.
Be loving to good Cassandra, thy Wife:
And friendlie to thy brother Andrugio,
Whom I commaund, as faythfull for to be
To thee, as beseemes the duety of a brother.
And now agayne, thy government receyve,
Injoye it so, as thou in Iustice joye.
If thou be wyse, thy fall maye make thee ryse.
The lost sheepe founde, for joye, the feast was made.
Well here an ende, of my advise I make,
As I have sayde, be good unto the poore,
And Iustice joyne, with mercie evermore.
Pro. Most gratious King, I wyll not fayle my best,
In these preceptes, to followe your beheast.

G. WHETSTONE.

KING LEAR.

EDITION.

The True Chronicle History of King Leir, and his three daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella. As it hath been diuers and sundry times lately acted. London, Printed by Simon Stafford for Iohn Wright, and are to bee sold at his shop at Christ Church dore, next Newgate-Market. 1605. 4°.



The true Chronicle Historie of King *Leir, and his three daughters.*

—o—

ACTUS I.

Enter King LEIR *and Nobles.*

Leir. THUS to our griefe the obsequies performd
Of our (too late) deceast and dearest Queen,
Whose soule I hope, possest of heavēly ioyes,
Doth ride in triumph 'mōgst the Cherubins;
Let vs request your graue aduice, my Lords,
For the disposing of our princely daughters,
For whom our care is specially imployd,
As nature bindeth to aduance their states,
In royall marriage with some princely mates:
For wanting now their moihers good aduice,
Vnder whose gouernment they haue receuyed
A perfit patterne of a vertuous life:
Left as it were a ship without a sterne,
Or silly sheepe without a Pastors care;
Although our selues doe dearely tender them,
Yet are we ignorant of their affayres:
For fathers best do know to gouerne sonnes;

But daughters steps the mothers counsell turnes.
A sonne we want for to succeed our Crowne,
And course of time hath cancelled the date
Of further issue from our withered loynes :
One foote already hangeth in the graue,
And age hath made deepe furrowes in my face :
The world of me, I of the world am weary,
And I would fayne resigne these earthy cares,
And thinke vpon the welfare of my soule :
Which by no better meanes may be effected,
Then by resigning vp the Crowne from me
In equall dowry to my daughters three.

Skalliger. A worthy care, my Liege, which well declares,
The zeale you bare vnto our *quondam* Queene :
And since your Grace hath licens'd me to speake,
I censure thus ; Your Maiesty knowing well,
What seuerall Suters your princely daughters have,
To make them eche a Iointer more or lesse,
As is their worth, to them that loue professe.

Leir. No more, nor lesse, but euen all alike,
My zeale is fixt, all fashiond in one mould :
Wherefore vnpartiall shall my censure be,
Both old and young shall haue alike for me.

Noble. My gracious lord, I hartily do wish,
That God had lent you an heyre indubitate,
Which might haue set upon your royall throne,
When fates should loose the prison of your life,
By whose succession all this doubt might cease ;
And as by you, by him we might haue peace.
But after-wishes euer come too late,
And nothing can revoke the course of fate :
Wherefore, my Liege, my censure deemes it best,
To match them with some of your neighbour Kings,
Bordring within the bounds of Albion,
By whose vnited friendship, this our state
May be protected 'gainst all forrayne hate.

Leir. Herein, my Lords, your wishes sort with mine,
And mine (I hope) do sort with heauenly powers:
For at this instant two neere neyghbouring Kings,
Of Cornwall and of Cambria, motion loue
To my two daughters, *Gonorill* and *Ragan.*
My youngest daughter, fayre *Cordella,* vowes
No liking to a Monarch, vnless loue allowes.
She is solicited by diuers Peeres;
But none of them her partiall fancy heares.
Yet, if my policy may her beguyle,
Ile match her to some King within this Ile,
And so establish such a perfit peace,
As fortunes force shall ne're preuayle to cease.

Perillus. Of vs & ours, your gracious care, my Lord,
Deserues an euerlasting memory,
To be inrol'd in Chronicles of fame,
By neuer-dying perpetuity:
Yet to become so provident a Prince,
Lose not the title of a louing father:
Do not force loue, where fancy cannot dwell,
Lest streames being stopt, aboue the banks do swell.

Leir. I am resolu'd, and euen now my mind
Doth mediatte a sudden stratagem,
To try which of my daughters loues me best:
Which till I know, I cannot be in rest.
This graunted, when they ioyntly shall contend,
Eche to exceed the other in their loue:
Then at the vantage will I take *Cordella,*
Euen as she doth protest she loues me best,
Ile say, Then, daughter, graunt me one request,
To shew thou louest me as thy sisters doe,
Accept a husband, whom my selfe will woo.
This sayd, she cannot well deny my sute,
Although (poore soule) her fences will be mute:
Then will I tryumph in my policy,
And match her with a King of Brittany.

Skal. Ile to them before, and bewray your secrecy.

Per. Thus fathers think their children to beguile,
And oftentimes themselues do first repent.
When heauenly powers do frustrate their intent
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Gonorill and Ragan.

Gon. I maruell, Ragan, how you can indure
To see that proud pert Peat, our youngest sister,
So sightly to account of vs, her elders,
As if we were no better then her self!
We cannot haue a quaynt deuice so soone
Or new made fashion, of our choyce inuention;
But if she like it, she will haue the same,
Or study newer to exceed vs both.
Besides, she is so nice and so demure;
So sober, courteous, modest, and precise,
That all the Court hath worke ynough to do,
To talke how she exceedeth me and you.
Rag. What should I do? would it were in my power,
To find a cure for this contagious ill:
Some desperate medicine must be soone applyed,
To dimme the glory of her mounting fame;
Els ere't be long, sheele haue both prick and praise,
And we must be set by for working dayes.
Doe you not see what several choyce of suters
She daily hath, and of the best degree?
Say, amongst all, she hap to fancy one,
And haue a husband when as we haue none:
Why then, by right, to her we must giue place,
Though it be ne're so much to our disgrace.
Gon. By my virginity, rather then she shall have
A husband before me,
Ile marry one or other in his shirt:
And yet I haue made halfe a graunt already
Of my good will vnto the King of Cornwall.

Rag. Sweare not so deeply (sister) here cõeth my L. *Skalliger.*
Something his hasty comming doth import.

Enter Skalliger.

Skal. Sweet Princesses, I am glad I met you heere so luckily,
Hauing good newes which doth concerne you both,
And craueth speedy expedition.
Rag. For Gods sake tell vs what it is, my Lord,
I am with child vntil you vtter it.
Skal. Madam, to saue your longing, this it is:
Your father in great secrecy to day,
Told me, he meanes to marry you out of hand
Vnto the noble Prince of Cambria;
You, Madam, to the King of Cornwalls Grace:
Your yonger sister he would fayne bestow
Vpon the rich King of Hibernia:
But that he doubts, she hardly will consent;
For hitherto she ne're could fancy him.
If she do yeeld, why then, betweene you three,
He will deuide his kingdome for your dowries.
But yet there is a further mystery,
Which, so you will conceale, will I disclose.
Gon. What e'er thou speakst to vs, kind *Skalliger*,
Thinke that thou speakst it only to thy selfe.
Skal. He earnestly desireth for to know,
Which of you three do beare most loue to him,
And on your loues he so extremely dotes,
As neuer any did, I thinke, before.
He presently doth meane to send for you,
To be resolu'd of this tormenting doubt:
And looke, whose answer pleaseth him the best,
They shall haue most vnto their marriages.
Rag. O that I had some Marmayds voyce,
For to inchaunt his sencelesse sences with.
Skil. For he supposeth that *Cordella* will

(Striuing to go beyond you in her loue)
Promise to do what euer he desires:
Then will he straight enioyne her for his sake,
The Hibernian King in marriage for to take.
This is the summe of all I haue to say;
Which being done, I humbly take my leaue,
Not doubting but your wisdomes will forsee
What course will best vnto your good agree.
Gon. Thanks, gentle *Skalliger*, thy kindnes vndeserued,
Shall not be vnrequited, if we liue. [*Exit Skalliger.*
Rag. Now haue we fit occasion offred vs,
To be reueng'd vpon her vnperceyu'd.
Gon. Nay, our reuenge we will inflict on her
Shall be accounted piety in vs;
I will so flatter with my doting father,
As he was ne're flattred in his life.
Nay, I will say, that if it be his pleasure,
To match me to a begger, I will yeeld:
For why, I know what euer I do say,
He meanes to match me with the Cornwall King.
Rag. Ile say the like: for I am well assured,
What e're I say to please the old mans mind,
Who dotes, as if he were a child agayne,
I shall inioy the noble Cambrian prince:
Only, to feed his humour, will suffice,
To say, I am content with any one
Whom heele appoynt me; this will please him more
Then e're *Apolloes* music pleased *Ioue.*
Gon. I smile to think, in what a wofull plight
Cordella will be, when we answere thus:
For she will rather dye, then giue consent
To ioyne in marriage with the Irish King:
So will our father think, she loueth him not,
Because she will not graunt to his desire,
Which we will aggrauate in such bitter termes,
That he will soone conuert his loue to hate:
For he, you know, is alwayes in extremes.

Rag. Not all the world could lay a better plot,
I long till it be put in practice. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leir and Perillus.

Leir. Perillus, go seeke my daughters,
Will them immediately come and speak with me.
Per. I will, my gracious Lord. [*Exit.*
Leir. Oh, what a combat feeles my panting heart,
'Twixt childrens loue, and care of Common weale!
How deare my daughters are vnto my soule,
None knowes, but he, that knowes my thoghts & secret deeds.
Ah, little do they know the deare regard,
Wherein I holde their future state to come:
When they securely sleepe on beds of downe,
These aged eyes do watch for their behalfe:
While they like wantons sport in youthfull toyes,
This throbbing heart is pearst with dire annoyes.
As doth the Sun exceed the smallest Starre,
So much the fathers loue exceeds the childs.
Yet my complaynts are causlesse: for the world
Affords not children more conformable:
And yet, me thinks, my mind presageth still
I know not what; and yet I feare some ill.

Enter Perillus, with the three daughters.

Well, here my daughters come: I haue found out
A present meanes to rid me of this doubt.
Gon. Our royall Lord and father, in all duty,
We come to know the tenour of your will,
Why you so hastily haue sent for vs?
Leir. Deare *Gonorill*, kind *Ragan*, sweet *Cordella*,
Ye florishing branches of a Kingly stocke,
Sprung from a tree that once did flourish greene,
Whose blossomes now are nipt with Winters frost,
And pale grym death doth wayt vpon my steps,
And summons me vnto his next Assizes.

Therefore, dear daughters, as ye tender the safety
Of him that was the cause of your first being,
Resolue a doubt which much molests my mind,
Which of you three to me would proue most kind;
Which loues me most, and which at my request
Will soonest yeeld vnto their fathers hest.

Gon. I hope, my gracious father makes no doubt
Of any of his daughters loue to him:
Yet for my part, to shew my zeale to you,
Which cannot be in windy words rehearst,
I prize my loue to you at such a rate,
I thinke my life inferiour to my loue.
Should you inioyne me for to tye a milstone
About my neck, and leape into the Sea,
At your command I willingly would doe it:
Yea, for to doe you good, I would ascend
The highest Turret in all Brittany,
And from the top leape headlong to the ground:
Nay, more, should you appoynt me for to marry
The meanest vassayle in the spacious world,
Without reply I would accomplish it:
In briefe, commaund what euer you desire,
And if I fayle, no fauour I require.

Leir. O, how thy words reuiue my dying soule!

Cor. O, how I doe abhorre this flattery!

Leir. But what sayth *Ragan* to her fathers will?

Rag. O, that my simple vtterance could suffice,
To tell the true intention of my heart,
Which burnes in zeale of duty to your grace,
And neuer can be quench'd, but by desire
To shew the same in outward forwardnesse.
Oh, that there were some other mayd that durst
But make a challenge of her loue with me;
Ide make her soone confesse she never loued
Her father halfe so well as I doe you.
I then my deeds should proue in playner case,
How much my zeale aboundeth to your grace:

But for them all, let this one meane suffice.
To ratify my loue before your eyes:
I haue right noble Suters to my loue,
No worse then Kings, and happely I loue one:
Yes, would you haue me make my choyce anew,
Ide bridle fancy, and be rulde by you.
Leir. Did never *Philomel* sing so sweet a note.
Cor. Did never flatterer tell so false a tale.
Leir. Speak now, *Cordella*, make my ioyes at full,
And drop downe Nectar from thy hony lips.
Cor. I cannot paynt my duty forth in words,
I hope my deeds shall make report for me:
But looke what loue the child doth owe the father,
The same to you I beare, my gracious Lord.
Gon. Here is an answere answerlesse indeed:
Were you my daughter, I should scarcely brooke it.
Rag. Dost thou not blush, proud Peacock as thou art,
To make our father such a slight reply?
Leir. Why how now, Minion, are you growne so proud?
Doth our deare loue make you thus peremptory?
What, is your loue become so small to vs,
As that you scorne to tell vs what it is?
Do you loue vs, as euery child doth loue
Their father? True indeed, as some,
Who by disobedience short their fathers dayes,
And so would you; some are so father-sick,
That they make meanes to rid them from the world;
And so would you: some are indifferent,
Whether their aged parents liue or dye;
And so are you. But, didst thou know, proud gyrle,
What care I had to foster thee to this,
Ah, then thou wouldst say as thy sisters do:
Our life is lesse, then loue we owe to you.
Cor. Deare father, do not so mistake my words,

Nor my playne meaning be misconstrued;
My toung was never vsde to flattery.
Gon. You were not best say I flatter: if you do,
My deeds shall shew, I flatter not with you.
I loue my father better then thou canst.
Cor. The prayse were great, spoke from anothers mouth:
But it should seeme your neighbours dwell far off.
Rag. Nay, here is one, that will confirme as much
As she hath sayd, both for my selfe and her.
I say, thou dost not wish my fathers good.
Cor. Deare father——
Leir. Peace, bastard Impe, no issue of King *Leir*,
I will not heare thee speake one tittle more.
Call not me father, if thou loue thy life,
Nor these thy sisters once presume to name:
Looke for no helpe henceforth from me nor mine;
Shift as thou wilt, and trust vnto thy selfe:
My Kingdome will I equally deuide
'Twixt thy two sisters to their royall dowre,
And will bestow them worthy their deserts:
This done, because thou shalt not haue the hope
To haue a childs part in the time to come,
I presently will dispossesse my selfe,
And set vp these vpon my princely throne.
Gon. I euer thought that pride would haue a fall.
Rag. Plaine dealing, sister: your beauty is so sheene,
You need no dowry, to make you be a Queene.
[*Exeunt Leir, Gonorill, Ragan.*
Cor. Now whither, poore forsaken, shall I goe,
When mine own sisters tryumph in my woe?
But vnto him which doth protect the iust,
In him will poore *Cordella* put her trust.
These hands shall labour, for to get my spending;
And so Ile liue vntill my dayes haue ending.
Per. Oh, how I grieve, to see my Lord thus fond,

To dote so much vpon vayne flattering words.
Ah, if he but with good aduice had weyghed,
The hidden tenure of her humble speech,
Reason to rage should not haue giuen place,
Nor poore *Cordella* suffer such disgrace. [*Exit.*

Enter the Gallian King with Mumford, and three Nobles more.

King. Disswade me not, my Lords, I am resolu'd,
This next fayre wynd to sayle for Brittany,
In some disguise, to see if flying fame
Be not too prodigal in the wondrous prayse
Of these three Nymphes, the daughters of King *Leir.*
If present view do answere absent prayse
And eyes allow of what our eares haue heard,
And *Venus* stand auspicious to my vowes,
An Fortune fauour what I take in hand;
I will returne seyz'd of as rich a prize
As *Iason*, when he wanne the golden fleece.

Mum. Heauens graūt you may: the match were ful of honor,
And well beseeming the young Gallian King.
I would your Grace would fauour me so much,
As make me partner of your pilgrimage.
I long to see the gallant British Dames,
And feed mine eyes vpon their rare perfections:
For till I know the contrary, Ile say,
Our Dames in Fraunce are far more fayre then they.

King. Lord *Mumford*, you have saued me a labour,
In offring that which I did meane to aske:
And I most willingly accept your company.
Yet first I will inioyne you to obserue
Some few conditions which I shall propose.

Mum. So that you do not tye mine eyes for looking
After the amorous glaunces of fayre Dames:
So that you do not tye my toung from speaking,
My lips from kissing, when occasion serues,

My hands from congees, and my knees to bow
To gallant Gyrles, which were a taske more hard,
Then flesh and bloud is able to indure :
Commaund what else you please, I rest content.
King. To bind thee from a thing thou canst not leaue,
Were but a meane to make thee seeke it more :
And therefore speake, looke, kisse, salute for me ;
In these my selfe am like to second thee.
Now heare thy taske. I charge thee from the time
That first we set sayle for the British shore,
To vse no words of dignity to me,
But in the friendliest maner that thou canst,
Make vse of me as thy companion :
For we will go disguisde in Palmers weeds,
That no man shall mistrust vs what we are.
Mum. If that be all, Ile fit your turne, I warrant you. I am kin to the Blunts, and, I think, the bluntest of all my kindred ; therfore if I bee too blunt with you, thank your selfe for praying me to be so.
King. Thy pleasant company will make the way seeme short.
It resteth now, that in my absence hence,
I do commit the gouernment to you
My trusty Lords and faythfull Counsellers.
Time cutteth off the rest I have to say :
The wynd blowes fayre, and I must needs away.
Nobles. Heavens send your voyage to as good effect,
As we your land do purpose to protect. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King of Cornwall and his man booted and spurd, a riding wand, and a letter in his hand.

Corn. But how far distant are we from the Court ?
Ser. Some twenty miles, my Lord, or thereabouts.
Corn. It seemeth to me twenty thousand myles :
Yet hope I to be there within this houre.
Ser. Then are you like to ride alone for me.
I thinke, my Lord is weary of his life. [*To himselfe.*

Corn. Sweet *Gonorill*, I long to see thy face,
Which hast so kindly gratified my loue.

Enter the King of Cambria booted and spurd, and his man with a wand and a letter.

Cam. Get a fresh horse: for by my soule I sweare,
[*He lookes on the letter.*
I am past patience, longer to forbeare
The wished sight of my beloued mistris,
Deare *Ragan*, stay and comfort of my life.
Ser. Now what in Gods name doth my Lord intend? [*To himselfe.*
He thinks he ne'er shall come at's iourneyes end.
I would he had old *Dedalus* waxen wings,
That he might flye, so I might stay behind:
For e're we get to Troynouant, I see,
He quite will tyre himselfe, his horse, and me.

Cornwall & Cambria look vpon one another, and start to see eche other there.

Corn. Brother of Cambria, we greet you well,
As one whom here we little did expect.
Cam. Brother of Cornwall, met in happy time:
I thought as much to haue met with the souldan of Persia,
As to haue met you in this place, my Lord.
No doubt, it is about some great affayres,
That makes you here so slenderly accompanied.
Corn. To say the truth, my Lord, it is no lesse,
And for your part some hasty wind of chance
Hath blown you hither thus vpon the sudden.
Cam. My Lord, to break off further circumstances,
For at this time I cannot brooke delayes:
Tell you your reason, I will tell you mine.
Corn. In fayth content, and therefore to be briefe;
For I am sure my haste's as great at yours:
I am sent for, to come vnto King *Leir*,

Who by these present letters promiseth
His eldest daughter, louely *Gonorill*,
To me in marage, and for present dowry,
The moity of halfe his Regiment.
The Ladies loue I long ago possest:
But vntill now I neuer had the fathers.
Cam. You tell me wonders, yet I will relate
Strange newes, and henceforth we must brothers call;
Witnesse these lynes: his honourable age,
Being weary of the troubles of his Crowne,
His princely daughter *Ragan* will bestow
On me in marriage, with halfe his Seigniories,
Whom I would gladly haue accepted of,
With the third part, her complements are such.
Corn. If I haue one halfe, and you haue the other,
Then betweene vs we must needs haue the whole.
Cam. The hole! how meane you that? zlood, I hope,
We shall haue two holes betweene vs.
Corn. Why, the whole Kingdome.
Cam. I, that's very true.
Corn. What then is left for his third daughters dowry,
Louely *Cordella*, whom the world admires?
Cam. 'Tis very strange, I know not what to thinke,
Unlesse they meane to make a Nunne of her.
Corn. 'Twere pity such rare beauty should be hid
Within the compasse of a Cloysters wall:
But howsoe'er, if *Leirs* words proue true,
It will be good, my Lord, for me and you.
Cam. Then let vs haste, all danger to preuent,
For feare delayes doe alter his intent. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gonorill and Regan.

Gon. Sister, when did you see *Cordella* last,
That prety piece, that thinks none good ynough
To speake to her, because (sir-reuerence)
She hath a little beauty extraordinary?

Rag. Since time my father warnd her from his presence,
I neuer saw her, that I can remember.
God giue her ioy of her surpassing beauty ;
I thinke, her dowry will be small ynough.
Gon. I haue incenst my father so against her,
As he will neuer be reclaymd agayne.
Rag. I was not much behind to do the like.
Gon. Faith, sister, what moues you to beare her such good will ?
Rag. In truth, I thinke, the same that moueth you ;
Because she doth surpasse vs both in beauty.
Gon. Beshrew your fingers, how right you can gesse :
I tell you true, it cuts me to the heart.
Rag. But we will keepe her low enough, I warrant,
And clip her wings for mounting vp too hye.
Gon. Who euer hath her, shall haue a rich marriage of her.
Rag. She were right fit to make a Parsons wife :
For they, men say, do loue faire women well,
And many times doe marry them with nothing.
Gon. With nothing ! marry God forbid : why, are there any such ?
Rag. I mean, no money.
Gon. I cry you mercy, I mistooke you much :
And she is far too stately for the Church ;
Sheele lay her husbands benefice on her back,
Euen in one gowne, if she may haue her will.
Rag. In faith, poore soule, I pitty her a little.
Would she were lesse fayre, or more fortunate.
Well, I thinke long vntill I see my *Morgan*,
The gallant Prince of Cambria, here arriue.
Gon. And so do I, vntill the Cornwall King
Present himselfe, to consummate my ioyes.
Peace, here commeth my father.

Enter Leir, Perillus, and others.

Leir. Cease, good my Lords, and sue not to reuerse
Our censure, which is now irreuocable,
We haue dispatched letters of contract
Unto the Kings of Cambria and of Cornwall;
Our hand and seale will iustify no lesse:
Then do not so dishonour me, my Lords,
As to make shipwrack of our kingly word.
I am as kind as is the Pellican,
That kils it selfe, to saue her young ones liues:
And yet as ielous as the princely Eagle,
That kils her young ones, if they do but dazell
Vpon the radiant splendour of the Sunne.
Within this two dayes I expect their comming.

Enter Kings of Cornwall and Cambria.

But in good time, they are arriu'd already.
This haste of yours, my Lords, doth testify
The feruent loue you beare vnto my daughers:
And think your selues as welcome to King *Leir*,
As ever *Pryams* children were to him.
Corn. My gracious Lord, and father too, I hope,
Pardon, for that I made no greater haste:
But were my horse as swift as was my will,
I long ere this had seene your Maiesty.
Cam. No other scuse of absence can I frame,
Then what my brother hath inform'd your Grace:
For our vndeserued welcome, we do vowe,
Perpetually to rest at your commaund.
Corn. But you, sweet Loue, illustrious Gonorill,
The Regent and the Soueraigne of my soule,
Is Cornwall welcome to your Excellency?
Gon. As welcome as *Leander* was to *Hero*,
Or brave *Aeneas* to the Carthage Queene:
So and more welcome is your Grace to me,
Cam. O, may my fortune proue no worse then his,

Since heauens do know, my fancy is as much.
Deare *Ragan*, say, if welcome vnto thee,
All welcomes else will little comfort me.
Rag. As gold is welcome to the couetous eye,
As sleepe is welcome to the Traueller,
As is fresh water to sea-beaten men,
Or moistned showres vnto the parched ground,
Or any thing more welcomer then this,
So and more welcome louely *Morgan* is.
Leir. What resteth then, but that we consummate
The celebration of these nuptiall Rites?
My Kingdome I do equally deuide.
Princes, drawe lots, and take your chaunce as falles.
[*Then they draw lots.*
These I resigne as freely vnto you,
As earst by true succession they were mine.
And here I do freely dispossesse my selfe,
And make you two my true adopted heyres:
My selfe will soiorne with my sonne of Cornwall,
And take me to my prayers and my beades.
I know my daughter *Ragan* will be sorry,
Because I do not spend my dayes with her:
Would I were able to be with both at once;
They are the kindest Gyrles in Christendome.
Per. I haue bin silent all this while, my Lord,
To see if any worthyer then my selfe,
Would once have spoke in poore *Cordellaes* cause:
But loue or feare tyes silence to their toungs.
Oh, heare me speake for her, my gracious Lord,
Whose deeds have not deseru'd this ruthlesse doome,
As thus to disinherit her of all.
Leir. Vrge this no more, and if thou loue thy life:
I say, she is no daughter, that doth scorne
To tell her father how she loueth him.
Who euer speaketh hereof to mee agayne,
I will esteeme him for my mortall foe.

Come, let vs in, to celebrate with ioy,
The happy Nuptialls of these louely paires.
[*Exeunt omnes, manet Perillus.*
Per. Ah, who so blind, as they that will not see
The neere approch of their owne misery?
Poore Lady, I extremely pitty her:
And whilest I liue, eche drop of my heart blood
Will I strayne forth, to do her any good. [*Exit.*

Enter the Gallian King, and Mumford, disguised like Pilgrims.

Mum. My Lord, how do you brook this Brittish ayre?
King. My Lord, I told you of this foolish humour,
And bound you to the contrary, you know.
Mum. Pardon me for once, my Lord; I did forget.
King. My Lord agayne? then let's haue nothing else,
And so be tane for spyes, and then tis well.
Mum. Swounds, I could bite my toung in two for anger:
For Gods sake name your selfe some proper name.
King. Call me *Tresillus:* Ile call thee *Denapoll.*
Mum. Might I be made the Monarch of the World,
I could not hit upon these names, I sweare.
King. Then call me *Will,* Ile call thee *Iacke.*
Mum. Well, be it so, for I haue wel deseru'd to be cal'd *Iack.*
King. Stand close: for here a Brittish Lady cōmeth:

Enter Cordella.

A fayrer creature ne'ere mine eyes beheld.
Cor. This is a day of ioy vnto my sisters,
Wherein they both are maried vnto Kings;
And I, by byrth, as worthy as themselues,
Am turnd into the world to seeke my fortune.
How may I blame the fickle Queene of Chaunce,

That maketh me a patterne of her power?
Ah, poore weake mayd, whose imbecility
Is far vnable to indure these brunts.
Oh, father *Leir*, how dost thou wrong thy child,
Who alwayes was obedient to thy will!
But why accuse I fortune and my father?
No, no, it is the pleasure of my God:
And I do willingly imbrace the rod.
King. It is no Goddesse: for she doth complayne
On fortune, and th' vnkindnesse of her father.
Cor. These costly robes ill fitting my estate,
I will exchange for other meaner habit.
Mum. Now if I had a Kingdome in my hands,
I would exchange it for a milkmaids smock and petycoate,
That she and I might shift our clothes together.
Cor. I will betake me to my threed and Needle,
And earne my liuing with my fingers ends.
Mum. O brave! God willing, thou shalt haue my custome.
By sweet S. Denis, here I sadly sweare,
For all the shirts and night-geare that I weare.
Cor. I will professe and vow a maydens life.
Mum. Thē I protest thou shalt not haue my custom.
King. I can forbeare no longer for to speak:
For if I do, I think my heart will breake.
Mum. Sblood, *Wil*, I hope you are not in love with my Sēpster.
King. I am in such a laborinth of loue,
As that I know not which way to get out.
Mum. You'l ne're get out, vnlesse you first get in.
King. I prithy *Iacke*, crosse not my passions.
Mum. Prithy *Wil*, to her, and try her patience.
King. Thou fairest creature, whatsoere thou art,
That euer any mortall eyes beheld,
Vouchsafe to me, who haue o'erheard thy woes,
To shew the cause of these thy sad laments.

Cor. Ah Pilgrims, what auailes to shew the cause,
When there's no meanes to find a remedy?
King. To vtter griefe, doth ease a heart o'ercharg'd.
Cor. To touch a sore, doth aggrauate the payne.
King. The silly mouse, by vertue of her teeth,
Releas'd the princely Lyon from the net.
Cor. Kind Palmer, which so much desir'st to heare
The tragick tale of my vnhappy youth:
Know this in briefe, I am the haplesse daughter
Of *Leir*, sometimes King of Brittany.
King. Why, who debarres his honourable age,
From being still the King of Brittany?
Cor. None, but himselfe hath dispossest himselfe,
And given all his Kingdome to the Kings
Of Cornwall and of Cambria, with my sisters.
King. Hath he giuen nothing to your louely selfe?
Cor. He lou'd me not, and therefore gaue me nothing,
Only because I could not flatter him:
And in this day of tryumph to my sisters,
Doth fortune tryumph in my ouerthrow.
King. Sweet Lady, say there should come a king,
As good as eyther of your sisters husbands,
To craue your loue, would you accept of him?
Cor. Oh, doe not mocke with those in misery,
Nor do not think, though fortune haue the power,
To spoyle mine honour, and debase my state,
That she hath any interest in my mind:
For if the greatest Monarch on the earth,
Should sue to me in this extremity,
Except my heart could loue, and heart could like,
Better then any that I euer saw,
His great estate no more should moue my mind,
Then mountaynes moue by blast of euery wind.
King. Think not, sweet Nymph, tis holy Palmers guise,
To grieued souls fresh torments to deuise:

Therefore in witness of my true intent,
Let heauen and earth beare record of my words:
There is a young and lusty Gallian king,
So like to me, as I am to my selfe,
That earnestly doth craue to haue thy love,
And ioyne with thee in *Hymens* sacred bonds.
Cor. The like to thee did ne're these eyes behold;
Oh liue to adde new torments to my griefe:
Why didst thou thus intrap me vnawares?
Ah Palmer, my estate doth not befit
A kingly mariage, as the case now stands.
Whilome when as I liv'd in honours height,
A Prince perhaps might postulate my love:
Now misery, dishonour, and disgrace,
Hath light on me, and quite reuerst the case.
Thy King will hold thee wife, if thou surcease
The sute, whereas no dowry will insue.
Then be advised, Palmer, what to do:
Cease for thy King, seeke for thy selfe to woo.
King. Your birth's too high for any, but a King.
Cor. My mind is low ynough to loue a Palmer,
Rather than any King vpon the earth.
King. O, but you neuer can indure their life,
Which is so straight and full of penury.
Cor. O yes, I can, and happy if I might:
Ile hold thy Palmers staffe within my hand,
And thinke it is the Scepter of a Queene.
Sometime Ile set thy bonnet on my head,
And thinke I weare a rich imperiall Crowne.
Sometime Ile helpe thee in thy holy prayers,
And thinke I am with thee in Paradise.
Thus Ile mock fortune, as she mocketh me,
And neuer will my louely choice repent:
For hauing thee, I shall haue all content.
King. 'Twere sin to hold her longer in suspence,
Since that my soule hath vow'd she shall be mine.
Ah, deare *Cordella*, cordiall to my heart,

I am no Palmer, as I seeme to be,
But hither come in this vnknowne disguise,
To view th' admired beauty of those eyes.
I am the king of Gallia, gentle mayd,
(Although thus slenderly accompanied),
And yet thy vassayle by imperious Loue,
And sworne to serue euerlastingly.

Cor. What e're you be, of high or low discent,
All's one to me, I do request but this:
That as I am, you will accept of me,
And I will haue you whatsoe're you be:
Yet well I know, you come of royall race,
I see such sparks of honour in your face,

Mum. Haue Palmers weeds such power to win fayre Ladies?
Fayth, then I hope the next that falles is myne:
Vpon condition I no worse might speed,
I would for euer weare a Palmers weed.
I like an honest and playne dealing wench,
That sweares (without exceptions) I will haue you.
These foppets, that know not whether to loue a man or no, except they first go aske their mothers leaue, by this hand, I hate them ten tymes worse than poyson.

King. What resteth then our happinesse to procure?

Mum. Fayth, go to Church, to make the matter sure.

King. It shall be so, because the world shall say,
King *Leirs* three daughters were wedded in one day:
The celebration of this happy chaunce,
We will deferre, vntill we come to Fraunce.

Mum. I like the wooing, that's not long a doing.
Well, for her sake, I know what I know:
Ile neuer marry whilest I liue,
Except I haue one of these Brittish Ladyes,
My humour is alienated from the mayds of Fraunce.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Perillus solus.

Per. The King hath dispossest himselfe of all,
Those to aduaunce, which scarce will giue him thanks:
His youngest daughter he hath turnd away,
An no man knowes what has become of her.
He soiournes now in Cornwall with the eldest,
Who flatterd him, vntill she did obtayne
That at his hands, which now she doth possesse:
And now she sees hee hath no more to giue,
It grieues her heart to see her father liue,
Oh, whom should man trust in this wicked age,
When children thus against their parents rage?
But he, the myrrour of mild patience,
Puts vp all wrongs, and neuer giues reply:
Yet shames she not in most opprobrious sort,
To call him foole and doterd to his face,
And sets her Parasites of purpose oft,
In scoffing wise, to offer him disgrace.
Oh yron age! O times! O monstrous, vilde,
When parents are contemned of the child!
His pension she hath halfe restrain'd from him,
And will, ere long, the other halfe, I feare;
For she thinks nothing is bestowde in vayne,
But that which doth her fathers life maintayne.
Trust not alliance; but trust strangers rather,
Since daughters proue disloyall to the father.
Well, I will counsell him the best I can:
Would I were able to redresse his wrong,
Yet what I can, vnto my vtmost power,
He shall be sure of to the latest houre. [*Exit.*

Enter Gonorill and Skalliger.

Gon. I prithy, *Skalliger*, tell me what thou thinkst:
Could any woman of our dignity
Endure such quips and peremptory taunts,

As I do daily from my doting father?
Doth't not suffice that I him keepe of almes,
Who is not able for to keepe himselfe?
But as if he were our better, he should thinke
To check and snap me up at euery word.
I cannot make me a new fashioned gowne,
And set it forth with more then common cost;
But his old doting doltish withered wit,
Is sure to giue a sencelesse check for it.
I cannot make a banquet extraordinary,
To grace my selfe, and spread my name abroad,
But he, old foole, is captious by and by,
And sayth, the cost would well suffice for twice.
Judge then, I pray, what reason is't, that I
Should stand alone charged with his vaine expence,
And that my sister *Ragan* should go free,
To whom he gaue as much, as vnto me?
I prithy, *Skalliger*, tell me, if thou know,
By any meanes to rid me of this woe.

Skall. Your many fauours still bestowde on me,
Binde me in duty to aduise your Grace,
How you may soonest remedy this ill.
The large allowance which he hath from you,
Is that which makes him to forget himselfe:
Therefore abbridge it halfe, and you shall see,
That hauing lesse, he will more thankfull bee:
For why, abundance maketh vs forget
The fountaynes whence the benefits do spring.

Gon. Well, *Skalliger*, for thy kind aduice herein,
I will not be vngratefull, if I live:
I haue restrayned halfe his portion already,
And I will presently restrayne the other,
That hauing no meanes to releeue himselfe,
He may go seeke elsewhere for better helpe. [*Exit.*

Skall. Go, viperous woman, shame to all thy sexe:
The heauens, no doubt, will punish thee for this:
And me a villaine, that to curry fauour,

Haue given the daughter counsell 'gainst the father.
But vs the world doth this experience giue,
That he that cannot flatter, cannot liue. [*Exit.*

Enter King of Cornwall, Leir, Perillus, & nobles.

Corn. Father, what ayleth you to be so sad?
Me thinks, you frollike not as you were wont.
Leir. The neerer we do grow vnto our graues,
The less we do delight in worldly ioyes.
Corn. But if a man can frame himselfe to myrth,
It is a meane for to prolong his life.
Leir. Then welcome sorrow, Leirs only friend,
Who doth desire his troubled dayes had end.
Corn. Comfort your selfe, father, here comes your daughter,
Who much will grieue, I know, to see you sad.

Enter Gonorill.

Leir. But more doth grieue, I feare, to see me liue,
Corn. My Gonorill, you come in wished time,
To put your father from these pensiue dumps.
In fayth, I feare that all things go not well.
Gon. What, do you feare, that I have angred him?
Hath he complaynd of me vnto my lord?
Ile prouide him a piece of bread and cheese;
For in a time heele practise nothing else,
Then carry tales from one vnto another.
'Tis all his practise for to kindle strife,
'Twixt you, my Lord, and me your louing wife:
But I will take an order, if I can,
To cease th' effect, where first the cause began.
Corn. Sweet, be not angry in a partiall cause,
He ne'er complaynd of thee in all his life.
Father, you must not weygh a womans words.
Leir. Alas, not I: poore soule, she breeds yong bones,
And that is it makes her so tutchy sure.

Gon. What, breeds young bones already! you will make
An honest woman of me then, belike.
O vile olde wretch! who euer heard the like,
That seeketh thus his owne child to defame?
Corn. I cannot stay to heare this discord sound.
[*Exit.*
Gon. For any one that loues your company,
You may go pack, and seeke some other place,
To sowe the seed of discord and disgrace. [*Exit.*
Leir. Thus, say or do the best that e're I can,
'Tis wrested straight into another sence:
This punishment my heauy sinnes deserue,
And more then this ten thousand thousand times:
Else aged *Leir* them could neuer find
Cruell to him, to whom he hath bin kind.
Why do I over-liue my seelfe, to see
The course of nature quite reuerst in me?
Ah, gentle Death, if euer any wight
Did wish thy presence with a perfit zeale:
Then come, I pray thee, euen with all my heart,
And end my sorrowes with thy fatall dart.
[*He weeps.*
Per. Ah, do not so disconsolate your selfe,
Nor dew your aged cheeks with wasting teares.
Leir. What man art thou that takest any pity
Upon the worthlesse state of old Leir?
Per. One, who doth beare as great a share of griefe,
As if it were my dearest fathers case.
Leir. Ah, good my friend, how ill art thou aduisde:
For to consort with miserable men:
Go, learne to flatter, where thou mayst in time
Get fauour 'mongst the mighty, and so clyme:
For now I am so poore and full of want,
As that I ne'er can recompence thy loue.

Per. Whats got by flattery, doth not long indure ;
And men in fauour liue not most secure.
My conscience tels me, if I should forsake you,
I were the hatefulst excrement on the earth :
Which well do know, in course of former time,
How good my Lord hath bin to me and mine.
Leir. Did I ere rayse thee higher then the rest
Of all thy ancestors which were before ?
Per. I ne're did seeke it ; but by your good Grace,
I still inioyed my owne with quietnesse.
Leir. Did I ere giue thee liuing, to increase
The due reuennues which thy father left ?
Per. I had ynough, my Lord, and hauing that,
What should you need to giue me any more ?
Leir. Oh, did I euer dispossesse my selfe
And giue thee halfe my Kingdome in good will ?
Per. Alas, my Lord, there were no reason, why
You should haue such a thought, to giue it me.
Leir. Nay, if thou talke of reason, then be mute ;
For with good reason I can thee confute.
If they, which first by natures sacred law
Do owe to me the tribute of their liues ;
If they to whom I alwayes haue bin kinde,
And bountifull beyond comparison ;
If they, for whom I haue undone my selfe,
And brought my age vnto this extreme want,
Do now reiect, contemne, despise, abhor me,
What reason moueth thee to sorrow for me ?
Per. Where reason fayles, let teares confirme my loue,
And speake how much your passions do me moue.
Ah, good my Lord, condemne not all for one :
You have two daughters left, to whom I know
You shall be welcome, if you please to go.
Leir. Oh, how thy words adde sorrowe to my soule,
To thinke of my vnkindnesse to *Cordella !*

Whom causelesse I did dispossesse of all.
Vpon th' unkind suggestions of her sisters :
And for her sake, I thinke this heauy doome
Is falne on me, and not without desert :
Yet vnto Ragan was I alwayes kinde,
And gaue to her the halfe of all I had :
It may be, if I shold to her repayre,
She would be kinder, and intreat me fayre.

Per. No doubt she would, & practise ere't be long,
By force of Armes for to redresse your wrong.

Leir. Well, since thou doest aduise me for to go,
I am resolu'd to try the worst of wo. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ragan solus.

Rag. How may I blesse the howre of my natiuity,
Which bodeth vnto me such happy starres !
How may I thank kind fortune, that vouchsafes
To all my actions, such desir'd euent !
I rule the King of Cambria as I please :
The states are all obedient to my will ;
And looke what ere I say, it shall be so ;
Not any one, that dareth answere no.
My eldest sister liues in royal state,
And wanteth nothing fitting her degree :
Yet hath she such a cooling card withall,
As that her hony sauoureth much of gall.
My father with her is quarter-master still,
And many times restraynes her of her will :
But if he were with me, and seru'd me so,
Ide send him packing some where else to go,
Ide entertayne him with such slender cost,
That he should quickly wish to change his host.
[*Exit.*

Enter Cornwall, Gonorill, and attendants.

Corn. Ah, *Gonorill*, what dire vnhappy chaunce
Hath sequestred thy father from our presence,

That no report can yet be heard of him?
Some great vnkindnesse hath bin offred him,
Exceeding far the bounds of patience:
Else all the world shall never me perswade,
He would forsake vs without notice made.

Gon. Alas, my Lord, whom doth it touch so neere,
Or who hath interest in this griefe, but I,
Whom sorrow had brought to her longest home,
But that I know his qualities so well?
I know, he is but stolne vpon my sister
At vnawares, to see her how she fares,
And spend a little time with her, to note
How all things goe, and how she likes her choyce:
And when occasion serues, heele steale from her,
And vnawares returne to vs againe.
Therefore, my Lord, be frolick, and resolue
To see my father here againe e're long.

Corn. I hope so too; but yet to be more sure,
Ile send a Poste immediately to know
Whether he be arriued there or no. [*Exit.*

Gon. But I will intercept the messenger,
And temper him before he doth depart
With sweet perswasions, and with sound rewards,
That his report shall ratify my speech,
And make my Lord cease further to inquire.
If he be not gone to my sisters Court,
As sure my mind persageth that he is,
He happely may, by trauelling vnknowe wayes,
Fall sicke, and as a common passenger,
Be dead and buried: would God it were so well;
For then there were no more to do, but this,
He went away, and none knowes where he is.
But say he be in Cambria with the King,
And there exclayme against me, as he will:
I know he is as welcome to my sister,
As water is into a broken ship.
Well, after him Ile send such thunderclaps

Of slaunder, scandall, and inuented tales,
That all the blame shall be remou'd from me,
And vnperceiu'd rebound vpon himselfe.
Thus with one nayle another Ile expel,
And make the world iudge, that I vsde him well.

Enter the Messenger that should goe to Cambria, with a letter in his hand.

Gon. My honest friend, whither away so fast?
Mes. To Cambria, Madam, with letters frõ the king.
Gon. To whom?
Mes. Vnto your father, if he be there.
Gon. Let me see them. [*She opens them.*
Mes. Madam, I hope your Grace will stand
Betweene me and my neck-verse, if I be
Call'd in question, for opening the Kings letters.
Gon. 'Twas I that opened them, it was not thou.
Mes. I, but you need not care; and so must I,
A hansome man, be quickly trust vp,
And when a man's hang'd, all the world cannot saue him.
Gon. He that hangs thee, were better hang his father,
Or that but hurts thee in the least degree,
I tell thee, we make great account of thee.
Mes. I am o're-joy'd, I surfet of sweet words:
Kind Queene, had I a hundred liues, I would
Spend ninety nyne of them for you, for that word.
Gon. I, but thou wouldst keepe one still,
And thats as many as thou art like to haue.
Mes. That one life is not too deare for my good Queene; this sword, this buckler, this head, this heart, these hands, armes, legs, tripes, bowels, and all the members else whatsoeuer, are at your dispose; vse me, trust me, commaund me: if I fayle in any thing, tye me to a dung cart, and make a Scauengers

horse of me, and whip me so long as I haue any skin on my back.

Gon. In token of further imployment, take that.

[*Flings him a purse.*

Mes. A strong Bond, a firme Obligation, good in law, good in law: if I keepe not the condition, let my necke be the forfeyture of my negligence.

Gon. I like thee well, thou hast a good toung.

Mes. And as bad a toung, if it be set on it, as any Oysterwife at Billinsgate hath: why, I have made many of my neighbours forsake their houses with rayling vpon them, and go dwell else where; and so by my meanes houses have bin good cheape in our parish: My toung being well whetted with choller, is more sharpe than a Razer of *Palerno.*

Gon. O, thou art a fit man for my purpose.

Mes. Commend me not, sweet Queene, before you try me.

As my deserts are, so do think of me.

Gon. Well said, then this is thy tryall: Instead of carrying the Kings letters to my father, carry thou these letters to my sister, which contayne matter quite contrary to the other: there shall she be giuen to vnderstand, that my father hath detracted her, giuen out slaundrous speaches against her; and that hee hath most intollerably abused me, set my Lord and me at variance, and made mutinyes amongst the commons.

These things (although it be not so)
Yet thou must affirme them to be true,
With othes and protestations as will serue
To driue my sister out of loue with him,
And cause my will accomplished to be.
This do, thou winst my fauour for euer,
And makest a hye way of preferment to thee
And all thy friends.

Mes. It sufficeth, conceyt it is already done:

I will so toung-whip him, that I will
Leaue him as bare of credit, as a Poulter
Leaues a Cony, when she pulls off his skin.

Gon. Yet there is a further matter.

Mes. I thirst to heare it.

Gon. If my sister thinketh conuenient, as my letters importeth, to make him away, hast thou the heart to effect it?

Mes. Few words are best in so small a matter: These are but trifles. By this booke I will.

[*Kisse the paper.*

Gon. About it presently, I long till it be done.

Mes. I fly, I fly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cordella solus.

Cord. I haue bin ouer-negligent to day,
In going to the Temple of my God.
To render thanks for all his benefits,
Which he miraculously hath bestowed on me,
In raysing me out of my meane estate,
When as I was deuoyd of worldly friends,
And placing me in such a sweet content,
As far exceeds the reach of my deserts.
My kingly husband, myrrour of his time,
For zeale, for iustice, kindnesse, and for care
To God, his subiects, me, and Common weale,
By his appoyntment was ordained for me.
I cannot wish the thing that I do want;
I cannot want the thing but I may haue,
Saue only this which I shall ne're obtayne,
My fathers loue, oh this I ne're shall gayne.
I would abstayne from any nutryment,
And pyne my body to the very bones:
Bare foote I would on pilgrimage set forth
Vnto the furthest quarters of the earth,
And all my life-time would I sackcloth weare,
And mourning-wise powre dust vpon my head:

So he but to forgiue me once would please,
That his gray haires might go to heauen in peace.
And yet I know not how I him offended,
Or wherein iustly I haue deserued blame.
Oh sisters! you are much to blame in this,
It was not he, but you that did me wrong.
Yet God forgiue both him, and you and me,
Euen as I doe in perfit charity.
I will to Church, and pray vnto my Saviour,
That ere I dye, I may obtayne his fauour. [*Exit.*

Enter Leir and Perillus fayntly.

Per. Rest on me, my Lord, and stay your selfe,
The way seemes tedious to your aged lymmes.
Leir. Nay, rest on me, kind friend, and stay thyselfe,
Thou art as old as I, but more kind.
Per. Ah, good my Lord, it ill befits, that I
Should leane vpon the person of a King.
Leir. But it fits worse, that I should bring thee forth,
That had no cause to come along with me,
Through these vncouth paths, and tireful wayes,
And neuer ease thy faynting limmes a whit.
Thou hast left all, I, all to come with me.
And I, for all, have nought to guerdon thee.
Per. Cease, good my Lord, to aggrauate my woes
With these kind words, which cuts my heart in two,
To think your will should want the power to do.
Leir. Cease, good *Perillus*, for to call me Lord,
And think me but the shaddow of my selfe.
Per. That honourable title will I giue
Unto my Lord, so long as I do liue.
Oh, be of comfort; for I see the place
Whereas your daughter keeps her residence.
And loe, in happy time the Cambrian Prince
Is here arriu'd, to gratify our comming.

Enter the Prince of Cambria, Ragan, and nobles: looke upon them, and whisper together.

Leir. Were I best speak, or sit me downe and dye?
I am asham'd to tell this heavy tale.
Per. Then let me tell it, if you please, my Lord:
'Tis shame for them that were the cause thereof.
Cam. What two old men are those that seeme so sad?
Me thinks, I should remember well their lookes.
Rag. No, I mistake not, sure it is my father:
I must dissemble kindnesse now of force.

She runneth to him, and kneeles downe, saying:

Father, I bid you welcome, full of griefe,
To see your Grace vsde thus vnworthily,
And ill befitting for your reuerend age,
To come on foot a iourney so indurable.
Oh, what disaster chaunce hath bin the cause,
To make your cheeks so hollow, spare and leane?
He cannot speake for weeping: for Gods love, come,
Let vs refresh him with some needfull things,
And at more leysure we may better know,
Whence springs the ground of this vnlookt-for wo.
Cam. Come, father, e're we any further talke,
You shall refresh you after this weary walk.
[*Exeunt, manet Ragan.*
Rag. Comes he to me with finger in the eye,
To tell a tale against my sister here?
Whom I do know, he greatly hath abusde:
And now like a contentious crafty wretch,
He first begins for to complayne himselfe,
When as himselfe is in the greatest fault?
Ile not be partiall in my sisters cause,
Not yet beleeue his doting vayne reports:
Who for a trifle (safely) I dare say,
Vpon a spleene is stolen thence away:

And here (forsooth) he hopeth to haue harbour,
And to be moan'd and made on like a child:
But ere't be long, his comming he shall curse,
And truely say, he came from bad to worse:
Yet will I make fayre weather, to procure
Conuenient meanes, and then Ile strike it sure.
[*Exit.*

Enter Messenger solus.

Mes. Now happily I am arriued here,
Before the stately Palace of the Cambrian King;
If *Leir* be here safe-seated, and in rest,
To rowse him from it I will do my best.

Enter Ragan.

Now bags of gold, your vertue is (no doubt)
To make me in my message bold and stout.
The King of Heauen preserve your Maiesty,
And send your Highnesse euerlasting raigne.
Rag. Thanks, good my friend; but what imports thy message?
Mes. Kind greetings from the Cornwall Queene:
The residue these letters will declare.
[*She opens the letters.*
Rag. How fares our royall sister?
Mes. I did leaue her, at my parting, in good health.
[*She reads the letter, frownes, and stamps.*
See how her colour comes and goes agayne,
Now red as scarlet, now as pale as ash:
See how she knits her brow, and bytes her lips,
And stamps, and makes a dumbe shew of disdayne,
Mixt with reuenge, and violent extreames.
Here will be more worke and more crownes for me.
Rag. Alas, poore soule, and hath he vsde her thus?
And is he now come hither, with intent
To set divorce betwixt my Lord and me?
Doth he giue out, that he doth heare report,

That I do rule my husband as I list,
And therefore meanes to alter so the case,
That I shall know my Lord to be my head?
Well, it were best for him to take good heed,
Or I will make him hop without a head,
For his presumption, dottard that he is.
In Cornwall he hath made such mutinies,
First, setting of the King against the Queene;
Then stirring up the Commons 'gainst the King;
That had he there continued any longer,
He had bin call'd in question for his fact.
So upon that occasion thence he fled,
And comes thus slily stealing vnto vs:
And now already since his comming hither,
My Lord and he are growne in such a league
That I can haue no conference with his Grace:
I feare he doth already intimate
Some forged cauillations 'gainst my state:
'Tis therefore best to cut him off in time,
Lest slanderous rumours once abroad disperst,
It is too late for them to be reuerst.
Friend, as the tennour of these letters shewes,
My sister puts great confidence in thee.

Mes. She neuer yet committed trust to me,
But that (I hope) she found me alwayes faythfull:
So will I be to any friend of hers,
That hath occasion to imploy my helpe.

Rag. Hast thou the heart to act a stratagem,
And giue a stabbe or two, if need require:

Mes. I have a heart compact of Adamant,
Which neuer knew what melting pitty meant.
I weigh no more the murdring of a man,
Then I respect the cracking of a Flea,
When I doe catch her byting on my skin.
If you will haue your husband or your father,
Or both of them sent to another world,
Do but commaund me doo't, it shall be done.

Rag. It is ynough, we make no doubt of thee :
Meet us to morrow here, at nyne o'clock :
Meane while, farewell, and drinke that for my sake.
[*Exit.*

Mes. I, this is it will make do the deed :
Oh, had I euery day such customers,
This were the gainefulst trade in Christendome !
A purse of gold giuen for a paltry stabbe !
Why, heres a wench that longes to have a stabbe.
Wel, I could give it her, and ne're hurt her neither.

Enter the Gallian king and Cordella.

King. When will these clouds of sorrow once disperse,
And smiling ioy tryumph upon thy brow ?
When will this Scene of sadnesse haue an end,
And pleasant acts insue, to moue delight ?
When will my louely Queene cease to lament,
And take some comfort to her grieued thoughts ?
If of thy selfe thou daignst to haue no care,
Yet pitty me, whom thy grief makes despayre.

Cor. O, grieue not you, my Lord, you have no cause ;
Let not my passions moue your mind a whit :
For I am bound by nature to lament
For his ill will, that life to me first lent.
If so the stocke be dryed with disdayne,
Withered and sere the branch must needes remayne.

King. But thou art now graft in another stock ;
I am the stock, and thou the louely branch :
And from my root continuall sap shall flow,
To make thee flourish with perpetuall spring.
Forget thy father and thy kindred now,
Since they forsake thee like inhumane beastes ;
Thinke they are dead, since all their kindnesse dyes,
And bury them, where black oblivion lyes.
Think not thou art the daughter of old Leir,

Who did vnkindly disinherit thee :
But think thou art the noble Gallian Queene,
And wife to him that dearly loueth thee :
Embrace the ioyes that present with thee dwell,
Let sorrow packe and hide her selfe in hell.

Cor. Not that I misse my country or my kinne,
My old acquaintaunce or my ancient friends,
Doth any whit distemperate my mind,
Knowing you, which are more deare to me
Then Country, kin, and all things els can be.
Yet pardon me, my gracious Lord, in this :
For what can stop the course of natures power ?
As easy is it for foure-footed beasts,
To stay themselues vpon the liquid ayre,
And mount aloft into the element,
And overstrip the feathered Fowles in flight :
As easy is it for the slimy Fish,
To liue and thriue without the helpe of water :
As easy is it for the Blackamoore,
To wash the tawny colour from his skin,
Which all oppose against the course of nature :
As I am able to forget my father.

King. Myrrour of vertue, Phœnix of our age !
Too kind a daughter for an vnkind father,
Be of good comfort ; for I will dispatch
Ambassadors immediately for Brittayne
Vnto the king of Cornwalls Court, whereas
Your father keepeth now his residence,
And in the kindest maner him intreat,
That, setting former grieuances apart,
He will be pleasde to come and visit vs.
If no intreaty will suffice the turne,
Ile offer him the halfe of all my Crowne :
If that moues not, weele furnish out a Fleete
And sayle to Cornwall for to visit him ;
And there you shall be firmly reconcilde
In perfit loue, as earst you were before.

Cor. Where toung cannot sufficient thanks afford,
The King of heauen remunerate my Lord.
King. Only be blithe, and frolick (sweet) with me:
This and much more Ile do to comfort thee.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Messenger solus.

Mes. It is a world to see now I am flush,
How many friends I purchase euery where!
How many seekes to creepe into my fauour,
And kisse their hands, and bend their knees to me!
No more, here comes the Queene, now shall I know her mind,
And hope for to deriue more crownes from her.

Enter Ragan.

Rag. My friend, I see thou mind'st thy promise well,
And art before me here, me thinks, to day.
Mes. I am a poore man, and it like your Grace;
But yet I alwayes loue to keepe my word.
Rag. Wel, keepe thy word with me, & thou shalt see,
That of a poore man I will make thee rich.
Mes. I long to heare it, it might have bin dispatcht,
If you had told me of it yesternight.
Rag. It is a thing of right strange consequence,
And well I cannot vtter it in words.
Mes. It is more strange, that I am not by this
Beside my selfe, with longing for to heare it.
Were it to meet the Deuill in his denne,
And try a bout with him for a scratcht face,
Ide vndertake it, if you would but bid me.
Rag. Ah, my good friend, that I should haue thee do
Is such a thing, as I do shame to speake;
Yet it must needs be done.

Mes. Ile speak it for thee, Queene: shall I kill thy father?
I know 'tis that: and if it be so, say.
Rag. I.
Mes. Why, that's ynough.
Rag. And yet that is not all.
Mes. What else?
Rag. Thou must kill that old man that came with him.
Mes. Here are two hands, for each of them is one.
Rag. And for eche hand here is a recompence.
[*Gives him two purses.*
Mes. Oh, that I had ten hands by myracle!
I could teare ten in pieces with my teeth,
So in my mouth yould put a purse of gold.
But in what manner must it be effected?
Rag. To morrow morning ere the breake of day,
I by a wyle will send them to the thicket,
That is about some two miles from the Court,
And promise them to meet them there my selfe,
Because I must have priuate conference,
About some newes I haue receyud from Cornwall.
This is ynough, I know, they will not fayle,
And then be ready for to play thy part:
Which done, thou mayst right easily escape,
And no man once mistrust thee for the fact:
But yet, before thou prosecute the act,
Shew him the letter, which my sister sent,
There let him read his owne inditement first,
And then proceed to execution:
But see thou faynt not; for they will speake fayre.
Mes. Could he speak words as pleasing as the pipe
Of Mercury, which charm'd the hundred eyes
Of watchful Argos, and inforc'd him sleepe:
Yet here are words so pleasing to my thoughts,
[*To the purse.*
As quite shall take away the sound of his. [*Exit.*

Rag. About it then, and when thou hast dispatcht,
Ile find a meanes to send thee after him. [*Exit.*

Enter Cornwall and Gonorill.

Corn. I wonder that the Messenger doth stay,
Whom we dispatcht for Cambria so long since :
If that his answere do not please vs well,
And he do shew good reason for delay,
Ile teach him how to dally with his king,
And to detayne us in such long suspence.

Gon. My Lord, I think the reason may be this :
My father means to come along with him ;
And therefore 'tis his pleasure he shall stay,
For to attend vpon him on the way.

Corn. It may be so, and therfore till I know
The truth thereof, I will suspend my iudgment.

Enter Servant.

Ser. And't like your Grace, there is an Ambassador
Arrived from Gallia, and craues admittance to your Maiesty.

Corn. From Gallia? what should his message
Hither import? is not your father happely
Gone thither? well, whatsoere it be,
Bid him come in, he shall haue audience.

Enter Ambassador.

What newes from Gallia? speak, Ambassador.

Ambas. The noble King and Queene of Gallia first salutes,
By me, their honourable father, my Lord Leir :
Next, they commend them kindly to your Graces,
As those whose wellfare they intirely wish.
Letters I haue to deliuer to my Lord Leir,
And presents too, if I might speak with him.

Gon. If you might speak with him? why, do you thinke,
We are afrayd that you should speake with him?

Ambas. Pardon me, Madam ; for I thinke not so,
But say so only, cause he is not here.
Corn. Indeed, my friend, vpon some urgent cause,
He is at this time absent from the Court:
But if a day or two you here repose,
'Tis very likely you shall haue him here,
Or else haue certayne notice where he is.
Gon. Are not we worthy to receiue your message?
Ambas. I had in charge to do it to himselfe.
Gon. It may be then 'twill not be done in haste.
[*To herselfe.*
How doth my sister brooke the ayre of Fraunce?
Ambass. Exceeding well, and neuer sicke one houre,
Since first she set her foot vpon the shore.
Gon. I am the more sorry.
Ambas. I hope not so, Madam.
Gon. Didst thou not say, that she was euer sicke,
Since the first houre that she arrived there?
Ambas. No, Madam, I sayd quite contrary.
Gon. Then I mistooke thee.
Corn. Then she is merry, if she haue her health.
Ambas. Oh no, her griefe exceeds, vntill the time
That she be reconcil'd vnto her father.
Gon. God continue it.
Ambas. What, madam?
Gon. Why, her health.
Ambas. Amen to that: but God release her griefe,
And send her father in a better mind,
Then to continue alwayes so vnkind.
Corn. Ile be a mediator in her cause,
And seeke all meanes to expiat his wrath.
Ambas. Madam, I hope your Grace will do the like.
Gon. Should I be a meane to exasperate his wrath
Against my sister, whom I love so deare? no, no.

Ambas. To expiate or mittigate his wrath :
For he hath misconceyued without a cause.
Gon. O, I, what else ?
Ambas. 'Tis a pity it should be so : would it were otherwise.
Gon. It were a great pity it should be otherwise.
Ambas. Then how, Madam ?
Gon. Then that they should be reconcilde againe.
Ambas. It shewes you beare an honourable mind.
Gon. It shewes thy vnderstanding to be blind,
And that thou hast need of an Interpreter :
[*Speakes to herselfe.*
Well, I will know thy message ere't be long,
And find a meane to crosse it, if I can.
Corn. Come in, my friend, and frolick in our Court,
Till certayne notice of my father come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leir and Perillus.

Per. My Lord, you are vp to day before your houre,
'Tis newes to you to be abroad so rathe.
Leir. 'Tis newes indeed, I am so extreme heauy,
That I can scarcely keepe my eye-lids open,
Per. And so am I, but I impute the cause
To rising sooner than we vse to do.
Leir. Hither my daughter meanes to come disguis'd :
Ile sit me downe, and read vntill she come.
[*Pull out a booke, and sit downe.*
Per. Sheele not be long, I warrant you, my Lord :
But say, a couple of these they call good fellowes
Should step out of a hedge, and set vpon us,
We were in good case for to answere them.
Leir. 'Twere not for us to stand vpon our hands.
Per. I fear we scant should stand vpon our legs.
But how should we do to defend ourselves ?

Leir. Euen pray to God to blesse vs frō their hands :
For feruent prayer much ill hap withstands.
Per. Ile sit and pray with you for company ;
Yet was I ne're so heauy in my life.
[*They fall both asleepe.*

Enter the Messenger, or murtherer with two daggers in his hands.

Mes. Were it not a mad iest, if two or three of my professiō should meet me, and lay me downe in a ditch, and play robbe thiefe with me, & perforce take my gold away from me, whilest I act this stratagem, and by this meanes the grey beards should escape? Fayth, when I were at liberty againe, I would make no more to do, but go to the next tree, and there hang myselfe. [*See them, and start.*
But stay, me thinks, my youthes are here already,
And with pure zeale haue prayed themselues asleepe.
I thinke, they know to what intent they came,
And are prouided for another world.
[*He takes their bookes away.*
Now could I stab them brauely, while they sleep,
And in a maner put them to no payne :
And doing so, I shewed them mighty friendship :
For feare of death is worse then death it selfe.
But that my sweet Queene will'd me for to shew
This letter to them ere I did the deed.
Masse, they begin to stirre : Ile stand aside ;
So shall I come vpon them vnawares.
[*They wake and rise.*
Leir. I maruell, that my daughter stayes so long.
Per. I feare, we did mistake the place, my Lord.
Leir. God graunt we do not miscarry in the place :
I had a short nap, but so full of dread,
As much amazeth me to think thereof.

Per. Feare not, my Lord, dreames are but fantasies,
And slight imaginations of the brayne.
Mes. Perswade him so, but Ile make him and you
Confesse, that dreames do often proue too true.
Per. I pray, my Lord, what was the effect of it?
I may go neere to gesse what it pretends.
Mes. Leaue that to me, I will expound the dreame.
Leir. Me thought, my daughters, *Gonorill* & *Ragan*,
Stood both before me with such grim aspects,
Eche brandishing a Faulchion in their hand,
Ready to lop a lymme off where it fell,
And in their other hands a naked poynyard,
Wherwith they stab'd me in a hundred places,
And to their thinking left me there for dead;
But then my youngest daughter, fayre *Cordella*,
Came with a boxe of balsome in her hand,
And powred it into my bleeding wounds;
By whose good meanes I was recouered well,
In perfit health, as earst I was before:
And with the feare of this I did awake,
And yet for feare my feeble joynts do quake.
Mes. Ile make you quake for something presently.
Stand, stand. [*They reele.*
Leir. We do, my friend, although with much adoe.
Mes. Deliuer, deliuer.
Per. Deliuer vs, good Lord, from such as he.
Mes. You should haue prayed before, while it was time,
And then perhaps, you might have scapt my hands:
But you, like faithfull watch-men, fell asleepe,
The whilst I came and tooke your Halberds from you. [*Shew their Bookes.*
And now you want your weapons of defence,
How haue you any hope to be delivered?
This comes, because you haue no better stay,
But fall asleepe, when you should watch and pray.
Leir. My friend, thou seemst to be a proper man.

Mes. 'Sblood, how the old slaue clawes me by the elbow?
He thinks, belike, to scape by scraping thus.
Per. And it may be, are in some need of money.
Mes. That to be false, behold my euidence.
[*Shewes his purses.*
Leir. If that I haue will do thee any good,
I giue it thee, euen with a right good will. [*Take it.*
Per. Here, take mine too, & wish with all my heart,
To do thee pleasure, it were twice as much.
[*Take his, and weygh them both in his hands.*
Mes. Ile none of them, they are too light for me.
[*Puts them in his pocket.*
Leir. Why then farewell: and if thou haue occasion
In any thing, to vse me to the Queene,
'Tis like ynough that I can pleasure thee.
[*They proffer to goe.*
Mes. Do you heare, do you heare, sir?
If I had occasion to vse you to the Queene,
Would you do one thing for me I should aske?
Leir. I, any thing that lyes within my power.
Here is my hand vpon it, so farewell. [*Proffer to goe.*
Mes. Heare, you, sir, heare you? pray, a word with you.
Me thinks, a comely honest ancient man
Should not dissemble with one for a vantage.
I know, when I shall come to try this geare,
You will recant from all that you haue said.
Per. Mistrust not him, but try him when thou wilt:
He is her father, therefore may do much.
Mes. I know he is, and therefore meane to try him!
You are his friend too, I must try you both.
Ambo. Prithy do, prithy do. [*Proffer to go out.*
Mes. Stay gray-beards then, and proue men of your words:
The Queene hath tyed me by a solemne othe,

Here in this place to see you both dispatcht:
Now for the safegard of my conscience,
Do me the pleasure for to kill your selues:
So shall you saue me labour for to do it,
And proue your selues true old men of your words.
And here I vow in sight of all the world,
I ne're will trouble you whilst I liue agayne.

Leir. Affright vs not with terrour, good my friend,
Nor strike such feare into our aged hearts.
Play not the Cat, which dallieth with the mouse;
And on a sudden maketh her a pray:
But if thou art markt for the man of death
To me and to my *Damion*, tell me playne,
That we may be prepared for the stroke,
And make our selues fit for the world to come.

Mes. I am the last of any mortall race,
That ere your eyes are likely to behold,
And hither sent of purpose to this place,
To giue a finall period to your dayes,
Which are so wicked, and haue liued so long,
That your owne children seeke to short your life.

Leir. Camst thou from France, of purpose to do this?

Mes. From France? zoones, do I looke like a Frenchman?
Sure I haue not mine owne face on; some body hath chang'd faces with me, and I know not of it: but I am sure, my apparell is all English. Sirra, what meanest thou to ask that question? I could spoyle the fashion of this face for anger. A French face!

Leir. Because my daughter, whom I haue offended,
And at whose hands I haue deseru'd as ill,
As euer any father did of child,
Is Queene of Fraunce, no thanks at all to me,
But vnto God, who my iniustice see.
If it be so, that shee doth seeke reuenge,

As with good reason she may iustly do,
I will most willingly resigne my life,
A sacrifice to mittigate her ire :
I neuer will intreat thee to forgiue,
Because I am vnworthy for to liue.
Therefore speake soone, & I will soone make speed ;
Whether *Cordella* will'd thee do this deed ?

Mes. As I am a perfit gentleman, thou speakst
French to me :
I neuer heard *Cordellaes* name before,
Nor neuer was in Fraunce in all my life :
I neuer knew thou hadst a daughter there,
To whom thou didst proue so vnkind a churle :
But thy owne toung declares that thou hast bin
A vyle old wretch, and full of heynous sin.

Leir. Ah no, my friend, thou art deceyued much :
For her except, whom I confesse I wrongd,
Through doting frenzy, and o're-ielous loue,
There liues not any vnder heavens bright eye,
That can conuict me of impiety :
And therefore sure thou dost mistake the marke :
For I am in true peace with all the world.

Mes. You are the fitter for the King of heauen :
And therefore, for to rid thee of suspence,
Know Thou, the Queenes of Cambria and Cornwall,
Thy owne two daughters, *Gonorill* and *Ragan*,
Appoynted me to massacre thee here.
Why wouldst thou then perswade me, that thou art
In charity with all the world ? but now
When thy owne issue hold thee in such hate,
That they haue hyred me t'abbridge thy fate,
Oh, fy vpon such vyle dissembling breath,
That would deceyue, euen at the poynt of death.

Per. Am I awake, or is it but a dreame ?

Mes. Feare nothing, man, thou art but in a dreame,
And thou shalt neuer wake vntill doomes day ;
By then, I hope, thou wilt haue slept ynough.

Leir. Yet, gentle friend, graunt one thing ere I die.
Mes. Ile graunt you any thing, except your liues.
Leir. Oh, but assure me by some certayne token,
That my two daughters hyred thee to this deed:
If I were once resolu'd of that, then I
Would wish no longer life, but craue to dye.
Mes. That to be true, in sight of heauen I sweare.
Leir. Sweare not by heauen, for feare of punishment:
The heauens are guiltlesse of such haynous acts.
Mes. I sweare by earth, the mother of vs all.
Leir. Sweare not by earth, for she abhors to beare
Such bastards, as are murtherers of her sonnes.
Mes. Why then, by hell, and all the deuils I sweare.
Leir. Sweare not by hell; for that stands gaping wide,
To swallow thee, and if thou do this deed.
[*Thunder and lightning.*
Mes. I would that word were in his belly agayne,
It hath frighted me euen to the very heart;
This old man is some strong Magician:
His words haue turnd my mind from this exployt.
Then neyther heauen, earth, nor hell, be witnesse;
But let this paper witnesse for them all.
[*Shewes Gonorills letter.*
Shall I relent, or shall I prosecute?
Shall I resolue, or were I best recant?
I will not crack my credit with two Queenes,
To whom I haue already past my word.
Oh, but my conscience for this act doth tell,
I get heauens hate, earths scorne, and paynes of hell.
[*They blesse themselues.*
Per. O iust *Iehoua*, whose almighty power
Doth gouerne all things in this spacious world,
How canst thou suffer such outrageous acts
To be committed without iust reuenge?
O viperous generation and accurst,
To seeke his blood, whose blood did make them first!

Leir. Ah, my true friend in all extremity,
Let vs submit vs to the will of God:
Things past all sence, let vs not seeke to know;
It is Gods will, and therefore must be so.
My friend, I am prepared for the stroke:
Strike when thou wilt, and I forgiue thee here,
Euen from the very bottome of my heart.
Mes. But I am not prepared for to strike.
Leir. Farewell, *Perillus*, euen the truest friend,
That euer liued in adversity:
The latest kindness Ile request of thee,
Is that thou go vnto my daughter *Cordella*,
And carry her fathers latest blessing:
Withall desire her, that she will forgiue me;
For I haue wrong'd her without any cause.
Now, Lord, receiue me, for I come to thee,
And dye, I hope, in perfit charity.
Dispatch, I pray thee, I haue liued too long.
Mes. I, but you are vnwise, to send an errand
By him that neuer meaneth to deliuer it:
Why, he must go along with you to heauen:
It were not good you should go all alone.
Lier. No doubt, he shal, when by the course of nature,
He must surrender vp his due to death:
But that time shall not come, till God permit.
Mes. Nay, presently, to beare you company.
I haue a Pasport for him in my pocket,
Already seald and he must needs ride Poste.
[*Shew a bagge of money.*
Leir. The letter which I read, imports not so,
It only toucheth me, no word of him.
Mes. I, but the Queene commands it must be so,
And I am payd for him, as well as you.
Per. I, who haue borne your company in life,
Most willingly will beare a share in death,
It skilleth not for me, my friend, a whit,
Nor for a hundred such as thou and I.

Mes. Mary, but it doth, sir, by your leaue; your good dayes are past: though it bee no matter for you, 'tis a matter for me, proper men are not so rife.

Per. Oh, but beware, how thou dost lay thy hand
Vpon the high anoynted of the Lord:
O, be aduised ere thou dost begin:
Dispatch me straight, but meddle not with him.

Leir. Friend, thy commission is to deale with me,
And I am he that hath deserued all:
The plot was lay'd to take away my life:
And here it is, I do intreat thee take it:
Yet for my sake, and as thou art a man,
Spare this my friend, that hither with me came:
I brought him forth, whereas he had not bin,
But for good will to beare me company.
He left his friends, his country and his goods,
And came with me in most extremity,
Oh, if he should miscarry here and dye,
Who is the cause of it, but only I?

Mess. Why that am I, let that ne're trouble thee.

Leir. O no, 'tis *I*. O, had I now to giue thee
The monarchy of all the spacious world
To saue his life, *I* would bestow it on thee:
But *I* haue nothing but these teares and prayers,
And the submission of a bended knee. [*Kneeles.*
O, if all this to mercy moue thy mind,
Spare him, in heauen thou shalt like mercy find.

Mes. I am as hard to be moued as another, and yet me thinks the strength of their perswasions stirres me a little.

Per. My friend, if feare of the almighty power
Haue power to moue thee, we haue said ynough:
But if thy mind be moueable with gold,
We haue not presently to giue it thee:
Yet to thy selfe thou mayst do greater good,
To keepe thy hands still vndefilde from blood:
For do but well consider with thy selfe,

When thou hast finisht this outrageous act,
What horrour still will haunt thee for the deed:
Think this agayne, that they which would incense
Thee for to be the Butcher of their father,
When it is done, for feare it should be knowne,
Would make a meanes to rid thee from the world:
Oh, then art thou for euer tyed in chaynes
Of euerlasting torments to endure,
Euen in the hotest hole of grisly hell,
Such paines, as neuer mortal tongue can tell.

[*It thunders. He quakes, and lets fall the Dagger next to Perillus.*

Leir. O, heauens be thanked, he will spare my friend.
Now, when thou wilt, come make an end of me.

[*He lets fall the other dagger.*

Per. Oh, happy sight! he meanes to saue my lord,
The King of heauen continue this good mind.

Leir. Why stayst thou to do execution?

Mes. I am as wilfull as you for your life:
I will not do it, now you do intreat me.

Per. Ah, now I see thou hast some sparke of grace.

Mes. Beshrew you for it, you have put it in me:
The parlosest old men, that ere *I* heard.
Well, to be flat, Ile not meddle with you:
Here I found you, and here ile leaue you:
If any aske you why the case so stand?
Say that your toungs were better then your hands.

[*Exit Mess.*

Per. Farewell. If euer we together meet,
It shall go hard, but I will thee regreet.
Courage, my Lord, the worst is ouerpast;
Let vs give thanks to God, and hye vs hence.

Leir. Thou art deceyued; for I am past the best,
And know not whither for to go from hence:
Death had bin better welcome vnto me,
Then longer life to adde more misery.

Per. It were not good to returne from whence we came,
Vnto your daughter *Ragan* back againe.
Now let us go to France, vnto *Cordella*,
Your youngest daughter, doubtlesse she will succour you.

Leir. Oh, how can I perswade my selfe of that,
Since the other two are quite deuoyd of loue;
To whom I was so kind, as that my gifts,
Might make them loue me, if 'twere nothing else?

Per. No worldly gifts, but grace from God on hye,
Doth nourish vertue and true charity.
Remember well what words *Cordella* spake,
What time you askt her, how she lou'd your Grace.
S[h]e sayd, her loue vnto you was as much,
As ought a child to beare vnto her father.

Leir. But she did find, my loue was not to her,
As should a father beare vnto a child.

Per. That makes not her loue to be any lesse,
If she do loue you as a child should do:
You haue tried two, try one more for my sake,
Ile ne're intreat you further tryall make.
Remember well the dreame you had of late,
And thinke what comfort it foretels to vs.

Leir. Come, truest friend, that euer man possest,
I know thou counsailst all things for the best:
If this third daughter play a kinder part,
It comes of God, and not of my desert. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Gallian Ambassador solus.

Ambas. There is of late newes come vnto the Court,
That old Lord *Leir* remaines in Cambria:
Ile hye me thither presently, to impart
My letters and my message vnto him.
I neuer was lesse welcome to a place
In all my lifetime, then I haue bin hither,
Especially vnto the stately Queene,

Who would not cast one gracious looke on me,
But still with lowring and suspicious eyes,
Would take exceptions at each word I spake,
And fayne she would haue vndermined me,
To know what my Ambassage did import
But she is like to hop without her hope,
And in this matter for to want her will,
Though (by report) sheele hau't in all things else.
Well, I will poste away for Cambria:
Within these few dayes I hope to be there. [*Exit.*

Enter the King and Queen of Gallia, & Mumford.

King. By this, our father vnderstands our mind,
And our kind greetings sent to him of late:
Therefore my mind presageth ere't be long
We shall receyue from Brittayne happy newes.
Cor. I feare my sister will disswade his mind:
For she to me hath alwayes bin vnkind.
King. Feare not, my loue, since that we know the worst,
The last meanes helpes, if that we misse the first:
If hee'le not come to Gallia vnto us,
Then we will sayle to Brittayne vnto him.
Mum. Well, if I once see Brittayne agayne,
I haue sworne ile ne're come home without my wench,
And ile not be forsworne,
Ile rather neuer come home while I liue.
Cor. Are you sure, *Mumford*, she is a mayd still.
Mum. Nay, ile not sweare she is a mayd, but she goes for one:
Ile take her at all aduentures, if I can get her.
Cor. I, thats well put in.
Mum. Well put in? nay, it was ill put in; for had it
Bin as well put in, as ere *I* put in, in my dayes,
I would haue made her follow me to Fraunce.
Cor. Nay, you'd haue bin so kind, as take her with you,

Or else, were *I* as she,
I would haue bin so louing, as ide stay behind you:
Yet I must confesse, you are a very proper man,
And able to make a wench do more then she would do.

Mum. Well, I haue a payre of slops for the nonce,
Will hold all your mocks.

King. Nay, we see you haue a hansome hose.

Cor. I, and of the newest fashion.

Mum. More bobs, more: put them in still,
They'l serue instead of bumbast, yet put not in too many, lest the seames crack, and they fly out amongst you againe: you must not think to outface me so easly in my mistris quarrel, who if I see once agayne, ten teame of horses shall not draw me away, till I haue full and whole possession.

King. I, but one teame and a cart will serue the turne.

Cor. Not only for him, but also for his wench.

Mum. Well, you are two to one, ile giue you ouer
And since I see you so pleasantly disposed,
Which indeed is but seldome seene, ile clayme
A promise of you, which you shall not deny me:
For promise is debt, & by this hand you promisd it me.
Therefore you owe it me, and you shall pay it me,
Or ile sue you vpon an action of vnkindnesse.

King. Prithy, Lord *Mumford*, what promise did I make thee?

Mum. Fayth, nothing but this,
That the next fayre weather, which is very now,
You would go in progresse downe to the sea side,
Which is very neere.

King. Fayth, in this motion I will ioyne with thee,
And be a mediator to my Queene.
Prithy, my Loue, let this match go forward,
My mind foretels, 'twill be a lucky voyage.

Cor. Entreaty needs not, where you may cōmaund,

So you be pleasde, I am right well content:
Yet, as the Sea I much desire to see;
So am I most vnwilling to be seene.
King. Weele go disguised, all vnknowne to any.
Cor. Howsoeuer you make one, ile make another.
Mum. And I the third: oh, I am ouer-ioyed!
See what loue is, which getteth with a word,
What all the world besides could ne're obtayne:
But what disguises shall we haue, my Lord?
King. Fayth thus: my Queene & I will be disguisde,
Like a playne country couple, and you shall be *Roger*
Our man, and wait vpon us: or if you will,
You shall go first, and we will wayt on you.
Mum. 'Twere more then time; this deuice is excellent:
Come let vs about it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cambria and Ragan, with Nobles.

Cam. What strange mischance or vnexpected hap
Hath thus depriu'd vs of our fathers presence?
Can no man tell vs what's become of him,
With whom we did conuerse not two dayes since?
My Lords, let euery where light-horse be sent,
To scoure about through all our Regiment.
Dispatch a Poste immediately to Cornwall,
To see if any newes be of him there;
My selfe will make a strickt inquiry here;
And all about our Cities neere at hand,
Till certayne news of his abode be brought.
Rag. All sorrow is but counterfet to mine,
Whose lips are almost sealed vp with griefe:
Mine is the substance, whilst they do but seeme
To weepe the lesse, which teares cannot redeeme.
O, ne're was heard so strange a misaduenture,
A thing so far beyond the reach of sence,
Since no mans reason in the cause can enter.

What hath remou'd my father thus from hence?
O, I do feare some charme or inuocation
Of wicked spirits, or infernall fiends,
Stird by *Cordella*, moues this innouation,
And brings my father timelesse to his end.
But might I know, that the detested Witch
Were certayn cause of this vncertayne ill,
My selfe to Fraunce would go in some disguise,
And with these nayles scratch out her hatefull eyes:
For since *I* am depriued of my father,
I loath my life, and wish my death the rather.

Cam. The heavens are iust, and hate impiety,
And will (no doubt) reueale such haynous crimes:
Censure not any, til you know the right:
Let him be iudge, that bringeth truth to light.

Rag. O, but my griefe, like to a swelling tyde,
Exceeds the bounds of common patience:
Nor can I moderate my toung so much,
To conceale them, whom I hold in suspect.

Cam. This matter shall be sifted: if it be she,
A thousand Fraunces shall not harbour her.

Enter the Gallian Ambassador.

Ambas. All happinesse vnto the Cambrian King.

Cam. Welcom, my friend, from whence is thy Ambassage?

Ambas. I came from Gallia, vnto Cornwall sent,
With letters to your hónourable father,
Whom there not finding, as I did expect,
I was directed hither to repayre.

Rag. Frenchman, what is the message to my father?

Ambas. My letter, Madam, will import the same,
Which my Commission is for to deliuer.

Rag. In his absence you may trust vs with your letters.

Ambas. I must performe my charge in such a maner,
As I haue strict commaundement from the King.

Rag. There is good packing twixt your King and you ;
You need not hither come to aske for him,
You know where he is better than our selues.
Ambas. Madam, I hope, not far off.
Rag. Hath the young murdresse, your outragious Queene,
No meanes to colour her detested deeds,
In finishing my guiltlesse fathers dayes,
(Because he gaue her nothing to her dowre)
But by the colour of a fayn'd Ambassage,
To send him letters hither to our Court ?
Go carry them to them that sent them hither,
And bid them keepe their scroules vnto them selues :
They cannot blind vs with such slight excuse,
To smother vp so monstrous vild abuse.
And were it not, it is 'gainst law of Armes,
To offer violence to a Messenger,
We would inflict such torments on thy selfe,
As should inforce thee to reueale the truth.
Ambas. Madam, your threats no whit apall my mind,
I know my conscience guiltlesse of this act ;
My King and Queene, I dare be sworne, are free
From any thought of such impiety :
And therefore, Madam, you haue done them wrong,
And ill beseeming with a sisters loue,
Who in meere duty tender him as much,
As euer you respected him for dowre.
The King your husband will not say as much.
Cam. I will suspend my iudgement for a time,
Till more appearance give vs further light :
Yet to be playne, your comming doth inforce
A great suspicion to our doubtful mind,
And that you do resemble, to be briefe,
Him that first robs, and then cries, Stop the theefe.

Ambas. Pray God some neere you haue not done the like.

Rag. Hence, saucy mate, reply no more to vs;
[*She strikes him.*
For law of Armes shall not protect thy toung.

Ambas. Ne're was I offred such discourtesy;
God and my King, I trust, ere it be long,
Will find a meane to remedy this wrong.
[*Exit Ambassador.*

Rag. How shall I liue, to suffer this disgrace,
At euery base and vulgar peasants hands?
It ill befitteth my imperiall state,
To be thus vsde, and no man take my part.
[*She weeps.*

Cam. What should I do? infringe the law of Armes,
Were to my everlasting obloquy:
But I will take reuenge vpon his master,
Which sent him hither, to delude vs thus.

Rag. Nay, if you put vp this, be sure, ere long,
Now that my father thus is made away;
Sheele come and claime a third part of your Crowne
As due vnto her by inheritance.

Cam. But I will proue her title to be nought
But shame, and the reward of Parricide;
And make her an example to the world,
For after-ages to admire her penance.
This will I do, as I am Cambriaes King,
Or lose my life to prosecute reuenge.
Come, first let's learne what newes is of our father,
And then proceed, as best occasion fits. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leir, Perillus, and two Marriners in sea-gownes and sea-caps.

Per. My honest friends, we are asham'd to shew
The great extremity of our present state.
In that at this time we are brought so low,

That we want money for to pay our passage.
The truth is so, we met with some good fellowes,
A little before we came aboord your ship,
Which stript vs quite of all the coyne we had,
And left vs not a penny in our purses:
Yet wanting mony, we will vse the meane,
To see you satisfied to the vttermost. [*Looke on Leir.*

1. *Mar.* Here's a good gown, 'twould become me passing wel,
I should be fine in it. [*Looke on Perillus.*

2. *Mar.* Here's a good cloke, I maruel how I should look in it.

Leir. Fayth, had we others to supply their roome,
Though ne're so meane, you willingly should haue them.

1. *Mar.* Do you hear, sir? you looke like an honest man;
Ile not stand to do you a pleasure: here's a good strōg motly gaberdine, cost me xiiij. good shillings at Billingsgate, giue me your gowne for it, & your cap for mine, & ile forgiue your passage.

Leir. With al my heart, and xx. thanks.
[*Leir & he changeth.*

2. *Mar.* Do you heare, sir? you shall haue a better match then he, because you are my friend: here is a good sheeps russet sea-gowne, wil bide more stresse, I warrant you, then two of his; yes, for you seem to be an honest gentleman, I am content to chāge it for your cloke, and aske you nothing for your passage more. [*Pull off Perillus cloke.*

Per. My owne I willingly would change with thee,
And think my selfe indebted to thy kindnesse:
But would my friend might keepe his garment still.
My friend, ile give thee this new dublet, if thou wilt
Restore his gowne vnto him back agayne.

1. *Mar.* Nay, if I do, would I might ne're eate powdered beefe and mustard more, nor drink Can of

good liquor whilst I live. My friend, you haue small reason to seeke to hinder me of my bargayne: but the best is, a bargayne's a bargayne.

Leir. Kind friend, it is much better as it is.

[*Leir to Perillus.*

For by this meanes we may escape vnknowne,
Till time and opportunity do fit.

2. *Mar.* Hark, hark, they are laying their heads together,
Theile repent them of their bargayne anon,
'Twere best for vs to go while we are well.

1. *Mar.* God be with you, sir, for your passage back agayne,
Ile vse you as vnreasonable as another.

Leir. I know thou wilt; but we hope to bring ready money
With vs, when we come back agayne.

[*Exeunt Mariners.*

Were euer men in this extremity,
In a strange country, and deuoyd of friends,
And not a penny for to helpe our selves?
Kind friend, what thinkst thou will become of us?

Per. Be of good cheere, my Lord, I haue a dublet
Will yeeld vs mony ynough to serue our turnes,
Vntill we come vnto your daughters Court:
And then, I hope, we shall find friends enough.

Leir. Ah, kind *Perillus*, that is it I feare,
And makes me faynt, or euer I come there.
Can kindnesse spring out of ingratitude?
Or loue be reapt, where hatred hath bin sowne?
Can Henbane ioyne in league with Methridate?
Or Sugar grow in Wormwoods bitter stalke?
It cannot be, they are too opposite:
And so am I to any kindnesse here.
I haue throwne Wormwood on the sugred youth,
And like to Henbane poysoned the Fount,
Whence flowed the Methridate of a childs goodwil.

I, like an enuious thorne, haue prickt the heart,
And turnd sweet Grapes, to sowre vnrelisht Sloes:
The causelesse ire of my respectlesse brest,
Hath sowrd the sweet milk of dame Natures paps:
My bitter words haue gauld her hony thoughts,
And weeds of rancour chokt the flower of grace.
Then what remainder is of any hope,
But all our fortunes will go quite aslope?

Per. Feare not, my Lord, the perfit good indeed
Can neuer be corrupted by the bad:
A new fresh vessel still retaynes the taste
Of that which first is powr'd into the same:
And therfore, though you name your selfe the thorn,
The weed, the gall, the henbane, the wormewood;
Yet sheele continue in her former state,
The hony, milke, Grape, Sugar, Methridate.

Leir. Thou pleasing Orator vnto me in wo,
Cease to beguile me with thy hopeful speaches:
O ioyne with me, and thinke of nought but crosses,
And then weele one lament anothers losses.

Per. Why, say the worst, the worst can be but death,
And death is better then for to despaire:
Then hazzard death, which may conuert to life;
Banish despaire, which brings a thousand deathes.

Leir. Orecome with thy strong arguments, I yeeld
To be directed by thee, as thou wilt:
As thou yeeldst comfort to my crazed thoughts,
Would I could yeeld the like vnto thy body,
Which is full weake, I know, and ill apayd,
For want of fresh meat and due sustenance.

Per. Alack, my Lord, my heart doth bleed, to think
That you should be in such extremity.

Leir. Come, let vs go, and see what God will send;
When all meanes faile, he is the surest friend.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Gallian King and Queene, and Mumford with a basket, disguised like countrey folke.

King. This tedious iourney all on foote, sweet loue,
Cannot be pleasing to your tender ioynts,
Which ne're were vsed to these toylesome walks.
Cor. I neuer in my life tooke more delight
In any iourney, then I do in this:
It did me good, when as we hapt to light
Amongst the merry crue of country folke,
To see what industry and paynes they tooke,
To win them commendations 'mongst their friends.
Lord, how they labour to bestir themselues,
And in their quirks to go beyond the moone,
And so take on them with such anticke fits,
That one would think they were beside their wits!
Come away, *Roger*, with your basket.
Mum. Soft, Dame, here comes a couple of old youthes,
I must needs make my selfe fat with iesting at them.

Enter Leir and Perillus very faintly.

Cor. Nay, prithy do not, they do seeme to be
Men much o'ergone with griefe and misery.
Let's stand aside, and hearken what they say.
Leir. Ah, my *Perillus*, now I see we both
Shall end our dayes in this vnfruitfull toyle,
Oh, I do faint for want of sustenance:
And thou, I know, in little better case.
No gentle tree affords one taste of fruit,
To comfort vs, vntill we meet with men:
No lucky path conducts our lucklesse steps
Vnto a place where any comfort dwels.
Sweet rest betyde vnto our happy soules;
For here I see our bodies must haue end.
Per. Ah, my deare Lord, how doth my heart lament,
To see you brought to this extremity!

O, if you loue me, as you do professe,
Or euer thought well of me in my life;
[*He strips vp his arme.*
Feed on this flesh, whose veynes are not so dry,
But there is vertue left to comfort you.
O, feed on this, if this will do you good,
Ile smile for ioy, to see you suck my bloud.
Leir. I am no Caniball, that I should delight
To slake my hungry iawes with humane flesh:
I am no deuill, or ten times worse then so,
To suck the bloud of such a peerelesse friend.
O, do not think that I respect my life?
So dearely, as I do thy loyall love.
Ah, Brittayne, I shall neuer see thee more,
That hast vnkindly banished thy King:
And yet not thou dost make me to complayne,
But they which were more neere to me then thou.
Cor. What do I heare? this lamentable voyce,
Me thinks, ere now I oftentimes haue heard.
Leir. Ah, *Gonorill*, was halfe my Kingdomes gift
The cause that thou didst seeke to haue my life?
Ah, cruell *Ragan*, did I giue thee all,
And all could not suffice without my bloud?
Ah, poore *Cordella*, did I giue thee nought,
Nor neuer shall be able for to giue?
O, let me warne all ages that insueth,
How they trust flattery, and reiect the trueth.
Well, vnkind Girles, I here forgiue you both,
Yet the iust heauens will hardly do the like;
And only craue forgiuenesse at the end
Of good *Cordella*, and of thee, my friend;
Of God, whose Maiesty I have offended,
By my transgression many thousand wayes:
Of her, deare heart, whom I for no occasion
Turn'd out of all, through flatterers perswasion:
Of thee, kind friend, who but for me, I know,
Hadst neuer come vnto this place of wo.

Cor. Alack, that euer I should liue to see
My noble father in this misery.
King. Sweet Loue, reueale not what thou art as yet,
Vntill we know the ground of all this ill.
Cor. O, but some meat, some meat : do you not see,
How neere they are to death for want of food ?
Per. Lord, which didst help thy seruants at their need,
Or now or neuer send vs helpe with speed.
Oh comfort, comfort ! yonder is a banquet,
And men and women, my Lord : be of good cheare :
For I see comfort comming very neere.
O my Lord, a banquet, and men and women !
Leir. O, let kind pity mollify their hearts,
That they may helpe vs in our great extreames.
Per. God saue you, friends ; and if this blessed banquet
Affordeth any food or sussenance,
Euen for his sake that saued vs all from death,
Vouchsafe to saue us from the gripe of famine.
[*She bringeth him to the table.*
Cor. Here, father, sit and eat ; here sit & drink :
And would it were far better for your sakes !
[*Perillus takes Leir by the hand to the table.*
Per. Ile giue you thanks anon : my friend doth faynt,
And needeth present comfort. [*Leir drinkes.*
Mum. I warrant, he ne're stayes to say grace :
O, there's no sauce to a good stomake.
Per. The blessed God of heauen hath thought vpon vs.
Leir. The thanks be his, and these kind courteous folke,
By whose humanity we are preserued.
[*They eat hungrelie. Leir drinks.*
Cor. And may that draught be vnto him, as was
That which old *Eson* dranke, which did renue

His withered age, and made him young againe,
And may that meat be vnto him, as was
That which *Elias* ate, in strength whereof
He walked fourty dayes, and neuer faynted.
Shall I conceale me longer from my father?
Or shall I manifest my selfe to him?

King. Forbeare a while, vntill his strength returne,
Lest being ouer-ioyed with seeing thee,
His poore weake sences should forsake their office,
And so our cause of ioy be turnd to sorrow.

Per. What chere, my Lord? how do you feel your selfe?

Leir. Me thinks, I neuer ate such savoury meat:
It is as pleasant as the blessed Manna,
That rayned from heauen amongst the Israelites:
It hath recall'd my spirits home agayne,
And made me fresh, as earst I was before.
But how shall we congratulate their kindnesse?

Per. Infayth, I know not how sufficiently;
But the best meane that I can think on, is this:
Ile offer them my dublet in requitall;
For we haue nothing else to spare.

Leir. Nay, stay, *Perillus*, for they shall haue mine.

Per. Pardon, my Lord, I sweare they shall have mine.

[*Perillus proffers his dublet; they will not take it.*

Leir. Ah, who would think such kindnes should remayne
Among such strange and vnacquainted men:
And that such hate should harbour in the brest
Of those which haue occasion to be best?

Cor. Ah, good old father, tell to me thy griefe,
Ile sorrow with thee, if not edde reliefe.

Leir. Ah, good young daughter, I may call thee so;
For thou art like a daughter I did owe.

Cor. Do you not owe her still? what, is she dead?
Leir. No, God forbid: but all my interest's gone,
By shewing my selfe too much vnnaturall:
So haue I lost the title of a father,
And may be call'd a stranger to her rather.
Cor. Your title's good still: for tis alwayes knowne,
A man may do as him list with his owne.
But haue you but one daughter then in all?
Leir. Yes, I haue more by two, then would *I* had.
Cor, O, say not so, but rather see the end;
They that are bad, may haue the grace to mend:
But how haue they offended you so much?
Leir. If from the first I should relate the cause,
'Twould make a heart of Adamant to weepe;
And thou, poore soule, kind-hearted as thou art,
Dost weepe already, ere I do begin.
Cor. For Gods loue tell it; and when you haue done,
Ile tell the reason why I weepe so soone.
Leir. Then know this first, I am a Brittayne borne,
And had three daughters by one louing wife;
And though I say it, of beauty they were sped;
Especially the youngest of the three,
For her perfections hardly matcht could be;
On these I doted with a ielous loue,
And though to try which of them lou'd me best,
By asking them, which would do most for me?
The first and second flattred me with words,
And vowd they lou'd me better then their liues;
The youngest sayd, she loued me as a child
Might do; her answere I esteem'd most vild,
And presently in an outragious mood,
I turned her from me to go sinke or swym:
And all I had, euen to the very clothes,
I gaue in dowry with the other two:
And she that best deseru'd the greatest share,
I gaue her nothing, but disgrace and care.

Now mark the sequell: When I had done thus,
I soiourned in my eldest daughters house,
Where for a time I was intreated well,
And liu'e in state sufficing my content:
But every day her kindnesse did grow cold,
Which I with patience put vp well ynough,
And seemed not to see the things I saw:
But at the last she grew so far incenst
With moody fury, and with causeless hate,
That in most vild and contumelious termes,
She bade me pack, and harbour somewhere else.
Then was I fayne for refuge to repayre
Vnto my other daughter for reliefe;
Who gaue me pleasing and most courteous words;
But in her actions shewed her selfe so sore,
As neuer any daughter did before:
She prayd me in a morning out betime,
To go to a thicket two miles from the Court,
Poynting that there she would come talke with me:
There she had set a shaghayrd murdring wretch,
To massacre my honest friend and me.
Then iudge your selfe, although my tale be briefe,
If euer man had greater cause of griefe.

King. Nor neuer like impiety was done,
Since the creation of the world begun.

Leir. And now I am constrained to seeke reliefe
Of her, to whom I haue bin so vnkind;
Whose censure, if it do award me death,
I must confesse she payes me but my due;
But if she shew a louing daughters part,
It comes of God and her, not my desert.

Cor. No doubt she will, *I* dare be sworne she will.

Leir. How know you that, not knowing what she is?

Cor. My selfe a father haue a great way hence,
Vsde me as ill as euer you did he;— ?
Yet, that his reuerend age I once might see,
Ide creepe along, to meet him on my knee.

Leir. O no men's children are vnkind but mine.
Cor. Condemne not all, because of others crime :
But looke, deare father, looke, behold and see
Thy louing daughter speaketh vnto thee.
[*She kneeles.*
Leir. O, stand thou vp, it is my part to kneele,
And aske forgiueness for my former faults.
[*He kneeles.*
Cor. O, if you wish I should injoy my breath,
Deare father rise, or I receiue my death.
[*He riseth.*
Leir. Then I will rise, to satisfy your mind,
But kneele againe, til pardon be resigned.
[*He kneeles.*
Cor. I pardon you : the word beseemes not me :
But I do say so, for to ease your knee ;
You gaue me life, you were the cause that I
Am what I am, who else had neuer bin.
Leir. But you gaue life to me and to my friend,
Whose days had else, had an vntimely end.
Cor. You brought me vp, when as I was but young,
And far unable for to helpe my selfe.
Leir. I cast thee forth, when as thou wast but young,
And far unable for to help thy selfe.
Cor. God, world, and nature say I do you wrong,
That can indure to see you kneele so long.
King. Let me breake off this louing controuersy,
Which doth reioyce my very soule to see.
Good father, rise, she is your louing daughter,
[*He riseth.*
And honours you with as respectiue duty,
As if you were the Monarch of the world.
Cor. But I will neuer rise from off my knee,
[*She kneeles.*
Vntill I haue your blessing, and your pardon
Of all my faults committed any way,
From my first birth vnto this present day.

Leir. The blessing, which the God of *Abraham* gaue
Vnto the tribe of *Iuda*, light on thee,
And multiply thy dayes, that thou mayst see
Thy childrens children prosper after thee.
Thy faults, which are iust none that I do know,
God pardon on high, and I forgiue below.
[*She riseth.*

Cor. Now is my heart at quiet, and doth leape
Within my brest, for ioy of this good hap:
And now (deare father) welcome to our Court,
And welcome (kind *Perillus*) vnto me,
Myrrour of vertue and true honesty.

Leir. O, he hath bin the kindest friend to me,
That euer man had in aduersity.

Per. My toung doth faile to say what heart doth think,
I am so rauisht with exceeding ioy.

King. All you haue spoke: now let me speak my mind,
And in few words much matter here conclude:
If ere my heart do harbour any ioy, [*He kneeles.*
Or true content repose within my brest,
Till I haue rooted out this viperous sect,
And repostest my father of his crowne,
Let me be counted for the periurdst man,
That euer spake word since the world began.
[*Rises.*

Mum. Let me pray to, that neuer pray'd before;
[*Mumford kneeles.*
If ere I resalute the Brittish earth,
(As (ere't be long) I do presume I shall)
And do returne from thence without my wench,
Let me be gelded for my recompence. [*Rises.*

King. Come, let's to armes for to redresse this wrong:
Till I am there, me thinks the time seemes long.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Ragan sola.

Rag. I feele a hell of conscience in my brest,
Tormenting me with horrour for my fact,
And makes me in an agony of doubt,
For feare the world should find my dealing out.
The slaue whom I appoynted for the act,
I ne're set eye vpon the peasant since:
O, could I get him for to make him sure,
My doubts would cease, and I should rest secure.
But if the old men, with perswasiue words,
Haue fau'd their liues, and made him to relent;
Then are they fled vnto the Court of Fraunce,
And like a Trumpet manifest my shame.
A shame on these white-liveud slaues, say I,
That with fayre words so soone are ouercome.
O God, that I had bin but made a man;
Or that my strength were equall with my will!
These foolish men are nothing but meere pity,
And melt as butter doth against the Sun.
Why should they haue pre-eminence ouer vs,
Since we are creatures of more braue resolue?
I sweare, I am quite out of charity
With all the heartlesse men in Christendome.
A poxe vpon them, when they are affrayd
To giue a stab, or slit a paltry Wind-pipe,
Which are so easy matters to be done.
Well, had I thought the slaue would serue me so,
My self would haue bin executioner:
Tis now vndone, and if that it be knowne,
Ile make as good shift as I can for one.
He that repines at me, how ere it stands,
'Twere best for him to keepe him from my hands.
[*Exit.*

Sound Drums & Trumpets: Enter the Gallian King, Leir, Mumford, and the army.

King. Thus haue we brought our army to the sea,

Whereas our ships are ready to receyue vs:
The wind stands fayre, and we in foure houres sayle,
May easily arriue on Brittish shore,
Where vnexpected we may them surprise,
And gayne a glorious victory with ease.
Wherefore, my louing Countreymen, resolue,
Since truth and iustice fighteth on our sides,
That we shall march with conquest where we go.
My selfe will be as forward as the first,
And step by step march with the hardiest wight:
And not the meanest souldier in our Campe
Shall be in danger, but ile second him.
To you, my Lord, we giue the whole commaund
Of all the army, next vnto our selfe;
Not doubting of you, but you will extend
Your wonted valour in this needful case,
Encouraging the rest to do the like,
By your approued magnanimity.

Mum. My Liege, tis needlesse to spur a willing horse,
Thats apt enough to run himselfe to death:
For here I sweare by that sweet Saints bright eye,
Which are the starres, which guide me to good hap,
Either to see my old Lord crown'd anew,
Or in his cause to bid the world adieu.

Leir. Thanks, good Lord *Mumford*, tis more of your good will,
Then any merit or desert in me.

Mum. And now to you, my worthy Countrymen,
Ye valiant race of Genouestan Gawles,
Surnamed Red-shanks, for your chyualry,
Because you fight vp to the shanks in bloud:
Shew your selues now to be right Gawles indeed,
And be so bitter on your enemies,
That they may say, you are as bitter as Gall.
Gall them, brave Shot, with your Artillery:
Gall them, brave Halberts, with your sharp point Billes,

Each in their poynted place, not one, but all,
Fight for the credit of your selues and Gawle.
King. Then what should more perswasion need to those,
That rather wish to deale, then heare of blowes?
Let's to our ships, and if that God permit,
In foure houres sayle, I hope we shall be there.
Mum. And in fiue houres more, I make no doubt,
But we shall bring our wish'd desires about. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Captayne of the Watch, and two watchmen.

Cap. My honest friends, it is your turne to night,
To watch in this place; neere about the Beacon,
And vigilantly haue regard,
If any fleet of ships passe hitherward:
Which if you do, your office is to fire
The beacon presently, and raise the towne. [*Exit.*

1. *Wat.* I, I, I, feare nothing; we know our charge, I warrant: I have bin a watchman about this Beacon this xxx. yere, and yet I ne're see it stir, but stood as quietly as might be.

2. *Wat.* Fayth neighbour, and you'l follow my vice, instead of watching the Beacon, wee'l go to goodman *Gennings*, & watch a pot of Ale and a rasher of Bacon: and if we do not drink our selues drunke, then so; I warrant, the Beacon will see vs when we come out agayne.

1. *Wat.* I, but how if some body excuse vs to the Captayne?

2. *Wat.* 'Tis no matter, Ile prove by good reason that we watch the Beacon: asse for example.

1. *Wat.* I hope you do not call me asse by craft, neighbour.

2. *Wat.* No, no, but for example: Say here stands the pot of ale, thats the Beacon.

1. *Wat.* I, I, tis a very good Beacon.

2. *Wat.* Well, say here stands your nose, thats the fire.

1. *Wat.* Indeed I must confesse, tis somewhat red.

2. *Wat.* I see come marching in a dish, halfe a score pieces of salt Bacon.

1. *Wat.* I vnderstand your meaning, thats as much to say, half a score ships.

2. *Wat.* True you conster right; presently, like a faithfull watchman, I fire the Beacon, and call vp the towne.

1. *Wat.* I, thats as much as to say, you set your nose to the pot, and drink vp the drink.

2. *Wat.* You are in the right; come, let's go fire the Beacon. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King of Gallia with a stil march, Mumford & soldiers.

King. Now march our ensignes on the Brittish earth,
And we are neere approching to the towne:
Then looke about you, valiant countrymen,
And we shall finish this exployt with ease.
Th' inhabitants of this mistrustfull place
Are dead asleep, as men that are secure:
Here shall we skirmish but with naked men,
Deuoyd of sence, new waked from a dreame,
That know not what our comming doth pretend,
Till they do feele our meaning on their skinnes:
Therefore assaile: God and our right for vs. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum, with men and women halfe naked: Enter two Captaynes without dublets, with swords.

1. *Cap.* Where are these villaines that were set to watch,
And fire the Beacon, if occasion seru'd,
That thus haue suffred vs to be surprisde,
And neuer giuen notice to the towne?
We are betrayd, and quite deuoyd of hope,
By any meanes to fortify our selues.

2. *Cap.* Tis ten to one the peasants are o'recome with drinke and sleep, and so neglect their charge.

1. *Cap.* A whirl-wind carry them quick to a whirl-poole,
That there the slaues may drinke their bellies full.

2. *Cap.* This tis, to haue the Beacon so neere the Ale-house.

Enter the watchmen drunke, with each a pot.

1. *Cap.* Out on ye, villaynes, whither run ye now?

1. *Wat.* To fire the towne, and call vp the Beacon.

2. *Wat.* No, no sir, to fire the Beacon.

[*He drinkes.*

2. *Cap.* What, with a pot of ale, you drunken Rogues?

1. *Cap.* You'l fire the Beacon, when the towne is lost:
Ile teach you how to tend your office better.

[*Draw to stab them.*

Enter Mumford, Captaynes run away.

Mum. Yeeld, yeeld, yeeld.

[*He kicks downe their pots.*

1. *Wat.* Reele? no, we do not reele:
You may lacke a pot of Ale ere you dye.

Mum. But in meane space, I answer, you want none,
Wel, theres no dealing with you, y'are tall men, and wel weapŏd;
I would there were no worse then you in the towne.

[*Exit.*

2. *Wat.* A speaks like an honest man, my cholers past already.
Come, neighbour, let's go.

1. *Wat.* Nay, first let's see and we can stand.

[*Exeunt.*

Alarum, excursions, Mumford after them, and some halfe naked.

Enter the Gallian King, Leir, Mumford, Cordella, Perillus, and souldiers, with the chiefe of the towne bound.

King. Feare not, my friends, you shall receyue no hurt,
If you'l subscribe vnto your lawfull King,
And quite reuoke your fealty from *Cambria*,
And from aspiring *Cornwall* too, whose wiues
Haue practisde treason 'gainst their fathers life,
Wee come in iustice of your wronged King,
And do intend no harme at all to you,
So you submit vnto your lawfull King.
Leir. Kind Countrymen, it grieues me, that perforce,
I am constraind to vse extremities.
Nobles. Long haue you here bin lookt for, good my Lord,
And wish'd for by a generall consent:
And had we known your Highnesse had arriued,
We had not made resistance to your Grace:
And now, my gracious Lord, you need not doubt,
But all the Country will yeeld presently,
Which since your absence haue bin greatly tax'd,
For to maintayne their ouerswelling pride.
Weele presently send word to all our friends;
When they haue notice, they will come apace.
Leir. Thanks, louing subiects; and thanks, worthy son,
Thanks, my kind daughter, thanks to you, my Lord,
Who willingly aduentured haue your blood,
(Without desert) to do me so much good.
Mum. O, say not so:
I haue bin much beholding to your Grace:
I must confesse, I haue bin in some skirmishes,

But I was neuer in the like to this:
For where I was wont to meet with armed men,
I was now incountred with naked women.
Cor. We that are feeble, and want vse of Armes,
Will pray to God, to sheeld you from all harmes.
Leir. The while your hands do manage ceaselesse toyle,
Our hearts shall pray, the foes may haue the foyle.
Per. Weele fast and pray, whilst you for us do fight,
That victory may prosecute the right.
King. Me thinks, your words do amplify (my friends)
And adde fresh vigor to my willing limmes:
[*Drum.*
But harke, I heare the aduerse Drum approch.
God and our right, Saint *Denis*, and Saint *George*.

Enter Cornwall, Cambria, Gonorill, Ragan, and the army.

Corn. Presumptuous King of Gawles, how darest thou
Presume to enter on our Brittish shore?
And more then that, to take our townes perforce,
And draw our subiects hearts from their true King?
Be sure to buy it at as deare a price,
As ere you bought presumption in your liues.
King. Ore-daring *Cornwall*, know, we came in right,
And iust reuengement of the wronged King,
Whose daughters there, fell vipers as they are,
Haue sought to murder and depriue of life:
But God protected him from all their spight,
And we are come in iustice of his right.
Cam. Nor he nor thou haue any interest here,
But what you win and purchase with the sword.
Thy slaunders to our noble vertuous Queenes,

Wee'l in the battel thrust them down thy throte,
Except for feare of our reuenging hands,
Thou flye to sea, as not secure on lands.
Mum. Welshman, ile so ferrit you ere night for that word,
That you shall haue no mind to crake so wel this tweluemonth.
Gon. They lye, that say, we sought our fathers death.
Rag. 'Tis meerely forged for a colours sake,
To set a glosse on your inuasion.
Me thinks, an old man ready for to dye,
Should be asham'd to broache so foule a lye.
Cor. Fy, shamelesse sister, so deuoyd of grace,
To call our father lyer to his face.
Gon. Peace (Puritan) dissembling hypocrite,
Which art so good, that thou wilt proue stark naught:
A non, when as I haue you in my fingers,
Ile make you wish your selfe in Purgatory.
Per. Nay, peace thou monster, shame vnto thy sexe:
Thou fiend in likenesse of a humane creature.
Rag. *I* neuer heard a fouler spoken man.
Leir. Out on thee, viper, scum, filthy parricide,
More odious to my sight then is a Toade:
Knowest thou these letters?
[*She snatches them & teares them.*
Rag. Think you to outface me with your paltry scrowles?
You come to driue my husband from his right,
Vnder the colour of a forged letter.
Leir. Who euer heard the like impiety?
Per. You are our debtour of more patience:
We were more patient when we stayd for you,
Within the thicket two long houres and more.
Rag. What houres? what thicket?
Per. There, where you sent your seruant with your letters,

Seald with your hand, to send vs both to heauen,
Where, as I thinke, you neuer meane to come.
Rag. Alas, you are growne a child agayne with age,
Or else your sences dote for want of sleepe.
Per. Indeed you made vs rise betimes, you know,
Yet had a care we should sleepe where you bade vs stay,
But neuer wake more till the latter day.
Gon. Peace, peace, old fellow, thou art sleepy still.
Mum. Fayth, and if you reason till to morrow,
You get no other answere at their hands.
'Tis pitty two such good faces
Should haue so little grace betweene them.
Well, let vs see if their husbands with their hands
Can do as much, as they do with their toungs.
Cam. *I*, with their swords they'l make your toung vnsay
What they haue said, or else they'l cut them out.
King. Too't gallants, too't, let's not stand brawling thus. [*Exeunt both armyes.*

Sound alarum: excursions. Mumford must chase Cambria away: then cease. Enter Cornwall.

Corn. The day is lost, our friends do all reuolt,
And ioyne against vs with the aduerse part:
There is no meanes of safety but by flight,
And therefore ile to Cornwall with my Queene.
[*Exit.*

Enter Cambria.

Cam. I thinke, there is a deuill in the Campe hath haunted me to day: he hath so tyred me, that in a maner I can fight no more.

Enter Mumford.

Zounds! here he comes, Ile take me to my horse.
[*Exit.*

Mumford follows him to the dore, and returnes.

Mum. Farewell (Welshman) giue thee but thy due,
Thou hast a light and nimble payre of legs :
Thou art more in debt to them then to thy hands :
But if I meet thee once agayne to day,
Ile cut them off, and set them to a better heart.
[*Exit.*

Alarums and excursions, then sound victory. Enter Leir, Perillus, King, Cordella, and Mumford.

King. Thanks be to God, your foes are ouercome,
And you againe possessed of your right.
Leir. First to the heauens ; next, thanks to you, my sonne,
By whose good meanes I repossesse the same :
Which if it please you to accept your selfe,
With all my heart I will resigne to you :
For it is yours by right, and none of mine.
First, haue you raisd, at your owne charge, a power
Of valiant Souldiers (this comes all from you) ;
Next haue you ventured your owne persons scathe.
And lastly (worthy *Gallia* neuer staind),
My kingly title I by thee haue gaynd.
King. Thank heauens, not me, my zeale to you is such,
Command my vtmost, I will neuer grutch.
Cor. He that with all kind loue intreats his Queene,
Will not be to her father vnkind seene.
Leir. Ah, my *Cordella*, now I call to mind,
The modest answere, which I tooke vnkinde :
But now I see, I am no whit beguild,
Thou louedst me dearly, and as ought a child.
And thou (*Perillus*) partner once in woe,
Thee to requite, the best I can, Ile doe :
Yet all I can, I, were it ne're so much,
Were not sufficient, thy true loue is such.

Thanks (worthy *Mumford*) to thee last of all,
Not greeted last, 'cause thy desert was small;
No, thou hast Lion-like layd on to day,
Chasing the Cornwall king and Cambria;
Who with my daughters, daughters did I say?
To saue their lives, the fugitiues did play.
Come, sonne and daughter, who bid me aduaunce,
Repose with me a while, and then for Fraunce.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets. Exeunt.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

THE ACTORS NAMES.

1. TIMON.
2. LACHES, his faythfull seruant.
3. EUTRAPELUS, a dissolate young man.
4. GELASIMUS, a cittie heyre.
5. PSEUDOCHEUS, a lying trauailor.
6. DEMEAS, an orator.
7. PHILARGURUS, a couetous churlish ould man.
8. HE[R]MOGENES, a fidler.
9. ABYSSUS, a vsurer.
10. LOLLIO, a cuntrey clowne, Philargurus sonne.
11. STILPO, } two lying philosophers.
12. SPEUSIPPUS, }
13. GRUNNIO, a leane seruant of Philargurus.
14. OBBA, Tymons butler.
15. PÆDIO, Gelasimus page.
16, 17. Two serieants.
18. A sailer.
19. CALLIMELA, Philargurus daughter.
20. BLATTE, her prattling nurse.

[Musicians, and Page to Hermogenes].

SCENE—Athens.

MR DYCE'S PREFACE.[1]

—o—

THE following notices of the present drama occur in the preliminary Remarks on "Timon of Athens,"—"Shakespeare," vol. xiii. 244–5, ed. 1821.

"Mr Strutt, the engraver, to whom our antiquaries are under no inconsiderable obligations, has in his possession a MS. play on this subject. It appears to have been written, or transcribed, about the year 1600. There is a scene in it resembling Shakespeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of *warm water*, he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful steward, who (like Kent, in 'King Lear,') has disguised himself to continue his services to his master. Timon, in the last act, is followed by his fickle mistress, &c., after he was reported to have discovered a hidden treasure by digging. The piece itself (though it appears to be the work of an academick) is a wretched one."—*Steevens.*

"To the manuscript play mentioned by Mr Steevens, our author, I have no doubt, was also indebted for some other circumstances. Here he found the faithful steward, the banquet-scene, and the story of Timon's being possessed of great sums of gold which he had dug up in the woods; a circumstance which

[1] To the Shakespeare Society's edition of the drama, 8°., 1842.

he could not have had from Lucian, there being then no translation of the dialogue that relates to this subject."—*Malone.*

From the possession of Strutt, the MS. of "Timon" passed (perhaps not immediately) into that of Mr Heber, at the sale of whose library it was purchased by Mr Rodd the bookseller, and afterwards became mine. It is an apograph by two transcribers, the portions copied out by the one differing greatly in the character of the handwriting from those executed by the other.

This play was evidently intended for the amusement of an academic audience. That it was really acted, a strong presumptive proof is afforded by the stage-direction at page 469, which originally stood, "*Enter Timon and Laches with* either a spade *in their hands,*" but which has been carefully altered to "*Enter Timon and Laches with* 3 spades *in their hands,*" because a third spade was required for the use of Gelasimus in a later part of the scene.

I leave to others a minute discussion of the question, whether or not Shakespeare was indebted to the present piece. I shall merely observe, that I entertain considerable doubts of his having been acquainted with a drama, which was certainly never performed in the metropolis, and which was likely to have been read only by a few of the author's particular friends, to whom transcripts of it had been presented.

A. DYCE.



Timon.

—o—

ACT I., SCENE I.

Enter TIMON *and* LACHES.

Tim. Laches, hast thou receau'd my rents?
Lach. Master, I haue,
And brought in sacks filled with goulden talents:
Is't your pleasure that I cast them into pryson?
Tim. Into pryson! whye soe?
Lach. Lett your chests be the pryson,
Your locks the keeper, and your keyes the porter,
Otherwise they'le fly away, swyfter then birds or wyndes.
Tim. I will noe miser bee.
Flye, gould, enioye the sunn beames! 'tis not fitt
Bright gould should lye hidd in obscuritie;
I'le rather scatter it among the people:
Lett poore men somewhat take of my greate plenty;
I would not haue them greiue that they went empty
From Timons threshould, and I will not see
My pensive freinds to pyne with penurie.
Lach. Who beares a princelie mynd needes princelie wealth,
Or ells hee'le wither like a rose in springe,

Nought wilbe left but thornes of povertie.
Master, thou art noe kinge, noe prince; doe well
Vnto thie selfe, and all is well.
Tim. Thou speakest like thie selfe, and in thy kinde:
Lett those that are borne slaues beare abiect minds.
I Timon am, not Laches.
Lach. I, poore Laches,
Not Timon; yf I were, I would not see
My goodes by crowes devoured as they bee.
Tim. I'st euen soe, my learned counsaylor?
Rule thou this howse, be thou a cittizen
Of Athens; I thy seruant will attend;
Thou shalt correct me as thy bond slaue; yes,
Thou shalt correct me, Laches; I will beare
As fitts a slaue. By all the gods I sweare,
Bridle thy tounge, or I will cutt it out,
And turne thee out of dores.
Lach. Because I speake
The truth.
Tim. But, peace once, once more, I saye.
Lach. Yes, I'le not mutter; I'le as silent bee
As any counsaylor without his ffee.
Tim. Inglorious dayes leade they, whose inwarde parts[1]
Apollo hath not made of better claye.
It is to me a tryumph and a glorye,
That people fynger point at me, and saye,
This, this is he that his lardge wealth and store
Scatters among the comons and the poore;
Hee doth not sitt at home and hugg himselfe,
Rubbing his greedy right hand with his gould,

[1] From Juvenal;

"quibus arte benigna
meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan."
—xiv. 34.

Whilst poore men theire misfortunes doe deplore
Vnder the open ayre. Laches, bestrowe
The streetes with gould, and lett the people knowe
How bountifull the hands of Timon are.
Lach. Soe Joue me loue, I had rather rotten eggs
Or stincking pispotts cast vpon theire heades. [*Aside.*
Tim. The noyse ascends to heau'n; Timons greate name
In the gods eares resounds, to his greate fame.
This I heare willinglie; and 'tis farre sweeter
Then sound of harpe, or any pleasant meetre:
I, magnified by the peoples crye,
Shall mount in glorye to the heauens high. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Knocking at Timons dore. Enter EUTRAPELUS, *and* ABYSSUS *the Vsurer following him; then enter* TIMON *and* LACHES.

Eut. Loue, pleasure, joye, delight dwell in this howse.
How farest thou, my humane Jupiter?
What, art thou joviall?
Tim. I envye not Joue himselfe.
Eut. By Venus lapp I sweare, thou seem'st to mee
To bee too sadd. Why walk'st thou not the streetes?
Thou scarce art knowne in tenn tavernes yett:
Subdue the world with gould. See'st thou this ffeind?
Tim. What is hee?
Eut. A gryping vsurer, Abyssus named:
That man that knowes him not will scarce belieue
What a dam'd knaue he is. I with my cloake
Muffled my face, myne hatt puld o're myne eyes;
I walked through the byewayes of the towne,
The Schooles, the Cinqueports, the markett places;
By nookes and crookes I went; yett this bloudhound

Sents, swyftlie followes, hath me at a baye,
Nor hath departed from my side this daye.
Tim. His loue's officious.
Aby. Eutrapelus, pay me my mony.
Eut. Di'st euer heare a cuckowe of a note
More inauspicious?
Aby. Pay what thou ow'st, Eutrapelus.
Thou from my clamour neuer shalt goe free:
Where e're thou go'st I still will followe thee,
An indiuiduall mate; when thou shalt dyne,
I'le pull thye meate out of thie very mouth;
When thou wilt sleepe, I'le flye about thy bedd,
Like to a nyght mare: no, I will not lett
Thyne eyes to slumber or take any rest.
Eut. Proceed'st thou still with thy ostreperous noyse?
Soe helpe me Bacchus, I had rather see
Medusas heade, the dreadfull basiliske,
Hobgob[l]ins, yea, infernall Cerberus.
Foh, turne him out of dores, least he infect
The whole howse with the odor of his breath.—
Out, out thou stinckard, mans grand enemye!
Aby. Our controuersye law shall soone decide.
Thou shalt perceaue what a fellowe I am:
I'le make the[e] looke wormes through the pryson grates,
Vnlesse thou satisfie to me my debt
In good and lawfull mony.
Eut. By greate Bellonas sheild, by th' thunderbolt
Of Panomphæan Joue, by Neptunes mace,
By the Acroceraunian mountaines,
And by the glistering jemms of thye redd nose,
Goe hence, or els I'le crush thee like a crabb.
Looke to thy selfe, thou damned vsurer:
Looke to thy selfe; I gyue thee fayre warning.
Aby. Thou shalt not fright me with thye bugbeare wordes;

Thye mountaines of Acroceraunia,
Nor yett thy Panomphæan Joue I ffeare :
I aske what is my owne.
Eut. Thou logg, thou stock, thou Arcadian beast,
Know'st thou not what 'tis to be honored ?
Is't not a creditt and a grace to haue
Me be thy debtour ?
Lach. Leaue him not, Abyssus. [*Aside to Abyss.*
Oh, how I long for the confusion
Of this same rascall that confounds our howse !
Aby. Thou showld'st haue paid the ffirst of the Calends ;
'Tis now the third day.
Lach. Send for the serients. [*Aside to Abyss.*
Eut. Timon, lend me a litle goulden dust,
To ffree me from this ffeind ; some fower talents
Will doe it.
Tim. Yea, take ffyue : while I haue gould,
I will not see my ffreinds to stand in neede.
Eut. Heroicke spiritt, I will thee adore,
And sacrifice to thee in ffranckinsence !
Lach. I scarcelie am my selfe, I am starke madd :
The gods and goddesses confound this scabb !
[*Aside.*
Eut. Come hither : what's the totall somme ?
Aby. This bill
Will certifie you, yf you read it.
Eut. Come not too neere ;
I ffeare that shyning ignis fatuus,
Which the lampe of thie nose doth beare aboute :
Approch thou not too nigh. Two hundred pownds :
Well thou shall haue it at the next exchainge ;
Then there of me thy debt thou shalt receaue.
Aby. If not, the pryson thee. [*Exit.*
Eut. The apple of Tantalus now followe thee !——
O sweet'st of things, thou hast reedeem'd thy ffreind !
In myrth and iollitie this daye I'le spend. [*Hee sings.*

Bringe me hither a cupp
Of wyne, filld to the bryms :
Lett's alwayes drinck all vpp ;
I loue a cupp that swyms.
God Bacchus, God Bacchus.
Thee wee adore ;
Thee wee ymplore,
Oh most sweete Iacchus !

Tim. Eutrapelus, thou hold'st thyne owne : but why
Wearst thou a plume of ffeathers in thy hatt ?
Art thou a louer or a souldier ?

Eut. Bee souldiers they that list : rather, I thinck,
Its safer farr to quaffe, carouse, and drinck,
And to embrace a lasse within my bedd
At my owne home.

Tim. True ; where the pot's thy pyke,
Thy bedd thy horse, thy wenches merry make
A sheild and buckler to receaue thy launce.

Eut. Th'art in the right[1] . . .

.

This plume of ffeathers shee did gyue to me,
As a conspicuous symbole of her loue.

Tim. Truely, a worthy guift. But, surely, Venus
Was not a ffreind to my nativitie :
I oft haue watcht at my sweete harts dore,
And offer'd up whole hecatombes of teares ;
I putt on black apparell ; at midnight
Plaid at her window ; on my sweete string'd lute
I sung her loue songs ;[2] nothing could her moue ;
But when shee sawe the shyning gould, "My loue,

[1] Four lines and a half omitted here.

[2] Perhaps the proper pointing of this passage (though against that of the MS.) is.

"Plaid at her window on my sweete string'd lute ;
I sung her loue songs," &c.

Whye stand'st thou heere? what's my gate a bandogg?
My hony, gyue me this; nay, yf thou lou'st me,
I prithee, gyue it me;" her gowne is rent,[1]
Or ells shee stands in neede of a gould ringe;
Somethinge shee wants, to craue shee wilbe bould:
The man shee loues not, but shee loues his gould.

Eut. By Joue, thou know'st theire cunning to a hayre.
But, Timon, shall I thirst within thie house?
I haue not wett my lipps with wyne this daye.

Tim. Come, lett vs in; wee will not want for drincke. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter GELASIMUS, *and* PÆDIO *his page; a table and a looking glass.*

Gel. Pædio, behould me, Pædio; are not my lookes grauer than they were? is not my countenance full of gravitie?

Pæd. As graue as a seuere Areopagite, with his contracted eyebrowes.

Gel. Ha, ha, he! wy wytty knaue, dost thinck I shall euer be an Areopagite?

Pæd. But stay awhile till your beard growe bigger; otherwise old men wilbe ashamed to be ouercome in counsayle and vnderstanding by one that is barbatulous.

Gel. Ha, ha, he! how I my selfe content my selfe! I wholly am pleased with my selfe, from the sole of my foote to the crowne of my head: soe the Graces

[1] From Plautus;

"Aut periit aurum, aut *conscissa pallula est.*"
—"Trucul." i. l. 32.

("Sic vett. Vulgo: 'Aut aurum periit.'" Bothe ad l.)

loue me, I could willinglie kisse my selfe. Heere, take my cloake, while I viewe my selfe awhile: see, heere's a looking glasse. [*Takes the glass.*] Lord, what goulden teeth haue I! what a purple coulored face! did'st euer see things more correspondent?

Pæd. Your anckles be too litle.

Gel. The more gentlemanlike; I shall not be a fatt greasy plebeian.

What speake the virgines of me, canst thou tell?

Pæd. They terme you delight of men, white boye,[1]

Noble without comparison—what not?

This the like eyes, that the like nose desires;

This your cheekes, and that your leggs.

Gel. Pædio,

See that my chamber dores be barred fast;

For I am fearefull, least that, when I sleepe,

Some of theis ffemales pilfre me awaye.

Did I relate to thee (I know not), or hast heard

I am a cozen german vnto Venus?

Pæd. Master, why sigh you soe a nights?

Gel. I loue.

Pæd. Noe marveyle, that art lou'd of soe many.

Gel. I knowe not whether I am lou'd or noe.

Pæd. Cannot you sleepe for loue?

Gle. Why, noe.[2]

Pæd. Not you,

That are soe rich in ffarmes, statelie howses,

Whome your rich father left his only heyre?

Gel. Thancks to the gods, I am not of the raggs

Or fagg end of the people; Pædio, see,

I haue a gould ring with a iemm and signett.

Pæd. How daintylie theis iemms becomes your fyngers!

[1] Was formerly a common term of endearment.

[2] MS., *not.*

Gel. Did'st euer see the armes my sheild doth beare?
Pæd. I well remember them.
Gel. My knaue, relate them.
Pæd. Three guilded thistles.
Gel. Well.
Pæd. Three fatt asses,
Drawen out the desarts of Arabia.
Gel. Soe.
Pæd. Two boares with gilded stones in a feild.
Gel. Bloudy.
Pæd. Nay, rather, turdy. [*Aside.*
Gel. But the crest, dost thou remember that?
Pæd. My selfe not better; a white owle
Gel. Am I not fortunate?
Pæd. Soe the gods would haue it:
But stay; see who comes here?

SCENE IV.

Enter PSEUDOCHEUS *to them.*

Pseud. Hayle, Athens! Thancks to propitious Joue,
Thancks to Minerua! Welcome may I be,
Who, mounted on a wodden horse, this daye
Arriued at Pyræum.
Gel. Dost heare him, Pædio?
He sayth he rode vpon a wodden horse.
That I had such a one! dost thou knowe where
Are any wodden horses to be sould,
That neede noe spurrs nor haye? Ile aske this strainger.
Pæd. H'st, master, stay!
Master, what say you to a hobby horse?——
But he doth meane a shipp, and not a horse.
[*Aside.*
Gel. What sayest thou, my boye?

Pseud. Ile playe vpon this fellow, I knowe him well enough.—— [*Aside.*

Good gods, how many idly sitt at home,
Like to lame coblers, and doe neuer see
More earth or sea than that where they were borne!

Gel. Hee meanes not me; I Sparta once beheld
From a high turrett.

Pseud. I with my ffeete haue pac'd the world about.

Gel. Ile buye this flying horse and wandring ffeete.

Pseud. The Pyrenean mountaynes, though that there
I with my right hand toucht the very clouds,
Deuoring gulfs, nor quicksands of the sea,
Did e're fright me; at Gades I washt away
Non vltra writt with Hercules owne hand;
Pacing the myles of Europe, Asia,
And Affrica, my wearied bones at last
Are here arriued, and here my labours end.

Gel. Shall I speake to him, Pædio? he seemes
A man of greate accompt, that hath oreveiu'd
Soe many countreyes: what shall I saye first?
Shall I salute him after our manner?

Pseud. A spruce, neate youth: what, yf I affront[1] him? [*Aside.*

Gel. Good gods, how earnestlie doe I desire
His ffellowshipp! was I e're soe shamefac't?
What yf I send and gyue to him my cloake?

Pseud. What shall I saye? I saw his face at Thebes
Or Sicilie? [*Aside.*

Gel. Ile send it. Pædio,
Gyue him this cloake: salute him in my name;
H'st, thou may'st tell him, yf thou wilt, how rich
My ffather was. [*Aside to Pædio.*

[1] *i.e.*, meet, encounter, accost.

Pæd. I come to thee a badging messenger:
Our Lord Gelasimus from the Goulden Hill
Sends thee a cloake, a signe of his good will.
Gel. Oh, that he takes it kindlie! [*Aside.*
Pseud. A cloake! and why a cloake?
Pæd. There was not in all Athens, while he liu'd,
A ritcher then his ffather.
Pseud. What, as a token of his loue, say'st thou?
Returne this answeare to that noble youth;
I, Pseudecheus from the Bloody Tower,
Doe wish him more than twenty thowsand healthes;
Who e're he be, be he more ffortunate
Then they that liue in the Iles Fortunate,
Or in the fflourishing Elizian feilds;
May he drinck nectar, eate ambrosia!
Gel. How daintylie his speech flowes from him!
[*Aside.*
Pseud. Tell him I will salute him.
Pæd. The strainger, sir, desires to salute you.
Gel. That's my desire: I will meete him.
Pseud. I will affront him. [*Aside.*
Gel. I wish admittance of societie.
Pæd. Foh, how this proffered seruice stincks!
[*Aside.*
Pseud. I thee admitt, thou needst not be ashamed;
I seeme lesse then I am; who hath lurk'd close
Hath liued well.
Pæd. Liue yee soe well, yee that are prysoners?
Yee closely lurke, I know that well. [*Aside.*
Pseud. Though here sett I my ffoote without a guard,
I haue whole islands at my beck and nodd.
Gel. Lord, what a potent freind haue I obteyned!—
[*Aside.*
What cuntreyman, I pray you, sir?
Pseud. A Wordling.
Gel. Wat a spatious countrey hath this man!
Athens is but a poynt compar'd to it. [*Aside.*

Pseud. Here is a neate cittie, statelie howses.
Gel. You neuer saw my howse in Rhamnuse streete?
I spent tenn powndes in paynting of my dores,
To make it knowne whose howse it was.
Pseud. I haue seene fayrer 'monge the Antipodes.
Gel. What, were you e're among th' Antipodes?
Pseud. About three yeres, six monethes, and fower dayes:
As I remember, I departed thence
Last day of March,—soe 'tis, last day of March,
My calender tells me the very hower.
Pæd. This is noe Worlding, hee's some Cretian.[1] [*Aside.*
Gel. On ffoote, or horse, wents't thou this greate voyage?
Pseud. Vp to the ffeildes Gurgustidonian
I rode on horse back; the Antipodes
Were distant thence about an hundred myles;
There I being seene, the Pigmies fearefully
Fledd all awaye.
Gel. They took thee for some Centaure; ha, ha, ha!
Pseud. True, I perceaued it; did descend my horse;
I said I was a man; they humbly came;
One as a page I tooke, dismiss'd the rest.
Gel. If I among them were, would they accept
Mee for theire kinge?
Pseud. They would, yf I did send
With thee my letters commendatory.
Gel. Joue willing, I my iorney will beginn
Next month; and in the ffyrst yere of my raigne,
Thou, Pædio, shalt be a noble man.

[1] In allusion to the prouerbial saying, Κρῆτες ἀεὶ ψεῦσται.

Pseud. At last I came to the Antipodes.
Gel. What, before euen?
Pseud. Halfe an hower past six.
Gel. But what did they?
Pseud. They are all amazed were,
Admire, concurre; they bringe me to theire kinge,
Where I was feasted, plac'd at his right hand.
Gel. For honours sake.
Pseud. When I departed thence,
This ringe he gaue me.
Gel. Prythee, lett me se it.
Wilt thou that wee exchainge, my Pylades?
Pseud. I am a man; Ile not denye my ffreind.—
By Joue, my ringe is made of brasse, not gould.
[*Aside.*
Gel. O happie me, that weares the kings owne ringe
Of th' Antipodes!
Pseud. Soe I blesse my ffreinds.
Pæd. Master—
Gel. What, my knaue?
Pæd. Perchaunce this man hath brought with him some philtre,
Or loue prouoking pouder; soe you maye
The loue of ffayrest Callimela gaine.
Gel. Dost thou thinck soe?—My ffreind, a word or two.
Pseud. Yes, yf thou wilt, three hundred.
Gel. Doe you thinck,
Is't possible to obteyne a maydens loue
By pouders or by philtres?
Pseud. Art thou Venus vassall?
Gel. I am a man, compact of fflesh and blood;
I feele a stirring heate.
Pseud. Vpon the mountaines of Thessalia
I doe remember that I sawe an oake,
That brought forth goulden akornes of greate price:
Yf any young man had but one of theis,

The maides would almost dye for loue of him.
If I am not deceau'd, I haue of them.
Gel. Graunt Venus that you haue!
Pseud. One to Thetis,
An other to Proserpena I gaue
When I was last at hell, a third to th' queene
Of the Antipodes, a ffowrth I lost.
Gel. Hast thou not one left?
Pseud. No, not one.
Gel. O me!
O wretched me, how are my hopes deceau'd!
Pseud. Tut, ne're despayre.
Gel. Ah, that thou hadst me blest
With one of theis same akornes!
Pseud. Peace, be still;
Without theis akornes I'le effect thie will.
What is the girles father?
Gel. Pædio, speake;
My tounge is mute for greife, my hart will breake.
Pæd. His name's Philargurus, a man-devill.
Pseud. What is the temperature of his body?
Doth choller, ffleame, blood, or melancholly,
Prædominate in him?
Pæd. I knowe not; I am noe physician.
Gel. Blood is prædominant, I thinck; his cheekes
Are purple coulored.
Pseud. The more wanton he:
After this manner, then, woe thou the maid;
When first thou dost behould her, laugh aloud.
Gel. As yf I were oreioyed? I will trye.
Ha, ha, he! how saye you, doe I well?
If this the hardest be, I nothing ffeare.
Pseud. What, canst thou daunce and singe? Play thou the girle.
Gel. Is't womanlye enough?
Pæd. Sir, hide your beard.
Pseud. I with a merry countenance thus begin.

Fa, la, la, la, sol, la,—how is't, my doue?—fa, la, la, sol, fa, la,—my marrow, my holy day!—fa, la, la, sol, la, me, re,—I loue thee, by Joue!—la, fa, la, la, sol, me, re, la,—yours, not his owne, Gelasimus from the Goulden Hill,—la, la, la, la, la, sol, me, la, me, re, la, la, sol, fa.

Gel. Ha, ha, he!
Soe helpe me gods, a very pretty thinge!
Doe men woe maides soe among th' Antipodes?

Pseud. They doe.

Gel. With pricksong?

Pseud. Yes, yes; pricksong is
The only way to woe and wynn a maid.

Gel. Is't soe? is't soe? shee shall not want for that;
I'le tickle her with pricksong. O, how my feete
Itch with desire! come, lett vs goe. Thou soone
Shalt see how by thy precepts I doe thriue.
Fa, la, la, sol, me, re, sol. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter TYMON, EUTRAPELUS, HERMOGENES, LACHES.

Eut. Heere doe wee liue, and haue the world at will,
Fare dayntilie, drinck stiffly, lodge softlye:
If such delights be euen among the gods,
By Jupiter, I'le suffer both myne eares
To be bor'd thorough with a coblers awle.

Tim. My ffreinds shall drinck noe lees; with pleasant sack
My cupps shall flowe.

Eut. That, that is eu'n sweeter
Than the gods nectar.

Tim. I haue noe leekes or garlike at my table.

Eut. Wee ffeede on partridge, pheazant, plover, quaile,
Snipes, woodcocks, larks, ambrosia it selfe.

Tim. Is not he madd, that carefullie doth watch

A thowsand heapes of wheate, and dares not tast
One graine thereof? or he that drincketh lees,
Having his cellours fraught with pleasing wynes?
I'le vse my treasure, and possesse my wealth,
And spend my dayes in pleasure whilst I lyue:
Wee shall goe naked to our sepulchers,
And carry not one groate away with vs.
Eut. Thou speakst Sybilla's leafes. Yf I one doit,
Except one halfepeny, beare to my graue,
Lett Charon thrust me, as a greedy knaue,
Out of his boate forthwith into the lake!
Heare, Tymon: know'st thou what Hermogenes
Vndyned would haue? how well he sings and fidles?

HERMOGINES *sings.*

Louelie Venus sported,
And with Mars consorted,
While swarthy Vulcan in his shopp
At his forge did lympe and hopp.
The same the Sunne espied,
To Vulcan it descried.[1]
Who, when that he reputed
Himselfe to be cornuted,
In a greate rage did stammer,
And swore by his greate hammer,
His bellowes, forge, and fire light,
That iniurie to requite.

He plac'd a nett of wyre
Where Mars, to cool's desire,
Mett fayre Venus in the woode,
There to doe what they thought good.
Mars, being taken, sweares;
Fayre Venus shedds forth teares:

[1] *i.e.*, gave notice of, discovered.

The gods spectators smyled
To see them thus beguiled:
Now, quoth Vulcan, I am glad;
My hornes ake not halfe soe bad.

Tim. Hermogenes, thou hast deseru'd thye dynner.
Her. Lett me haue it, then.
Lach. Whye suffer you this ffidler in your howse?
There's not a veryer knaue in all the towne:
Yf he depart not, master, by your leaue
I'le thrust him out of dores.
Tim. Is't eu'n so?—Come hither, Hermogenes:
Gyue him a cuffe, a sound box on the eare;
Bee not afraid.
Her. I am afraid of him,
Least he strike me againe.
Tim. Why stand'st thou soe?
Strike him, I saye.
Lach. But yf thou touche me, I——
Her. What then?[1]
Lach. I'le dash thy braynes out with thy ffiddle.
Her. I will not touch him; Hercules himselfe
Would not abide his furious countnance.
Tim. Now strike, Hermogenes; his hands are bounde. [*Tymon houlds him.*
Her. Lett mee see that; are they bound fast enough?
My hart is at the bottome of my hose.[2]
Tim. Why dost thou thus delaye?
Her. Now, now I strike. [*Hee strikes him.*
Haue not I paid him soundlie?
Lach. O yee gods!
What shall I saye? yf health it selfe desire
To saue this familie, it cannot be.

[1] MS., *thou.*

[2] This expression is of great antiquity: it occurs in the "Prima Pastorum."—"Towneley Mysteries," p. 95.

Her. By Joue, I made him bellow like a bull.
Tim. Hermogenes, come hither: take this gould,
And buy the [e] braue[1] apparrell: this same man
I'le gyue thee to attend thee.
Her. O happie day!
Eut. This fidler I envye.
Would Laches had forbidden me the howse!—[*Aside.*
Laches, dost see me, Laches? I am a knaue too, Laches.
Lach. Spend and consume; gyue gould to this, to all;
Your riches are immortall.
Tim. I'le pull thye eyes out, yf thou add one word.
Lach. But I will speake; yf I were blynd, I'de speake.
Tim. What, art thou soe magnanimous? Be gone;
The dore is open; freeze or sweate, thou knaue;
Goe, hang thie selfe!
Lach. Master, ffarewell. Is this my loues reward?
Varletts, farewell, hatefull to gods and men:
You lusty ffydler, yf I meete with thee,
I'le knock thye braines out. [*Exit.*
Her. Full glad am I hee's gon; I was afraid.
Tim. What dost thou with this totter'd[2] habitt? I
Will haue thee proudlie goe in rich apparell;
Hould vp thye heade; I will maynteyne it.
Eut. This man this daye rose with his arse vpwards;
To daye a fidler, and at night a noble. [*Aside.*
Her. How I doe scorne theis raggs! I a fidler?
I goe a fidling? noe, not I, by Joue!
Sirra, I must cast of thy company;
[*He shews his gould, given by Timon.*
Thou art noe fitt companion for me;
Thy face I knowe not; thou three farthing Jack,
Gett fellowes like thye selfe; this, this is it
[*Shewes his gould againe.*

[1] *i.e.*, fine. [2] An old form of *tattered.*

Makes me a noble man.—Dost heare me, Tymon?
When shall wee goe to dynner? I suppose
I haue a stomack like a dog.
Tim. Wee'le goe. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II., SCENE I.

Enter GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, *and* PÆDIO *at one dore;* PHILARGURUS *and* BLATTE *at th'other.*

Gel. So Venus be propitious vnto me,
As I doe thinck my selfe oblig'd to thee!
O Pseudocheus, thou shalt presentlie
See how acutelie I haue profited!
Phil. Blatte, heere, take the keyes, barr fast the dores;
Vnlesse my spectacles deceaue my sight,
I see some straingers coming hitherward.
Gel. Dye lett me, yf I doe not thinck my selfe
An amiable youth.
Phil. Hast thou fast bard them?
Blat. Without your leaue here enters not a mouse.
Gel. How cleanely combd, how spruse and neate all o're!
Pseud. Thie loue lock, lett it dangle at the left eare;
Hould vp your head: soe, soe; a litle higher.
[*To Gelas, houlding his hand vnder his chynn.*
Gel. By Joue, thou hast an apt disciple; I
Sucked this aptnes from my nurses breasts.
Pseud. It is a synn to blush: be impudent.
Gel. I blush! I scorne to blush; by Jupiter,
I am noe Academian, noe ffoole.
Phil. Blatte, obserue least any clymbe the wall,
Vntyle my rafters, breake into my howse.
Blat. Bee not soe carefull; I'le looke to each place.
Pæd. Master, I see ould Philargurus stand
Before his dore.
Pseud. Salute the ould man.

Gel. Once and againe saue you, Philargurus !
Phil. What ? whence art thou ? what is thy busynes ?
Gel. Speake, Pseudocheus, who I am.
[*Aside to Pseud.*]
Pseud. This is a noble youth of Athens.
Phil. What howse ?
Pseud. Rich Megadorus was his father.
Gel. The next howse to Pyræum was one of his.
Pseud. This was his heyre to a farthing.
Gel. What e're he had, he dying left to me ;
Platters of gould, and cupps of siluer, ffarmes,
Townes, edifices, seruants, ploughes, and oxen.
Phil. Were you the sonne of Megadorus ?
Gel. I am, or ells my mother did deceaue me.
Blat. Truelie, a neate youth, of a smyling looke :
O that he would woe me, and loue me too !
I am not yett soe ould to be dispis'd. [*Aside.*
Phil. I Megadorus did well know ; sober
And thriftie man was he, rich in much gould,
Harty and prouident.
Gel. Hee my father was ;
I am a blossome sprung from that same tree.
Phil. Giue me thy right hand :
Byrlady,[1] sir, your lands are very greate.
Gel. I thanck my fortune, I am noe begger.
Phil. Hem, this man's rich enough to wedd my daughter.— [*Aside.*
Where is thye wyfe ?
Gel. What ?
Phil. Thy mynd doth wander ;
Art thou in loue ?
Gel. In loue with your daughter ;
I am besides my selfe for loue of her.
Pseud. True, I assure you ; I can wytnes it ;
Beleiue me, sir, I ne'ere saw with theis eyes

[1] *i.e.*, By our Lady.

In all Arabia, Paphlagonia,
Syria, Thessalia, Persia,
Or in the orientall India,
A young man more in loue, not one so much.

Blat. This fellowes tounge hath travayld very ffarr.
[*Aside.*

Pseud. See how, poore wretch, he doth amazed stand!
Hee makes me almost weepe.

Phil. Ne'ere sigh soe, man; ne're greiue or vex thye mynd.

Gel. If you consent, the maid I doe not ffeare.

Phil. I gyue consent.

Gel. You haue reuiued me.—
Did I not stand as dead as any stone?
[*Aside to* PSEUD. *and* PÆD.

Phil. Blatte, call me Callimela hither.
[*Exit* BLATTE.

Pseud. Dost thou remember thy woeing lesson
That I this morning taught thee?

Gel. Yes, yes, yes;
Thats at my fingers ends, I warrant you.

Enter CALLIMELLA *et* BLATTE.

Phil. Conquer but her, the victorie is thyne.

Blat. Come Callimela; the expected tyme
Is now at hand; a neate daynty woer
Desires thy fruition.—O that I
Had such another would my bedd desire!—
Behold how sweetely he doth fframe his lookes!

Gel. Begone from me, I neede noe prompter I:
What is't? I remember, I remember.—Ha, ha, he!

Phil. Why laugh'st thou so?

Gel. Ha, ha, he!

Phil. Do'st mock my daughter?

Gel. Ha, ha, he!—he knowes not the manner of the Antipodes,—ha, ha, he: Fa, la, la, la, la, la, sol,

la, fa,—how dost thou, my doue?—fa, la, la, la, sol, fa, la,—my marrow, my happy day!—fa, la, la, la, sol, la, me, re,—I loue thee, by Joue!—la, fa, la, la, me, re, sol, la,—thyne, not his owne, Gelasimus from the Goulden Hill,—la, la, la, la, la, sol, me, la, me, re, la, fa, sol, fa.

Cal. Stand of!

Gel. O Juno, be not angry with thy Joue!
Lett me but kisse thyne eyes, my sweet delight,
My sparrow, my hony, my duck, my cony.

Phil. Refuse thou not this youngmans loue; hee's noble.

Gel. My Venus, ffrowne not soe.

Cal. You are deceaued;
I am not Venus.

Gel. But, by Joue, thou art;
Thou Venus art: why doe you it denye?

Pseud. I well remember once I kissed Venus
In Paphos Ile, but I forgett her ffavour.[1]

Gel. Thou Venus art; I knowe thee to be Venus.—H'st; tell me what to saye.

Pseud. My hony, shall I tast of your delights?

Gel. My hony, shall I tast of your delights?

Cal. What, doe [you] thinck I am a hony sopp?

Gel. Not I, by Joue.

Pseud. What a dull pate is this! he nothing hath
That is his owne, but only this,—by Joue. [*Aside.*

Gel. Thou sweeter art then any hony sopp.

Cal. I'le fly thee therefore, for ffeare thou eate me.

Gel. I! what, I eate thee!—H'st, h'st!

Pseud. I had rather dye with hunger.

Gel. I had rather dye with hunger,
I sweare by theis thy goulden cheekes.

Pseud. Ex'lent beyond compare!

Gel. I know not how to woe a virgine! I,

[1] *i.e.*, favour, look.

How greate so e're I am, am a meere asse !
Am I not, Pædio? art thou not proud
That thou on such a master dost attend?
Phil. Speake, Callimela speake, speake, shamefac't girle ;
Doe thy affections consympathize?
Blat. Forsooth, when I was like your Callimell,
(For I was like her), I had many sutours,
But foolishlie I did reiect them all ;
First, Traneo because his beard was red,
Albius cause beardles, Demetrius
Cause he was spindle shankt, and Curio
I did not ffauour because his long nose
Was an ympediment vnto his kissing ;
But now alas, I never more shall see
Such happie dayes !
Pseud. So, soe ; goe on againe, and say thus to her,—
I yours am, sweete ; answeare, I am thyne.
Gel. I yours am, sweete ; answeare, I am thyne.—
O how this ioyes my hart! More, more,
Sweete Pseudocheus, more !
Phil.[1] Why museth thou?
Cal. Must I, then, be a wyfe?
Phil. Thou shalt be, my owne girle, Callimella.
Cal. I muse which of vs two must master be,
I or my husband ! I'le subiect my neck
To noe mans yoake. Is this a cittizen?
Phil. A wealthy one.
Cal. I shall the better rule :
The wyfes of cittizens doe beare the sway,
Whose very hands their husbands may not touch
Without a bended knee, and thinck themselves
Happie yf they obteyne but so much grace,
Within theire armes to beare from place to place

[1] MS., *Ps.*

Their wyues fyne litle pretty foysting hounds ;
They doe adore theire wyues ; what ere they say,
They doe extoll ; what ere they doe, they prayse,
Though they cornute them. Such a man gyue me !
Pseud. Do'st thou remember ?
Gel. I am memorious :
What is the mountaine ?
Pseud. Paphlagonia.
Gel. Paphlagonia, Paphlagonia.—
My rose, my lillie, are you yett resolued ?
Vpon the mountaine Paphlagonia
There is a stone, which when the sunne doth rise
Shyneth like gould ; at setting of the same,
Is soddenly made black.
Pseud. Apply, apply.
Gel. I am the stone : when I behould thye face,
I seeme as gould ; yf thou the same once hide,
I am made black. Sweete hart, do'st thou loue me ?
Phil. Speake, Callimella; speake, and doe not blush.
Gel. I yours am, sweete ; answeare, I am thyne.—
Did I not speake it in a fitting tyme ?
[*Aside to Pseud.*
Cal. What thinge doth please my father, pleaseth me.
Gel. I knowe shee loues mee ; as I liue, I haue
A face imperious.
Cal. But this obserue,—
I wilbe called mistress, not wyfe.
Gel. Thou shalt be called Hellena, a queene.—
How saist thou ? hath not Venus ben my ffreind ?
[*Aside to Pseud.*
Pseud. I wish you both the loue of turtledoues.
Blat. I long nights, Venus delights, and children.
Gel. Soe Joue me loue, I am soe overioyed,
I scarce knowe where I am.—What, may I kisse ?
[*Aside to Pseud.*

Pseud. I'le carry her a kisse : to kisse 'tweere synn
Before the nuptiall celebration.
Gel. Is this a vse too 'monge the Antipodes ?
This scarcelie pleaseth me.—I, Callimele,
Send thee a kisse, I, thy Gelasimus :
When I am married I will alsoe kisse.
To morrow I will bring thee to my townes :
Thou shalt my landes and large revenues see,
How many sheepe and oxen I doe ffeede,
How many seruants are at my commaund,
My parks, and paynters[1] posts before my dores.
What sayest thou, my mistresse and my queene ?
Phil. Make ready for the nuptialls : this night
My Callimele and I will supp at home.
[*Exeunt Phil. and Call.*
Gel. How louinglie shee turned back her eyes !
Blat. Youngmen, farewell ; I am this maids keeper.
Gel. Farewell, most auncient keeper.
Blat. If I can pleasure you in any thinge,
I am at your commaund : once more, ffarewell.
[*Exit.*
Pseud. What shall wee doe, Gelasimus ?
Gel. With all speede wee will goe to Timons howse,
Where feasts with myrth and laughter doe abound :
Come, lett vs goe ; I cannot brooke delaye,
Till I haue tould them of my wedding daye.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter LACHES, *and* HERMOGENES[2] *with a guilt rapier.*

Lach. My face I haue disfigured, that vnknowne
I may againe be plac'd in Timons howse :
Laches is turn'd to a souldier,
A resolute hackster with his scarrs and sword ;

[1] Qy. *paynted ?*
[2] He does not enter till the sixth line of the following speech.

My wiskers hanging o're the ouerlipp ;
All things agree.—Hoi ! what a spunge comes here !
How spruse he is ! whom see I ? the ffidler
That gaue me such a box ; the very same.
Her. What man would saye that I am a fidler ?
I Hermogenes ? where are my rent shoes ?
Torne raggs ? my ffidle ? what this ? my fiddle case ?
[*He lookes on his rapier.*
Good people, doe I wake, or doe I sleepe ?
I cannot thinck my selfe Hermogenes.
Lach. I'le make thee feele thy selfe Hermogenes.
[*He beats him, and hoodwincks him.*
Her. Oh, oh ! why do'st thou beate me soe ? why, why
Do'st thou thus hoodwinck me ? Lett me not lyue,
If that I am Hermogenes. The gods
I call to wytnes, I ne're wrong'd any.
What do'st thou ? I was borne this day ; this day
I ffirst saw light.
Lach. My name is Nemesis.
Her. O sweete, sweete Nemesis, what wouldst thou haue ?
Lach. I am thy euill spyritt !
Her. What, two of yee ?
Oh, spare me, good evill spyritt !
Lach. No, no ;
Thou shalt be beate because thou art a knaue.
Her. Oh, oh, sweete Nemesis !
Lach. I'le pluck thie eyes out.
Her. O good ill spiritt, doe not soe torment mee !
Oh, oh !
Lach. Farewell, ffidler ; ffarewell, Hermogenes.
Her. What did he saye ? ffarewell ? I know not well
Whether I lyue or noe : 'tis well, I breathe.
O Joue, O sunne, suffer you this sinne ?
Send Mercury from heauen to helpe me !

Blinde I am, altogeather blynd; I see
Nothing but darke. O heauens, O earth, O seas!
Lach. Good gods, from what a deadlie warr scapt I!
Holbeards were charg'd, and swords against me drawen:
I with my buckler did receaue the blowes.
Her. Good souldier, pyttie a poore blynd man.
Lach. Who art?
Her. Nemesis hath pluc't myne eyes out.
Lach. What Nemesis?
Her. My euill spiritt: I am
More blynde then any mole; prythee, leade me
To Timons howse.
Lach. Thou art not blynd; some man hath hood-winckt thee.
Her. Neuer perswade me; I am blynd I knowe;
My eyes are out.
Lach. I will restore thy sight;
Feare nothing. What, dost thou see as yet? yet?
Her. O yee immortall gods! I see, I see!
Well done, O souldier! I gyue the[e] thancks.
Lach. I am not ffedd with thancks: what dost thou gyue?
Her. Come, I will make thee one of Timons howse.

SCENE III.

Enter to them TIMON, EUTRAPELUS, GELASIMUS, *and* PSEUDOCHEUS.

Her. Tenn Furies puld my eyes out, tenn, by Joue:
This souldier restor'd my sight againe.
What, shalhe be thy seruant?
Tim. What's thy name?
Lach. Machætes.
Tim. Bee thou true; I receaue thee.
Gel. Saue yee, nobles;—saue you, Timon, saue you:—
Eutrapelus, how fare you? iouiall?

Tim. Thou seem'st more neate then thou wast wont to be.

Gel. I am more merry. Knowe yee this same man?

Tim. I ne'ere beheld his face before: what's he?

Gel. This man is rare, and hath noe paralell:[1]
Hath travaild Africa, Arabia,
And the remotest iles; yea, there's noe nooke
Or crooke in land or sea, but he hath seene.

Tim. What, in a table geographicall?

Gel. I pray yee, note the man.

Eut. Hee doth so finger-beate his breast, I thinck
Hee is[2] about to call his hart out.

Tim. What doth he murmure thus? fframes he verses?
T'were synn to interrupt him.

Gel. No, not soe.—
Pseudocheus,
Theis noble sparkes desires your company.

Pseud. Saue yee.
I was transported cleane beyond my selfe
With contemplacion of my Pegasus;
Wounders did obviate my memorye,
Which I saw in the Iland of the moone.

Tim. In what place of the earth may that ile bee?

Pseud. 'Tis not in earth; 'tis pendant in the ayre;
Endymion there hath the dominion.

Gel. In the ayre!

Pseud. Yes, pendant in the ayre.

Her. O, strainge!

Pseud. Pish, this is nothing: I cann tell
You of a many gallants that did sell
Theire mannours here, and built them castles there,
And now liue like cameleons by th'aire;
And strainger thinges then theis I oft haue seene.

[1] MS. *pararell.* [2] MS. *his.*

Tim. Come, Pseudocheus; goe along and walke:
Your strainge discourse shalbe our table talke.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.[1]

Enter DEMEAS, *two Sergeants, at one dore;* TIMON, LACHES, HERMOGENES, GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, EUTRAPELUS, *at another.*

Dem. Where hale yee mee, yee knaues? where hale yee mee,
Getes, canniballs, yee cruell Scythians?
Looze mee, yee varletts; I'me an orator;
Looze mee, I say.

Ser. 1. Good words, I pray: wee doe but our office;
The judges haue committed thee to gaole.

Dem. Helpe mee, yee godds! What, shall an orator
Bee caste in prison? bound in iron chaines?

Ser. 2. Wert thou Demosthenes, thou shouldst not scape.

Dem. O, suffer mee to speake!

Eut. What is this tumult? is this Demeas
The orator?

Tim. H'st, peace; and let vs patiently see
This comedies catastrophe.

Ser. 1. If all thy rhetoricke can perswade vs,
Weele sette thee free at thine owne liberty.

Ser. 2. Goe to, bee not to tædious; beginne.

Dem. By what faulte or fate of mine (luculent, not lutulent Sergeants) shall I say it is come to passe that I, an orator, not an arator, floridde, not horridde, should bee cast into prison by stolidde, not by solidde, persons? What haue I done? what haue I not done? Whom may I invocate? whom may I not inuocate? Shall I accuse yee? or excuse yee? I knowe not; truly, I knowe not.

[1] Here a small portion of the MS. has been cut off.

Yee hale; but whom doe yee hale? yee hale an orator. But whither doe yee hale him? yee hale him to prison. But from whence doe yee hale him? from the pewes of most wicked iudges. I owe; is that an offence? I owe sixteene talents; is that a sinne? Now, whether I deserue imprisonment, iudge yee. Let it, O let it bee lawfull for mee (O louing and liuing men!) to orate and exorate before the altar of your clemencie, not the haltar of your demency![1] so yee, that free mee from the bonds of prison, shall oblige mee to you with the adamantine bonds of loue.

Gel. Hee hath composde a very dolefull speache.

Ser. 1. Art thou perswaded to dismisse him? speake.

Ser. 2. I feele some striuing motion; but stay,
I knowe 'twill vanishe presently.

Pseud. This orator hath stole all that he spoke:
I hearde olde Nestor speake this worde for worde
In the Fortunate Ilands.

Ser. 1. I am perswaded; I will let him goe.

Dem. O eloquence, what canst not thou effecte?
Whom doe not sweeter wordes than hony moue?
I thanke my genius.

Ser. 2. Exult not soe:
I am perswaded, Demeas, I am,
Thee to imprisonne. Come, my orator,
Not arator, my floridde, not horridde;
Bee sure of this, weele putte thee in sure ties,
Vnles thou putte in sureties.

Tim. Dismisse him: I will sixteene talents pay
Vnto the citizens.

Dem. My Jupiter, my Jupiter!

Tim. Carry my name vnto the iudges; I
Will satisfie this debte.

Dem. My Jupiter,

[1] *i.e.*, madness. The word occurs in Skelton's "Why come ye nat to Courte."—"Works," ii. 47, ed. Dyce.

When I forgette thee, let mee as a prey
Bee cast aliue to be devour'd of beasts!
Tim. Thy wishe is to to large. I doe desire
A gratefull minde; thats all that I require:
I putte my talents to strange vsury,
To gaine mee friends, that they may followe mee
. [1]
Writte in their face; if this thou dost performe,
I shall haue interrest sufficient.
Dem. If this, my Timon, I doe not performe,
Let Joue confounde mee with his thunderbolte!
Lach. This vowe, O Joue, remember! let him feele,
If hee bee false, the strengthe of thy right hande!
Gel. Hast thou not a brother liues in Athenes,
That is a fidler?
Her. A fidler!
Gel. Sweete sir,
Bee not soe angry; I did neuer see
One egge more like another. I will send
For him to morrow to my nuptialls,
Hee sings soe daintily.
Eut. What, to thy wedding? wilt thou putte thy necke
Into a marr'age nooze?
Gel. Why not? I her,
Shee mee doth loue.
Dem. A metaphore from the effecte.
Gel. What more can I desire?
Tim. A barraine foreheade, where hornes may not growe:
Oft other men beware by others hornes.
View Athenes, thou shalt Vulcanes ensignes see,
A common badge to men of eache degree;—
How many hange their heades downe, leaste they splitte

[1] A line of MS. has been cut off here.

The signe posts with their hornes; how many sitte
At home sicke of the headeache, and complaine
That they are like to the twi-horned moone;
This man lookes pale; another stands amazde:
In the meane while their wiues are jouiall;
They eate the tongues of nightingales, lambestones,
Potato pies, pick'ld oysters, marrowbones,
And drinke the purest wine that they can gette;
They haue their garden houses;[1] will bee sicke;
Then comes the doctor with his clister pipe,
And makes them well: their husbands heades ake still.
Dem. Sarcasmus, or a bitter ieste.
Gel. Thinke you that I shall bee a horn'd Satyre?
ha, ha, he!
As if I did not knowe what tricke men vse!
In Cappadocia they chuse a friende
Thats gelt, to keepe their wiues in chastity;
This eunuche as their keeper they ordaine;
Hee doth obserue eache thinge they doe, their nodds,
Their whisperings, their very farts and all,
And wary doth in the same chamber watche,
Least any on a sodeine shoulde surprize
His friends wife while shee sleepes.
Tim. Is this the vse
In Cappadocia?
Gel. Tis; hold thy peace;
This strange trauailer hath soe subtilly
Instructed mee with counsailes politicke,
And hath confessed himselfe an eunuche.
Dem. A syncope vnhearde of.
Tim. Wilt thou appointe this man to keep thy wife?
Gel. I will: by Joue, my hearte is full of glee
That I haue founde out such a one as hee.

[1] *i.e.*, summer-houses in gardens, often mentioned in our early dramas as places of intrigue. They were formerly common in the suburbs of London. The writer thought only of his own country.

Her. This seems a wonder.
Pseud. From the milky sea
As I did saile (that sea, the which was full,
From the deepe bottome to the very toppe,
Of pure white milke), the shippe did carry mee
Into an ilande that was made of cheese;
Their houses were of butter.
Eut. Were they not melted with the sunne?
Pseud. O, noe;
They did obscure the sunne beames with wette clothes.
Dem. A tapinosis or diminution.
Eut. Thou orator, what dost thou mutter thus?
Hem, let vs drinke, not idely spende the time;
Lets sacrifice to Bacchus boles of wine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter LOLLIO *at one dore; and* TIMON, HERMOGENES, GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, EUTRAPELUS, *at another, with feathers in their hatts;* DEMAS, LACHES, OBBA.

Lol. Call they this Athenes? Lord, what vaire buildings.
Her. See yee that clowne? how hee admires all things!
Eut. I knowe him well? 'tis Lollio, the sonne
Of couetous Philargurus, who ne're
Permits his sonne to frequent the cittie,
Least hee shoulde learne the citties luxurie;
Hee liues at home, eates browne breade and butter,
Sometimes fat bacon.
Lol. Good godds, good gods, what preparation!
What a concourse of people! This zittie zunne
Seemes brighter than our country zunne. Lord, Lord,
How many starres! how nere they are!
[*The signe of the* 7 *stars.*
Pseud. Thy hande may touche them with a ladders helpe.

Lol. Wheres Charles wayne? I connot zee it here:
In our skie, which wee haue in the country,
I with my vinger con demonstrate it.
Gel. Ha, ha, he!
Eut. Peace, doe not laughe.
Gel. Ha, ha, he!
I cannot refraine when I see such fooles; ha, ha, he!
Lach. Theres not an asse in all Arcadia
So very an asse as thou. [*Aside.*
Lol. Joue blesse mee, how many diuells are here!
Are they philosophers or brabbling[1] lawiers?
They looke with such soure faces.
Tim. Eutrapelus, speake to him; say we are
The prime men of the cittie.
Eut. Saue you, Lollio.
Lol. Saue you, Eutrapelus:
Soe loue mee Pan, I am gladde to see thee well.
Eut. What strange occasion brought you hither?
Lol. I am zente for to my zisters wedding.
Here are fine zights.
Eut. Seest thou these young men?
They are the prime men of this same cittie.
Lol. Will they not imprisonne mee?
Eut. Feare nothing.
Lol. What daintie burds doe zitte vppon their hatts!
I wonder mech they doe not vlie away.
Their eies are on mee; must I make a legge?[2]
Eut. They come to salute thee.
Lol. Prithee, hold my staffe.
Tim. Most welcome vnto Athenes!
Lol. Thanks, by Joue.
Tim. Wee longe haue look'd for such a one, whom wee
Might substitute prince ore the whole country.
Gel. Foh, how hee stinks of garlicke!

[1] *i.e.*, squabbling. [2] *i.e.*, bow.

Lach. All are not muskified.
Tim. Putte on thy hatte ; thou shalt bee our fellow.
Lol. Well bee it with thy oxen and thy ploughes,
Who gracest mee with such greate courtesy !
If once I see thee at my fathers house,
Ile giue thee ale pragmaticall indeede,
Which if thou drinke, shall fuddle thee hande and foote.
Pseud. Since I did taste the nectar of the gods,
No wine or ale can please my pallat well.
Tim. This day shall bee a day of sporte and mirthe :
Bring cuppes of wine ; let's welcome our new prince.
Lol. I am afraid least my behauiour
Bee to to rusticke.
Eut. Dost thou not know Philargurus his sonne ?
Hee's Callimelas brother.
Gel. Is hee soe ?—
Heare, youngest youth of youthes ; I am betrothd
Vnto thy sister, whom I meane to wedde.
Lol. Giue mee thy hande.
How doth my fathers seruant, Grunnio ?
Eut. Thee, Timon, wee electe as soueraigne,
Prince and commaunder of these Bacchanales :
What lawes dost thou ordaine ?—Peace, ho, awhile !
Tim. That this our compotation may haue
A prosp'rous euente, we will and commaunde
Whole hogsheades to bee empt'ed, platters fill'd ;
None to depart, vnles hee first obtayne
Leaue of the prince ; we also doe enacte
That all holde vp their heades, and laughe aloude,
Drinke much at one draughte, breathe not in their drinke ;[1]

[1] *i.e.*, stop not to take breath while they are drinking. In his note on the parallel passage of Shakespeare ("First Part of Henry IV.," act ii. sc. 4), "and, when you breathe in your watering, they cry—hem ! and bid you play it off," Steevens cited the present lines to support an erroneous interpretation of the words.

That none goe out to pisse, that none doe spew
In any corner. He that shall offende
In one of these shall weare infixt
Vppon his hatte an asses eares, and drinke
Nothing but sour wine lees for three daies space.
[All] This acte wee ratifie, confirme, allow.
Lol. I thinke my father hath transgress'd these lawes;
He nothing drinkes but lees.
Tim. What, thy father!
Hee is not worthy to exchange olde shoes;
But thou art noble, and king of good fellowes?
Lol. Father! hee no more shall be my father:
I am a prince; I scorne and renounce him.
Tim. Lollio, I drinke to thee this whole one.
Lol. Were it a whole hogsheade, I would pledge thee.
What, if I drinke two? fill them to the brimme.
Wher's hee that shall marry with my sister?
I drinke this too thee super naculum.[1]
Dem. This wee doe call at Athenes καθ'ὅλον.
Tim. Sounde, musicke! wee will daunce.
[Sounde musicke.
Eut. Weele celebrate the feaste of Bacchus. —
To make thee prince, I crowne thee with this bole.
Lol. Now, as I liue, this is most noble ale.
Lord, what a zounde is this zoundes in mine eares!
Gel. Come, let vs daunce: I loue this dauncing well. *[They daunce.*
Lol. Ile putte my shoes of, leaste they make a noyse.
Tim. Enough, enough.—Lollio, art thou dry?
Lol. I prithee, giue mee some of that redde ale.—
Souldiour, canst drinke?
Lach. Wine's valours whetstone:
That, that made mee a souldiour.

[1] See Todd's Johnson's "Dictionary," and Nares' "Glossary," in v.

Gel. Thou orator, thou seem'st to mee too sad :
Ile drowne thy sadnes in this sea of wine.
Dem. A synecdoche of the parte for the whole.—
On againe. Obba, fillfull or ffulfill the cuppe.
Pseud. In Ganges Iles I thirty riuers saw
Fill'd with sweete nectar.
Lach. O dainty lyer! [*Aside.*
Pseud. Thirtie rivers more
With aligaunte ;[1] thirtie hills of sugar ;
Ale flowed from the rockes, wine from the trees,
Which wee call muskadine.
Gel. If it please Joue,
I will transferre a plante of that same tree
Into my garden.
Her. Is't not fine swimming in such a riuer ?
Lol. I coulde bee drowned in such pleasant waues.
The house runnes round ; take heede leaste the wine fall.
Ob. That shall bee my care ; take heede leaste thou fall.
Lol. What, if the skie fall ?
Ob. Poore men shall eate larkes.
Lol. Soe thinke I ; and Ile eate railes and buntings.[2]
Eutr. Why sleepes the cuppe ? why doth it not walke round ?
Thou a commaunder and forgette thy place !
Tim. I will ; and commaunde thee, Eutrapelus,
To couer Lollios heade with thy hatte,—
And thou, Hermogenes, lende him thy cloke.
Her. I lende to him my cloke !
Tim. Soe wee commaunde.

[1] As the word is often spelt by our old writers,—*i.e.*, a red wine of Alicant in the province of Valencia.

[2] "A bunting, *Alaudula, rubetra, terraneola, calandra.*" Coles's "Dictionary."

Her. I care not much; my clothes, without my cloke,
Are trimme enough to make the people gaze.—[*Aside.*
Take heede thou soyle it not.
Tim. Gelasimus,
Girde Lollio with thy sworde.
Gel. Now, by Joue,
I hate these perridiculous asses,
Whose braines containe, noe, not one ounce of witte.
Lach. Hee wants a coate.
Lol. O noble Lollio, O braue[1] Lollio!
All. Thrice noble, thrice resplendante Lollio!
Tim. Into thy handes my empire I resigne.
Lol. Am a I prince, then?
Tim. What dost thou commaunde?
Lol. Bringe mee a cuppe; I am as dry as duste:
Thou shalt my butler bee.
Gel. What shall I bee?
Lol. My butler too; all shall bee my butlers.
What, can yee sing? singe, sing; I, Lollio,
Your prince wils and commaunds.
Tim. Wee must obey.
Who doth beginne?
Eut. This arte, Hermogenes,
Doth appertaine to thee.
Lol. Obba, stande thou on my righte hande with the flaggon.

Her. [sings] *There liues a lasse in the nexte towne,*
Call'd Sophrony, call'd Sophrony;
Tim. *Smiles sweetely when I lay her downe,*
Blithe and bonny, blithe and bonny.
Gel. *Shee is not like some foolishe elfe;*
Shee will take vp her clothes herselfe.

[1] *i.e.*, fine, richly dressed.

All. *Ha, ha, he, ha, ha, he,*
Ha, ha, he, ha, ha, ha, he!
Her. *Shee alone is amiable,*
My Sophrony, my Sophrony;
Tim. *Shee, shee alone is tractable,*
.[1]
Gel. *Shee is not angry, touche her lippes,*
Or els descende betweene her hippes.
All. *Ha, ha, he, &c.*
Her. *Shee weares a smocke downe to her waste,*
My Sophrony, my Sophrony;
Tim. *Shee hath but one, and that is lac'd;*
Giue her mony, giue her mony.
Gel. Shee weares a gowne downe to her small.
Shee hath but one, and that is all.
All. *Ha, ha, he, &c.*

Lol. Seethe coblers blacke and iuice of betony,
Mixe thereinto of copres six ounces;
Tis present remedy 'gainst itche of hogges.
Tim. Hem, Lollio!
Lol. It also takes away the maunge from dogges.
Eut. Lollio!
Tim. Prince!
Lol. A litle more good ale!
Gel. Bring the cuppe, Obba.
Lol. Where are yee all, my butlers? follow mee,
I will conducte yee to my fathers house;
Follow your prince, followe mee in order:
Eutrapelus, thou shalt my ensigne beare;
Display the flaggon as it were a flagge.
I am Achilles, yee my Myrmidones:
Follow Achilles; wee haue leuell'd Troy
Downe with the earthe. Hector? art thou Hector?
Gel. I am Gelasimus, thy brother [in] lawe.

[1] A line omitted here.

Lol. Hadst thou beene Hector, I protest by Joue,
I woulde have bor'd thee thorough with this sworde.
[*Exit* LOLLIO, *the rest following.*

ACT III., SCENE I.

Enter LOLLIO, TIMON, HERMOGENES, EUTRAPELUS *aduancing his flaggon*, GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, DEMEAS.

Lol. Display the flagge-on.—Where are those Troians?
What, doe they hide their heades?
Tim. Why dost thou reele, Achilles, to and fro,
Like to a shippe that's tossed with the waues?
Lol.[1] The four windes doe bussle in my heade,
A tempest greate is risen in my braines.
Eut. I thinke the shippe that carrieth thy witte
Will suffer shippewracke.
Dem. A metaphore worthy of my table booke.[2]
Lol. When Corineus fought with Gogmagog,[3]
And greate Alcides slewe a puppie-dog—
Gel. H'st; these same dores haue done a great offence.
Her. What?
Gel. They did creake; ha, ha, he! how likst thou my conceite?
Her. See, see, Gelasimus, how braue[4] I am!

Enter GRUNNIO.

Grun. Good gods, whom doe I see? what, Lollio,
My masters sonne!

[1] MS. "Gela."
[2] *i.e.*, memorandum-book.
[3] See Thompson's translation of Jeffry of Monmouth's "British History," p. 35, and Drayton's "Polyolbion," first Song, p. 12, ed. 1622.
[4] See note, p. 430.

Lol. Grunnio, art thou here?
Thou wast not here at first.
Grun. Art in thy witts?
Lol. Thou knowest not who I am, Grunnio.
Grun. Why, thou art Lollio.
Lol. Why laughe yee not?
Gel. Must wee laughe? ha, ha, he!
What stratageme is to bee effected?
Lol. This calls mee Lollio. I Achilles,
Or otherwise am called Pelides;
Μῆνιν ἄειδε,[1] θεὰ Πηλ.ηαδῶ 'Αχ/ιλῆος.
Pseud. So speake the Tingitans that inhabitte
The mountains of Squilmagia.
Dem. A curious parenthesis.
Grun. Art not thou Lollio, and hold'st the ploughe?
Didst thou not cutte mee out this very morne
A portion of cheese, when I was sent
To call thee to thy sisters marriage?
Lol. I Lollio: I holde the ploughe! I cutte!
What, did I cutte thee out this very morne
A portion of cheese, when thou wast sent
To call mee to my sisters marriage?
Dem Anaphora or a repetition.
Lol. I yee to witnes call, my Mirmidones;
What say yee?
All. Hees Achilles, Achilles.
Grun. O miracle!—Callimela, Blatte,
Come hither! Lollio is Achilles.

Enter CALLIMELA *and* BLATTE.

Blat.[2] O mee, what tumulte is before my dores?
Gel. My lady mistris, Calimele, my queene,
Withdraw not backe your feete.

[1] The first line of the Iliad. (The playwright has wrongly contracted the *ηϊ* in Πηλη*ϊ*άδεω.)
[2] Qy. *Call?*

Blat. Saue yee, youngmen : what is't that yee would haue ?
Lol. Yee Myrmidons, beholde olde Hecuba !
What, shall we stone her ?
Gel. My fellowe soulders, this shall bee my wife !
Is she not faire ?—How does my Calimele ?
Eut. Looke in her vrinall, and thou shalt knowe.
Cal. Let mee bee gone ; I doe not loue to bee
A laughing stocke.
Gel. Sweete loue, bee not angry ;
Vppon the mountain Paphlagonia
There is a stone ——
Cal. In Athenes citie is an arrant foole.
Gel. Thats call'd ——
Cal. Gelasimus.
Lol. Why binde yee not olde Hecuba, that bitche ?
Blat. I olde Hecuba ! I'me Blatte, the nurse !
What ayles the drunken foole ?
Eut. Timon, why are your eies fixt on the grounde ?
Tim. I feele a wounde.
Eut. O, Jupiter forbidde !
Tim. Eutrapelus, this is not in Joues pow're.
I subiecte am to Venus tyranny !
These eies betraide my hearte ; these were the gate
And onely way where loue first entred in ;
I saw and lou'd, and must my loue enioye.
Eut. What sodaine metamorphosis is this ?
Tim. I loue, extreamely loue.
Eut. What, Callimele ?
Tim. The very same.
Lol. My sparrowe,[1] my marrow, my sowe,
My hony, my cony, my cowe !—
Achilles is adry : a little more ale !
This house doth seeme to walke : what, haue they feete ?

[1] This couplet is perhaps intended for part of a song.

Or doth it ride on horsebacke?—Grunnio,
Am I not in the clouds?
Blat. Hence, Callimele;
Philargurus thy father is at hande.
[*Exeunt* CALLIMELA *and* BLATTE.

Enter PHILARGURUS *at another dore.*

Tim. I nothing see, my eies haue loste their light.
Phil. What company is this before my dores?
O mee accurs'd! my hidden golde is founde:
What shall I doe? I am vndone, vndone!
Why hange I not myselfe? woe and alas!
I to to longe haue liu'd, who must bee forct
To ende my daies in pouertie.—Yee theeues,
Yee theeues, what seeke yee here?
Eut. Lollio, thy father.
Lol. My father hange himselfe! I'me Achilles;
I haue this day three thousand Troians slayne.
Phil. Yee theeues, restore what yee haue tane away!
Tim. Olde man, bee patient.
Phil. Ile binde yee hande and foote in iron chaines.—
Runne, Grunnio, call for the peoples helpe.
Lol. Thou olde, outworne, worme eaten animal,
What wouldst thou haue? I am greate Achilles:
Vnless thou kill mee i'th heele, Achilles:
Will nere bee slaine.
Phil. Lord, Lord, what a strange madnes may this bee!
Gel. Feare not, Philargurus; thou hast noe cause:
I am thy sonne in lawe; all things are safe;
Noe man hath toucht the threshold of thy house.
Phil. O, but my sonne is madde!
Lol. Hast not thou nappy ale? if thou deny,
My Myrmidons shall ruinate thy house.
Phil. To ploughe, thou slaue! that I would haue thee doe.—

Gelasimus, withdraw these youngmen hence ;
I am afraide and tremble every ioynte
Leaste they finde out my golde.
Her. Giue mee my cloke, Achilles ; it is colde.
Eut. To bedde and sleepe.
Dem. This birde hath lost his borrowed feathers.
Lol. I pray yee also, O my Myrmidons,
Pull of my doublette ; Ile goe sleepe awhile.
All. Goodnight, braue generall ; farewell.
Lol. This flaggon shall serue mee for a pillow.
Phil. Thou drunken knaue, Ile wake thee with this staffe !
Lol. Hector, oppresse mee not, while I doe sleepe ;
Ile presently arise to fighte.
Phil. Beare him in, Grunnio.—Hath wine subdu'de
Thy heade and feete at once ?
Lol. Prithee, Obba, one cuppe ; but one cuppe more.
Phil. Thou art drunke, thou theefe.
Lol. Thou li'st, thou rascall.—
Where art, Agamemnon ? helpe Achilles ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PHILARGURUS, CALLIMELA, BLATTE, [*and* GRUNNIO.]

Phil. What, shall I suffer such corruption
Of manners in my sonne ? s'deathe, hee shall feele
His fathers fury. What, doe I arise
Carefull before the crowing of the cocke,
And scorne noe gayne, no, not from the dunghill,
That, when I die, my sonne may bee left riche ?
Ile rather hide my treasure in the earthe,
Where neither sunne or moone or humane eies
Hath euer peepte.

Enter LACHES.

Lach. Saue you, Philargurus.
Phil. What wouldst thou haue ? bee briefe, or els bee gone.

Lach. My master wishes all the gods thy friendes.
Phil. I all of them his foes, whoere hee bee.
Is this thy arrand?
Lach. Y'are too cholericke;
I come a ioyfull messenger to thee:
Timon doth loue thy daughter feruently,
Will take her without dowry, if you please.
What say you? hee hath also sent these gemmes,
To make accesse to Callimelas loue.
Phil. O happy mee! will Timon take, saist thou,
My daughter without dowry?
Lach. Soe it is.
Phil. Callimela.
Cal. What's your pleasure, father?
Phil. Venus doth fauour thee aboue the rest;
A seconde person doth desire thy loue,
A golden youthe: reiecte Gelasimus;
This is farre richer, and thee, Callimele,
Will take without a dowry.
Cal. Who doth possesse most golde shall mee possesse:
Let womans loue bee neuer permanent.
Lach. Timon doth consecrate these costly gemmes
Vnto the altars of thy beauty.
Cal. I take his gemmes, and send him backe my loue;
Let that be like a gemme.
Blat. A liberall youngman, I doe proteste,
That to his sweete hearte sends such costly giftes.
What colour is his bearde?
Cal. Peace, olde dotarde.
Blat. Olde dotarde! why olde dotarde? I haue yet
Two teethe left, see: what, are my kisses dry?
Try, souldier; or goe I with a staffe?
Or am I eighty yeares of age? why, then,
Call you mee old dotard?
Cal. Peace; I recante;
Thou shalt bee my girle.

Blat. Yes, I am a girle.
Cal. Tell Timon I am his.
Lach. Timon is blest:
How well doe beauty and milde loue accorde!
Phil. Without a dowry, that, remember that.
Lach. I speake the truthe.
Phil. Grunnio, make broathe of these two fishes.
[*Two spratts or the like.*
[*Exeunt* PHIL., CALL., BLAT., GRUN.
Lach. Soe are my masters goods consum'd: this way
Will bring him to the house of pouerty.
O Joue, conuert him, leaste hee feele to soone
To much the rodde of desp'rate misery,
Before his chests bee emptied, which hee
Had lefte by his forefathers fill'd with golde!
Well, howsoeuer fortune play her parte,
Laches from Timon neuer shall departe. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

EUTRAPELUS, GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, PÆDIO.

Eut. What is become of all thy wonted mirthe,
Thy odde conceites and smiles? pluck vp thy hearte:
Dost thou forgette what must bee done next monthe?
Thou shalt the scepter 'mong the Pigmies sway.
Gel. Bee gone: I am melancholy, by Joue.
Pseud. What ayleth thee?
Gel. I will not tell, if Joue himselfe should aske.
Eut. Wee'le helpe thee.
Pseud. If any thinge can helpe thee, that doth growe
Vppon the mountaines of Armenia,
In Dacia, or Tingitania,
Or in the Mediterranean Sea,
It shall be had forthwith. Why speak'st thou not?
Gel. There's noe helpe founde for this my malady;
No, not beneathe th' Antipodes themselues.

Leaue mee vnto myselfe: I by myselfe
Will walke the woods alone.
Ent. Wilt thou not suppe?
Gel. Nor suppe nor dine.
Pseud. What, art thou soe peruerse,
And wilt not tell the cause of this thy griefe?
Eut. Vrge him no more; hee of his owne accorde
Will vtter all vnask'd.
Gel. Soe the gods loue me, I doe nothing see,
That this fonde foolishe girle can blame in me:
I am not redde hair'd, and I am noe dwarfe;
What, then, can shee dislike? are my palmes dry?
Am I not a gentleman by descent?
Am I not riche enough? what man is there
Liues in all Athenes richer than myselfe?
Am I a foole? my braines howere they are,
I knowe them well; I am noe foole or asse.
Well, bee it soe: vse thy will, Callimele;
Despise mee, and reiecte mee.
Pseud. What is this?
Eut. He feares leaste hee hath lou'd in vaine: this day
Hee sawe some iewells sent to Callimele;
Timon is his corriuall.
Gel. Well, cast me of, I say; allure, entice
To thee thy Timon; Juno giue successe
To these your nuptialls! yet unreueng'd
I will not let it passe; Gelasimus
Hath both a sworde and hande can wielde his sworde.
Eut. What, will hee challenge Callimele to fight?
Gel. To wake a sleeping lyon, what it is,
I'le make thee knowe: I'le meditate reuenge
Worthy myselfe; to morrow, arm'd with shielde,
I will prouvoke thee to encounter mee.
Pseud. O valiant champion! this Theseus
Did when hee conquered Hipolita.
Eut. Gelasimus, but heare, Gelasimus:

Suppose that Callimela in a rage
Come with a drawne sworde threatening thy deathe?
Gel. Thou saiest very well: these women are
A pestiferous kinde of animals;
'Twere safer fighting with an hoste of men;
Therefore for mee let her enioy her loue.
Pseud. Fie, cowarde, fie, fearest thou womans strength?
While I was last among the Amazons,
I slewe two thousande women at one time.
Gel. Did you soe?—Goe, Pædio, in my name
Tell Callimele I'le combatize with her:
Ile fighte, by Joue.
Eut. What dost thou meane to doe?
Wilt doe thyselfe a mischiefe? Omphale
Brake with a slipper Hercules owne head.
Gel. Stay, Pædio, stay, stay: though I am stronge,
I am not yet soe strong as Hercules;
I will not fighte, by Joue.
Eut. What, dost thou grieue at Callimelas losse,
Who worthy art of Venus to thy wife?
Pæd. To make him a cornuted Mulciber. [*Aside.*
Pseud. Gelasimus, wilt that I seeke thee out
A princely wife? then sayle along with mee
To th' Antipodes; there the kings daughter
Shall bee in loue with thee at the first sighte,
If I but say the worde.
Gel. Now, as I liue, this is most admirable; ha, ha, he!
How this reioices mee!
Eut. O foolisher than foolishness itselfe!
[*Aside.*
Gel. I Callimele! I scorne her I, by Joue.
I prithee, tell mee where's the woodden horse
That may transporte vs to th' Antipodes?
Pseud. As yet hee is in th' Ionian sea:
I expecte his comming euery day.

Gel. Ha, ha, he !
The kings owne daughter of th' Antipodes !
Ha, ha, he !
Joye soe abounds, I doe not knowe myselfe:
Daughter of th' Antipodes ! at first sight !
Eut. Yes, if hee but say the worde.
Pæd. My master doth excell Democritus ;
Hee hath a spleene more petulant by farre. [*Aside.*
Gel. Goe, Pædio, to Pyræum ; inquire
If any shippe hath there arriu'd this day
From the Ionian sea. The meane while,
In mirthe at home wee will the time beguile.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter OBBA *and the Musitians :* OBBA *bringing a baskette of flowers.*

Ob. Yee fiddlers, follow mee ; there take your place :
If that your throates are dry, Ile liquor them.
Ile straw these flowers on the ground : this day
My master must bee married ; if I
Bee not well tipled before euening,
I Obba ne're will drinke καθ'ὅλου more.

Enter GRUNNIO.

O Joue, what doe I see ? vse ghosts to walke
Before our dores ? whose spirit art thou ? speake ;
I thee adiure by Proserpinaes heade,
By Acheron, by Styx, and Phlegeton,
And by the dismall boate that Charon rowes,
By triple-headed Cerberus, by ——
Grun. Lord, Obba,
What meanest thou by this ? dost thou not knowe
Leane, macilente[1] Grunnio ?

[1] Synonymes.

Ob. I verily did take thee for some sp'rite :
Thou lookst like an anatomy ;[1] mee thinks
The wind shoulde whirle thee vp into the ayre.
Grun. That I preuente by wearing leaden soles.
Ob, By Joue, thou art transparent ; if I stande
Behind thy backe, I can see through thy nose.
Grun. Tho (u) see'st what 'tis to liue on brown breade crusts,
To drinke deade vineger, and lodge in straw.
Ob. Ha, ha, he !
I am almoste dissolu'd into laughter.
Art not thou Famines sonne ?
Grun. I rather thinke
Famine to bee my sonne, mee her mother :
These tenne months I haue borne her in my wombe,
And hope to bee deliuered this feaste.
Ob. What doth Philargurus at home ?
Grun. Hee tells[2]
How many spyders are about his house,
Leaste any one of vs steale one of them :
And in a vessell charily doth keepe
The vrine of his hungry family,
And sells it to the diars ; when hee sleepes,
Ties a paire of bellowes to his winde-pipe.
Ob. Why soe ?
Grun. Least in his sleepe he lose parte of his breathe.
Ob. O thrifty man !

[1] *i.e.*, Skeleton.

[2] *i.e.*, Counts.—Here the writer had an eye to the *Aulularia* of Plautus ;

"Araneas mihi ego illas servari volo."
I. 2. 9.

"Quin, quom it dormitum, follem obstringit ob gulam.
A Cur ? STR. Ne quid animæ forte amittat dormiens."
ii. 4. 23.

(I follow the excellent text of Bothe.)

Grun. Wilt suffer mee, after the feaste is done,
To licke the greazy platters?
Ob. Ile fill thy paunche full; neuer feare thy guttes.[1]
Grun. I see my master comming: Obba, where,
Where shall I hide mee? what, in the buttry?
Ob. Follow mee.
Grun. O, how my teethe doe water!

SCENE V.

Enter TIMON, CALLIMELA, PHILARGURUS, GELASIMUS, HERMOGENES, PSEUDOCHEUS, EUTRAPELUS, DEMEAS, LACHES, BLATTE.

Tim. Soe I embrace thee in my armes, who art
My life and light.
Cal. O, how such sweete embraces I desire,
Who without thee am neither life nor light!
Gel. Shee sees not mee as yet; if once shee did,
I know shee would put finger in the eye.
Cal. Thou art my Titan, I thy Cynthia;
From thy bright beames my beauty is deriu'd.
Gel. Can the kings daughter of th' Antipodes
Speake so compleately?
Pseud. Shee hath a parrot
Can speake more elegantly.
Gel. That is well.
Tim. My life, why doe wee thus delay the time?
Ile plight to thee my trothe in Pallas temple:
Art thou well pleas'd with this, my hony?
Cai. What pleases Timon, cannot mee displease.
Phil. Timon, thou hast a wife morigerous;[2]
Shee is the onely comfort of my age.

[1] *i.e.*, Fear for thy guts. Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, i. 291. ii. 299. ed. Dyce.
[2] *i.e.*, Compliant, acquiescent.

Lach. Thou li'st, thou thinkest thy gold a sweeter. [*Aside.*

Dem, Let it bee lawfull for mee (most honorable, not onerable paire) awhile to reteyne and deteyne, ligate and obligate your eares with my words, neither aspersed or inspersed with the flore or rore[1] of eloquence. Yee are both like in nature and in nurture, alike in genius and both alike ingenuous : what Timon refuses, Callimella refuses; what Callimela wills, Timon also wills; so that Callimela may not bee but Timons Callimela, and Timon but Callimelas Timon.

Eut. Holde thou thy peace, thou pratling orator;
Hence with thy tropes !—Let's hie to the temple.—
Hermogenes, out of thy greazy throate
Sing vs some sweete epithalamion.

Lach. Heele croke it like a frogge, I knowe; I feare
Least this extrauagant singing fidler
Hath quite forgotte his arte. [*Aside.*

Her. I sing among the people ! I ! what, I !
Is not Hermogenes a noble ? My page
Shall acte my parte : if hee sing not a song
Of sweeter harmony than Orpheus,
I neuer more will sattin breeches weare.

The Musicians playe, and Hermogenes Page sings.

A faire mayden creature,
Than hony farre more sweete,
Whom the godds for feature
Might well desire to greete;
Whose beauty Venus might
Enuy, as farre more bright,
Hath felt God Cupids dart,
That prick'd her at the hearte.

[1] *i.e.*, Dew.

Loue's victor; hence the cries
Of young men pierce the skies.
All. *Hymen, O Hymen Hymenæus, Hymen!*
[Page.] *Let Hymens ioyfull saffron weede*
Assiste them alwaies at their neede.
All. *Hymen, O Hymen Hymenæus, Hymen!*
[Page.] *Let Phœbus hide his light,*
And day bee turn'd to night,
That the new bride now may
The bridegroomes flames allay;
Let Cupid straw loue flowres,
Venus augment love houres.
All. *Hymen, O Hymen Hymenæus, Hymen!*
[Page.] *Let Hymens ioyfull saffron weede*
Assiste them alwaies at their neede.
All. *Hymen, O Hymen Hymenæus, Hymen!*

Enter a shippwrackte Sayler.

Say. Immortall gods, why mocke yee mortalls thus?—
Where shall I finde Timon, wretched Timon?
Tim. Who with such clamors interupts our ioyes?
Speake, what soe're it is.
Say. I bring thee heauy newes; thy shippes are drown'd
In Neptunes waues, not one of them arriu'd.
Lach. The gods forbidde!
Say. Neptune, thy foe, hath wrought thee this mishappe,
And swallow'd vppe thy gemmes in his vast wombe,
And neuer will restore them backe againe. [*Exit.*
Tim. At lengthe I knowe what misery doth meane.
Phil. Hence, Callimele, hence from that beggers side.
Gel. Thou would'st not haue mee to thy sonne in law;
What, doth it yet repent thee?

Phil. Giue mee my daughter ; why dost thou claspe her ?
Shees none of thine.
Tim. Doth Callimele say soe ?
Cal. I loued Timon riche, not Timon poore ;
Thou art not now the man thou wast before.
Phil. This is my wisedome, this shee learn'd of mee.
Tim. Wealth being loste, the loue which was remaines !
Why dost thou soe inconstantly revolte ?
Beholde the light of Hymenæus lampes !
Why turnest thou thy face away from mee ?
What, am I such an eiesore now to thee ?
Phil. Away, away, thou poore three farthing Jacke !
Thou faggende of the people, get thee hence !
Touche not my daughter, thou.
Tim. Callimela !
Blat. Thus goods and loue are shippewrackt both at once :
Come, I'le receaue thee into fauour, come.
Phil. Base pouertie doth followe luxury :
Get home, and liue by mending of olde shoes ;
Spende not whole daies in drunken Bacchus cuppes ;
Goe home, thou slaue, or here, with hunger pin'd,
Belche out thy soule : I hate a man thats poore ;
Hees worse than any homicide.
Tim. O thou, whoe're thou art, that dost dispose
Of paines in hell, dismisse thou Tantalus !
This fellow is more worthy to endure
Dry schorching thirst, and yet to stande for aye
Vp to the chinne in water.
Her. Why dost thou not lamente, Eutrapelus ?
Eut. My eies are of pumice stone, I cannot.
Gel. To morrow, Callimela, I will sayle
To the kings daughter of Antipodes ;
Expect mee not thy sutor any more.
Tim. Doth noe small sparcle of thy loue remaine ?

Phil. Hence, my sweete girle; vouchsafe him not one worde;
Hees worse than a crocodile or serpent,
Nay, worse than the diuell himselfe.
Gel. Why soe?
Phil. Because hees poore.
[*Exeunt* PHIL., CALL., *and* BLAT.
Gel. Ha, ha, he!
How melancholy walkes hee to and fro!——
Thou shalt, if that thou wilt, mende my olde shoes.
Lach. I will not see my master thus abus'd,
I'le rather die.—What dost? whom speakst thou to?
Hence, least thou feele my cholericke reuenge!
And quickly to bee gone, I say: thou foole,
Dost thou deride my masters miseries?
Gel. Thou knowst not how I hate these souldiers
That looke soe furious. Come, let vs goe;
I am even sicke to see his face, vah!
Eut. Weele goe along with thee.
Her. Thy masters harde misfortune I lamente.
Dem. Commend my loue to bee at his commaunde.
[*Exeunt* GELAS., PSEUD., EUTR., HERM., *and* DEM.
Lach. The shadowes all are gone; noe sunne shines here.—
Master, why muse you thus? what thinke you on?
Why are your eyes soe fixed on the earth?
Pull vp your spirits; all aduersity
By patience is made more tolerable.
Tim. Great father of the gods, what wickednes,
What impious sinne haue I committed?
What, haue I[1] piss'd vppon my fathers vrne?
Or haue I poyson'd my forefathers? what,
What, what haue I deseru'd, an innocent?

[1] From Horace;

"utrum
Minxerit in patrios cineres."
—"Ars P." 470.

Lach. His countenance bewraies his vexed soule.
[*Aside.*

Tim. O Joue, O Joue,
Haue I thy altar seldome visited?
Or haue I beene to proud? or yet deny'd
To succour poore men in necessity?
Not this, nor that: yee gods haue vow'd my fall;
Thou, thou hast vow'd it, Joue; against mee, then,
Discharge whole vollies of thy thunderclapps,
And strike mee thorough with thy thunderbolte,
Or with a sodeine flashe of lighteninge
Destroy mee quicke from thy supernall throne!
I knowe not how to suffer pouertie,
Who haue soe oft relieu'd the poore with golde.

Lach. Leaue of complaints; griefe augments misery.

Tim. I am besides myselfe, I knowe not how.
Hymen, why, Hymen, are thy lampes extincte?
Come, light them once againe; my bride's at hande:
A fonde dreame Timon neuer shall deiecte;
My Callimele complaines, I stay to long;
I come, my light, in dreames Ile come to thee!

Lash. Where rushe you heade-long? master, Callimele
Hath lefte thee basely and ingratefully,
And hath despised thee, now thou art poore.

Tim. Thou speakst the truthe; shee's gone, shee's gone indeede.
O most inconstant sexe of womankinde,
Proude, cruell, stiffenecked, and more monstrous
Than any monster bredde in Africa!
Is this their faithfull loue? the vowes they make?
Yee cursed Furies, thou, thou, Megæra,
Helpe to augmente my fury!

Lach. Comfort yourself; you haue some friends yet lefte.

Tim. I'st possible a poore man should haue friends?

Lach. Aduersitie cannot parte faithefull friends.

Tim. Hee is deceau'd that lookes for faithe on earthe:
Faithe is in heauen, and scornes mortall men.
I am compelled by necessity
To proue my friends: thus poore and destitute,
I goe to seeke reliefe from other men. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV., SCENE I.

Enter TIMON *at one dore;* DEMEAS *and* EUTRAPELUS *at another.*

Tim. Vnhappy Timon doth salute his friends.
Dem. Whom speakes hee to? what, dost thou knowe this man?
Eut. I doe confesse that I haue seene his face,
But where I cannot tell.
Tim. Afflicted and forsaken on each side,
And lefte to the wide worlde, I yee beseeche
To giue mee house-roome; only this I aske,
A hole wherein to hide my misery.
Dem. Art thou a stranger or Athenian?
What country? whats thy name?
Tim. Know'st thou not? ah, Demeas, know'st thou not?
This face, these hands thou heretofore didst knowe:
Am I soe soone forgotte and wholy chang'd?
And is there nothing now of Timon lefte?
Dem. Thou brazen face, I ne're sawe thee before.
Eut. This fellowe would insinuate, I thinke.
Tim. Where hide yee your heads, yee heau'nly powers?
They doe despise their needy friend, yet liue
And breathe a guilty soule: O supreme Joue,
Why doth thy right hande cease to punish sinne?
Strike one of these with thunder from aboue,
And with thy lightening reuenge my cause!
Strike which thou wilt, thy hande it cannot erre.
Dem. Ha, ha, he: how tragicall hee is:

Tim. O yee ingratefull, haue I freed yee
From bonds in prison to requite mee thus?
To trample o're mee in my misery?
True Scythians broode, cruell, ingratefull,
Yee make mee liue in woe and heauines.
Tell mee, O tell mee, yee perfidious,
Where is your faith vow'd of your owne accorde?
Where are your vowes soe largely promised?
What, are they all gone with the winde?

Dem. Come hither; I will giue thee this one groate,
But thou must publish my munificence.

Tim. Thus I returne it backe into thy face:
Ne're bende thy browes; proude threats I doe not feare.

Eut. Come, let vs hence; this man is lunaticke.

Dem. Looke to thy braines, least in the plenilune
Thou waxe more madde. Farewell.

[*Exeunt* DEMEAS *and* EUTRAPELUS.

TIMON *solus.*

Tim. Fire, water, sworde confounde yee! let the crowes
Feede on your peckt out entrailes, and your bones
Wante a sepulchre! worthy, O, worthy yee,
That thus haue falsifi'd your faith to mee,
To dwell in Phlegeton! Rushe on me heau'n,
Soe that on them it rushe! Mount Caucasus
Fall on my shoulders, soe on them it fall!
Paine I respecte not. O holy Justice,
If thou inheritte heau'n, descende at once,
Eu'n all at once vnto a wretches hands!
Make mee an arbiter of ghosts in hell,
That, when they shall with an vnhappy pace
Descende the silent house of Erebus,
They may feele paines that neuer tongue can tell!
But where am I? I doe lamente in vaine;
Noe earthe as yet relieu'd a wretches paine:

I am well pleas'd to goe vnto the ghosts.
Open, thou earthe, and swallowe mee alive!
Ile headelonge tumble into Styx his lake:
Wilt thou not open, earthe, at my requeste?
Must I suruiue against my will? then here
Shall bee my place: who on the earthe lies, hee
Can fall noe lower than the same, I see.
[*Timon lies downe.*

SCENE II.

ABYSSUS *at one*, GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, PÆDIO, *at another dore.*

Aby. Why stay'd you thus? the gold is all ready.
Gel. Right worshippefull Abyssus, bee content:
I spent this whole day with the notary:
This paper doth confirme to thee my lands;
Here, take it; I'le goe and finde farre better
'Mong th' Antipodes.
Pseud. There the earthe brings forth,
Among the wheate, eares of gold and siluer.
Aby. I wante my spectacles; reade it, Gelasimus.
Gel. Bee it knowen unto all men by these presents that I Gelasimus of the Golden Hill, gentleman, sonne and heire of Rubicunde[1] *of the Ilands, lately deceased, haue graunted, bargayned, and solde to Abyssus, cittizen of Athenes, a thousande acres of lande with the appurtenances, all goods and chattells, moueable and immoueable, aliue and deade, of kinde and condicion whatsoeuer, in the possession of any whosoeuer, in any place whereso-euer; which bargayne and sale I Gelasimvs will warrantize to the aforesaid Abyssus, his heyres and assignes, agaynst all nations for euer, by these presents: in witness hereof I haue hereunto set my hande and seale the and in the one thousand sixty ninthe Olympiade.*

[1] But at p. 412, the father of Gelasimus is called *Megadorus*.

Aby. Tis well.—An olde birde is not caught with chaffe ;
Hee that will cheate mee must arise betimes.— [*Aside.*
Here, take this gold ; I will possesse thy lands
And mannor houses.

Tim. What's this ? hee alsoe sell his heritage,
More worthy farre, O Joue, of pouertie !
That let him feele, and beare mee companie.

Gel. Thou, Pseudocheus, shalt the one halfe beare,
And I the other.

Pseud. Committe the whole to mee ; Ile not impose
Soe greate a burden on thee.

[GELASIMUS *giues him the gold.*

Gel. What, shall wee traualye through that citty, where
The candles walke, and cattes play on the fiddle ?
How I desire to see such pretty sights !

Aby.[1] Farewell, farewell ; happy bee thy voyage ?
Ile goe take possession of my lands.

Gel. Farewell, most bright Abyssus: the next monthe
Ile send thee letters from th' Antipodes.

[*Exit* ABYSSUS.

Pædio.

Pæd. What, master ?

Gel. Goe, fetche the taylor to prepare new clothes ;
For this my iourney ; thou maist alsoe bidde
The barbor come, that hee with his razor
Shaue of th' exorbitant haires of my bearde.

Pseud. You need noe barbor ; bearded men are there
More amiable.

Gel. Is't soe ?—
Buy mee some hony to anoynte my cheekes,
To make my bearde grow to perfection.

Pseud. Peace, peace ; here comes Lollios Hecuba.

[1] MS., *Pseud.*

Enter BLATTE.

Blat. Saue yee, youngmen ; may all youthly things
Bee safe and sound ! Thou art Gelasimus,
Vnles my eies deceause my sight.
Gel. I am :
What wouldst thou haue with me? I know thee well ;
Speake boldely, faire and fearefull Hecuba.—
I feare leaste shee prouoke mee vnto fight
In Callimelas name [*Aside*].—Speake out, I say.
Blat. You well doe knowe the frailtie of our sexe.
Gel. By Joue, I will not fight 'fore I am vrg'd ;
This openly I tell thee.
Blat. Affections soone stirre vp in our breasts.
Gel. I feare the euente. [*Aside.*
Blat. This I doe knowe, who, when I was a girle,
Felt what the vowes of youngmen could prevayle
With flatt'ring tongues : Callimela therefore—
Gel. And what of Callimele? what will shee doe?
Blat. Shee doth beseeche thee to renewe thy sute,
And with the bellowes of affection
Blowe vp the cynders of thy former loue,
And to forgette all wrongs.
Gel. Doth shee loue me?
Blat. I knowe shee dothe, and that not vulgarly.
Gel. I will consider of it with myselfe.
Tim. O woman, more inconstant than the winde,
The wether, fethers, or Joues thunderbolt !
Thou heretofore didst shew mee a faire face,
And now by turnes dost varry with the time.
Gel. It is decreed ; I verily doe grieue
That I am called elsewhere by the Fates :
My loue is gone beyonde the seas ; where I
Must bee espoused to a princely maide ;
But, least shee wholy should consume through griefe,
Melte into teares, I'le breathe to her one kisse,
Before I goe a shippeboarde.

Blat. Thou truly art a kinde youngman, and dost
What doth befitte thee.
Pseud. What oxe is this that lieth on the ground?
Tim. What's that to thee?
Gel. Rise, arise.
Tim. I will not.
Gel. Art thou a foole?
Tim. But art thou wise?
Gel. Farewell.
Tim. Bee hang'd!
Gel. Ha, ha, he! how concisely the rogue speakes!
Blat. 'Tis Timon; doe yee not knowe him?
Gel. That were a thinge indeede ridiculous,
To knowe a man that's poore.—Sirrah, take heede,
Least that thou catche a coughe: heare you, sirrah?
The ground's to colde a bed to lie vppon.
Tim. Nothing.
Gel. Thy hearing, therefore, is not good.
Tim. And yet I am not deafe.
Gel. What's this?
Tim. Somethinge.
Gel. What's this somethinge?
Tim. Nothing, I say, nothing:
All things are made nothing.
Pseud. Thou bee a sonne in law vnto a kinge,
And yet vouchsafe to talke with such a one!
Hee hath not wherewith to buy a haltar.
Tim. Soe, thou abhominable father of lies,
What mighty spoiles and triumphs thou hast gain'd,
Thus to despise a wretche in misery!
Blat. Why stay you thus, Gelasimus, to sende
By mee the kisse you promis'd Callimele?
Goe yee into the house.
Gel. Goe thou before;
Olde age is reuerent; weele follow thee.
Blat. That's kindely done to putte mee in before;
A kisse and that together will doe well.

Tim. Greate Joue confounde yee !
Pseud. Barke not so, thou dogge.
[*Exeunt* BLAT., GELAS., PSEUD., *and* PÆD.
Tim. Thou, nature, take from mee this humane shape,
And mee transforme into a dire serpent,
Or griesly lyon, such a one as yet
Nere Lybia or Affrica hath seene,
Or els into a crocodile or bore,—
What not ? or with my basiliscan eies
May I kill all I see, that at the length
These base ingratefull persons may descende
The pitte of hell ! thus would I bee reueng'd.

SCENE III.

Enter HERMOGENES, STILPO, *and* SPEUSIPPUS, *in gownes.*

Her. Most graue philosophers, your company
Doth much delight mee ; truly, I doe loue
Your witty disputations.
Stil. A man may loue two manner of waies, effectiuely or causally.
Her. I pray thee, giue mee these 2 termes.
Stil. Noe, they are mine as well κατὰ χρῆσιν as κατὰ κτῆσιν ; a talente shall not buy them.
Her. There is a question that long hath troubled mee,—whether there be a man in the moone.
Speus. To wit, a numerically indiuiduall, which may haue there really and intrinsecally an entitatiue acte and essence, besides a formall existence, or whether that bee Platoes Idea abstracted from the humane species, which they affirme to bee vnder the concaue of the moone.
Stil. The moone may bee taken 4 manner of waies ; either specificatiuely, or quidditatiuely, or superficially, or catapodially.

Her. To morrow, if Joue please, Ile buy these termes.

Stil. The man in the moone is not in the moone superficially, although he bee in the moone (as the Greekes will haue it) catapodially, specificatiuely, and quidditatiuely.

Speus. I proue the contrary to thee thus. Whatsoeuer is moued to the motion of the moone, is in the moone superficially; but the man in the moone is moued to the motion of the moone; ergo the man in the moone really exists in the moone superficially.

Stil. I answere by distinguishing. The man in the moone is moued to the motion of the moone, according to a formall conceipte, æquiuocally and virtually, not entitatiue vnivocally and naturally; it is true respectiuely and *vt quo*, but not simply and *vt quod*.

Her. Stilpo, how wilt thou sell these articles of distinction?

Stil. For £20.

Her. For such trifles! how deare are thy wares! wilt take 16?

Stil. Dost thinke philosophy is soe little worth? I cannot.

Her. Bee it soe; because these phrases please mee, and their terminations ende all alike, thou shalt haue £20. Repeate them againe.

Stil. A thinge may bee mooued entitatiuely or formally—

Her. Entitatiuely or formally! I pray thee, resolue mee of that scruple,—am I moued entitatiuely or formally?

Speus. Thou art moued formally, prioristically in the thing considered, not posterioristically in the manner of considering.

Tim. Hermogenes, remembrest thou thy vow? Hermogenes! [TIMON *ariseth from the grounde.*

Her. What wouldst thou haue?

Tim. Houseroome:
Suffer mee not to perish with the colde,
Vnder the open ayre.

Her. Thou art troublesome.—
I hearde from Pseudocheus, a most skillfull chronographer, that the moone was an ilande pendante in the ayre, and that there inhabite many myriades of men.

Stil. Tis true, not circumscriptiuely as the last spheare, nor repletiuely, but definitiuely as an angell; this hee spake tentatiuely, not dogmatically.

Tim. What, wilt thou not vouchesafe to looke on mee?

Her. Bee gone, bee gone! thou art troublesome, I say.

Tim. Thou thanklesse wretch, dost thou reiect mee thus?
Thus proudly tramplest on my miseries?

Her. If thou are wretched, goe and hange thyselfe;
An haltar soone will mitigate thy griefe.

Stil. A man may hange himselfe 2 manner of waies; either aptitudinally and catachrestically, or perpendicularly and inhæsiuely: choose which of these thou wilt.

Tim. O Titan, seest thou this, and is it seene?
Eternall darknes ceaze vppon the day!
Yee starres, goe backeward! and a fearefull fire
Burne vp the articke and antarticke pole!
Noe age, noe country yeelds a faithfull friende.
A cursed furie ouerflowes my breast:
I will consume this cittie into dust
And ashes! where is fire? Tysiphone,
Bring here thy flames! I am to mischiefe bente:
These naked handes wante but some instrumente.

Her. Stilpo, Speusippus, vent your sentences:
Appease his fury; it doth rage to much.

Speus. Man's like vnto the sea, that ebbes and flowes,
And all things in this world vnstable are.

Stil. There's nothing on the earth that's permanent:
As cloudes disperse the force of Boreas,
Soe all things into nothing doe returne.
Speus. Aduersity cannot daunte a wise man.
Stil. Art thou opprest with griefe? be patient.
Speus. A heauy burthen patience makes light.
Stil. Hath fortune left thee naked and forlorne?
Then clothe thyselfe with vertue.
Speus. Vertue alone beatifies the minde.
Stil. Shee is not blinde.
Speus. Shee cannot be deceau'd.
Stil. Shee doth despise no man.
Speus. Shee none forsakes.
Stil. Shee is not angry.
Speus. Doth not change.
Stil. Nor rage.
Speus. With comfort shee relieues the grieued soule.
Stil. Shees fairer euery day than other.
Speus. The nearer, shee the fairer doth appeare.
Tim. This grieues mee worse than all my pouerty,—
Hence, hence, yee varletts!
Stil. The chiefest good in vertue doth consiste.
Speus. Whose rage is moderate, that man is wise.
Stil. He that is wise is rich.
Speus. Whome fortune quailes
Is poore and base.
Tim. Your counsaile hath deseru'd these thanks.
[TIMON *beates them.*
Speus. Oh, oh!
Oh! dost thou buffet a philosopher?
Will a free cittie such a deede allowe?
Stil. O, I am holy! oh, withdraw thy handes!
Her. Ile runne away, and take mee to my heeles.
Tim. Not soe, not soe; Ile recompence thy pride.
[TIMON *beates him;* HERM. *runnes away;* TIM. *followes him in at one dore, and enters at another.*

Stil. How doth thy heade, Speusippus?
Speus. It doth ake,
As well posterioristically
As prioristically. Let vs hence,
Least hee againe assault vs with his fistes.
[*Exeunt* SPEUS. *and* STIL.
Tim. What, hath hee thus escaped from my handes?
Thou goddes Nemesis, reuenge my wrong!
Let him, O, let him wander vp and downe,
A wretche vnknowne, through citties and through townes!
Let him desire to die, and yet not die!
And when hees deade, rewarde him, Rhadamant,
According to his meritts! hee deserues
The paine of Sysiphus, thirste of Tantalus,
And in thy lake, Cocytus, to remaine.

Enter LACHES.

Lach. My masters voyce doth ecchoe in my eares:
How full of fury is his countenance!
His tongue doth threaten, and his hearte doth sighe;
The greatnes of his spirit will not downe.
Tim. Thee, thee, O sunne, I doe to witnesse call,
These harde misfortunes I haue not deseru'd!
Lach. But sitt vppon some other earthe and pray:
This place is barbarous; here their proude handes
Scorne to relieue a poore man in his neede.
[TIMON *standes vp.*
Tim. O thou, reuenge, come wholy to my hands!
I will reuenge.
Lach. That takes not griefe away.
Tim. But it will lessen griefe; something Ile doe;
Ile not consume this day in idlenesse.
Inuite these rascalls.
Lach. What shall they doe here?
Tim. I haue prepared them a worthy feaste:

Goe, call them therefore; tell them there remaines
Of soe much wealth as yet some ouerplus.
[*Exit* TIMON *at one dore,* LACH. *at another.*

SCENE IV.

Enter OBBA *with a basket, about to spreade the table, and* GRUNNIO *speakes to him out of his hole.*

Grun. Is this the wedding day? so Joue mee loue,
These teethe as yet toucht not one crust this day.
Ob. Neither shall they; hence thou spidercatcher![1]
[*Hee offers to pull him out.*
Grun. Why art thou soe extreme angry?
And why dost thou soe vnmercifully,
Without my dinner, turne mee out of dores?
Ob. Wee nothing haue to doing with you now:
Thy masters daughter hath cast of Timon.
Come out of thy hole; thou shalt not lurke here.
[*Hee pulls him out.*
Grun. O cruell Obba, hast thou noe pitty?
O, suffer but my nose to smell the meate!
I truly am more hungry than hunger.
Ob. Wert thou hunger itselfe in the abstracte,
Thou shouldst not moue mee to compassion.
Grun. Must I then, Grunnio, bee hungerstaru'd?
What shall I doe? what will become of mee?
Nothing's at home but leane long legg'd spiders.
Ob. Goe, fatte thyselfe with them.
Grun. Farewell, Obba:
Inhumane Obba, if I die this day,
One legge of mutton put into my graue,
I may suppe better in the world belowe. [*Exit.*

[1] *i.e.*, Monkey.

SCENE V.

TIMON, LACHES, OBBA, PHILARGURUS, GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, DEMEAS, EUTRAPELUS : HERMOGENES, STILPO, SPEUSIPPUS *come awhile after.*

Tim. Furnish the table, sette on dainty cheare;
Timon doth bidde his friends their last farewell.
Phil. Thou wisely dost; it is too late to spare
When all is spent; whom the gods woulde haue
To liue but poorely, let him bee content.
Tim. What man is hee can wayle the losse of wealthe,
Guarded with such a friendly company?
Ill thriue my gold, it shall not wring one teare
From these mine eies, nor one sigh from my hearte:
My friends sticke close to mee, they will not starte.
Dem. Is hee madde? wee knew him not this morning:
Hath hee soe soone forgotte an iniury?

Now enter HERM., STIL., SPEUS, *and drawe backe.*

Lach. Putte of fonde feare; why draw yee backe your feete?
Her. I feare my heade.
Tim. Much hayle, Hermogenes,—
Saue yee, philosophers.
Speus. Saue yee, said hee?
Such words are better farre than stripes and blowes.
Tim. Y'are welcome all: spende yee this day in mirthe,
Mixe laughter and conceits with this our feaste,
And lay aside all graue seueritie.
Stil. There lie, philosopher. I put of all formalities, excentricall and concentricall vniuersalities, before the thinge, in the thinge, and after the thinge, specifications categorematicall and syncategoremati-

call, hæcceities complete and ἁπλῶς, or incomplete and κατὰ τι.

Gel. Ha, ha, he! hee seemes like a dry heringe.

Tim. Expecte noe iunketts, or yet dainty fare:
What cheare poore Timon hath, y'are welcome to.

Phil. I loue a piece of beefe.

Gel. I hony sopps.

Pseud. Giue mee a phœnix stew'd in ambergreece.

Dem. I loue an artichoke pie sok'd in marrow.

Eut. Fill platters with wine; weele eate it with spoones.

Her. I pray thee, putte a pheasante on the table.

Stil. I pray thee, let not mustard bee wanting.

Speus. Bee mindefull of fatte bacon; I doe loue
To line my choppes well with the greeze thereof.

Tim. Weele wante for nothing; that shall bee my care. [*Exit.*

Gel. Philosophers say that mustarde is obnoxious to the memory.

Stil. Mustarde by itselfe is obnoxious, to the memory by an accident.

Her. Heare yee my opinion, who am halfe a philosopher.

Eut. Partly a fidler, partly a foole.

Gel. Thou art too bitter; peace.

Her. Mustarde originally and proximely is obnoxious to the memory instrumentally and remotely.

Gel. O, ex'lent witty, and beyonde compare!
Thou shalt with mee to the Antipodes,
If that thou please: this ingenuity
I loue in any man.

Phil. Art thou resolued on thy iourney?

Gel. Yes:
This morning I haue play'd the alchymist,
Conuerting all my lands to pure golde.

Dem. A metalepsis or transumption from one thinge to another.

Gel. Pseudocheus,
How many miles thinke you that wee must goe?
Pseud. Two thousande, 44.
Stil. What dost thou meane?
A number numbering, or numbered?
Pseud. My eares attende not to these idle trifles:
Thou art a trifling philosopher; peace:
Perseus, hee had a winged horse.
Dem. The allegory of this fable I perspicuously laid open in an oration newly penn'd. If you please, I will relate it.
Pseud. Thou orator, care thou for thy metaphores:
Perseus, whats that to thee? the horses name
Was Pegasus.
Gel. Yes, I remember't well.
What was his name saidst thou?
Pseud. Pegasus:
What if I know where Pegasus is fedde
With oates and hay?
Gel. O witte worthy of immortalitie!
Pseud. One word's enough for a wise man:
Thou, mounted vppon Pegasus, shalt fly;
The shippe shall carry mee.
Lach. Let eache man take his place.
Stil. A place is a superficies concaue.
Speus. Or convexe of a body ambient.
Her. True, if it bee considered entitatiuely, not formally.—
Before I leaue, Ile make these termes threedbare:
Now, as I liue, they cost mee twenty pounds. [*Aside.*
Eut. Some one bring water: these philosophers
Washt not their vncleane hands this day.
Stil. A litle inke adhæres in the superficies of my nayle.
Speus. I writte the state of a quæstion this day,—whether the heauens bee made of stones.
Stil. It is made of stones stoned, not stoning.

Dem. O Jupiter, hee speakes solœcismes!
Phil. Where is thy master?
Lach. Heele bee here anon:
In the meane time sitte downe.
Gel. Philargurus,
Thy hoary haires deserue the highest place.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O happy mee, equall to Joue himselfe!
I going touche the starres. Breake out, O joy,
And smother not thyselfe within my breast!
Soe many friends, soe many friends I see;
Not one hathe falsifi'de his faith to mee.
What, if I am opprest with pouertie?
And griefe doth vexe mee? fortune left mee poore?
All this is nothing: they releeue my wants;
The one doth promise helpe, another golde,
A thirde a friendly welcome to his house
And entertainement; eache man actes his parte;
All promise counsaile and a faithfull hearte.
Gel. Timon, thou art forgettefull of thy feast.
Tim. Why doe yee not fall to? I am at home:
Ile standing suppe, or walking, if I please.—
Laches, bring here the artichokes with speede.—
Eutrapelus, Demeas, Hermogenes,
I'le drinke this cuppe, a healthe to all your healths!
Lach. Conuerte it into poison, O yee gods!
Let it bee ratsbane to them! [*Aside.*
Gel. What, wilt thou haue the legge or els the winge?
Eut. Carue yee that capon.
Dem. I will cutte him vp,
And make a beaste of him.
Phil. Timon, this healthe to thee.
Tim. Ile pledge you, sir.
These artichokes do noe mans pallat please.
Dem. I loue them well, by Joue.

Tim. Here, take them, then!
[*Stones painted like to them; and throwes them at them.*
Nay, thou shalt haue them, thou and all of yee!
Yee wicked, base, perfidious rascalls,
Thinke yee my hate's soe soone extinguished?
[TIMON *beates* HERM. *aboue all the reste.*
Dem. O my heade!
Her. O my cheekes!
Phil. Is this a feaste?
Gel. Truly, a stony one.
Stil. Stones sublunary haue the same matter with the heauenly.
Tim. If I Joues horridde thunderbolte did holde
Within my hande, thus, thus would I darte it!
[*Hee hitts* HERM.
Her. Woe and alas, my braines are dashed out!
Gel. Alas, alas, twill neuer bee my happe
To trauaile now to the Antipodes!
Ah, that I had my Pegasus but here!
I'de fly away, by Joue.
[*Exeunt all except* TIM. *and* LACH.
Tim. Yee are a stony generation,
Or harder, if ought harder may bee founde;
Monsters of Scythia inhospitall,
Nay, very diuells, hatefull to the gods.
Lach. Master, they are gone.
Tim. The pox goe with them;
And whatsoe're the horridde sounding sea
Or earthe produces, whatsoe're accursed
Lurks in the house of silent Erebus,
Let it, O, let it all sprawle forth here! here,
Cocytus, flowe, and yee blacke foords of Styx!
Here barke thou, Cerberus! and here, yee troopes
Of cursed Furies, shake your firy brands!
Earth's worse than hell: let hell chaunge place with earth,

And Plutoes regiment[1] bee next the sunne!
Lach. Will this thy fury neuer be appeas'd?
Tim. Neuer, neuer it; it will burne for euer:
It pleases mee to hate. Goe, Timon, goe,
Banishe thyselfe from mans society;
Farther than hell fly this inhumane city:
If there bee any exile to bee had,
There will I hide my heade. [*Exit.*
Lach. Ile follow thee through sword, through fire, and deathe;
If thou goe to the ghosts, Ile bee thy page,
And lacky thee to the pale house of hell:
Thy misery shall make my faith excell. [*Exit.*

ACT V., SCENE I.

GELASIMUS, PSEUDOCHEUS, DÆMEAS, EUTRAPELUS, PÆDIO.

Gel. My bootes and spurrs are on, all thinges ready;
Only I want my flying Pegasus.
Pseud. But staye awhile, till he hath eate his haye:
Would'st haue him carrye thee three hundred myles
Without a bayte?
Gel. Pædio, bidd the smyth view Pegasus,
Yf any nayles be wanting in his shoes,
Or yf his hoofes neede paring.
Eut. How circumspectly prouident is he!
Pseud. When thou art mounted vp aloft into
The middle region of th' aire, a hill
Hangs on the right hand, on the left a rock;
Direct thy course iust in the middle waye.
Gel. Betweene the rock and hill; I apprehend.
Pseud. There rocky Ætna swells, breathes out his flames:
Take heede least Pegasus there put his ffoote.

[1] *i.e.*, rule, sway.

Eut. The middle region of th'aire is couldest:
If thou art wise, at Ætna warme thy hands.
Pseud. Hould thou thie tounge.—
Ætna being left, fflye to Pindus hill;
On right and left hand there thou shalt behould
The Mamaluccian inhabitants.
Them and theire citties and theire regions
Thou soone shalt ouerpasse, and at the length
The Milky Way thou shalt espie; keepe that;
That way will bringe thee to the Zodiaque.
There thou maist lodge all night, yf that thou please,
That cittie hath twelue inns for travaylours;
Taurus, or Gemini, Cancer, Leo,
Or Virgo, yf you please, chouse which thou wilt;
But dost thou heare me, Gelasimus?
By noe meanes lodge thou in Aquarius.
Gel. Why soe?
Pseud. Because that liquour is to weake.
Gel. What, doe they hang vp signe posts at theire dores?
Pseud. Yes.
Gel. That's well: Ile inn at the Virgine.
Pseud. Heere, take this paper; this will shew the way,
And all the distances from place to place.
[*He giues him a paper.*
Eut. Ha, ha, he!
Dost thou beleiue such foolish fictions,
So meerelie comicall?
Pseud. H'st, peace! parte of the prey shall come to thee:
See'st thou not this gould? [*He reades.*
Gel. From Athens to Ætna sixtie fower myles. From Ætna to Pyndus eightie one myle and a halfe. From Pindus to the Mamuluccs 59 *myles. From the Mamuluccs to the Tingitanes* 16^{teene} *myles and a litle more. From the Tingitanes vp to the Zodiaque* 23.

There I will inne. Well, where must I goe next daye ?
From the Zodiaque downe to the pleasant ffeildes of Thessalie 57.
There I will pick a posye of sweete fflowers.
From the pleasant feilds of Thessalie to Gurgustidonia 24 *and somewhat more. From Gurgustidonia to the Squilmagians* 83. *From the Squilmagians to the Pigmies* 80 *myles and a halfe. From the Pigmies to the Antipodes* 90 *short myles.*
Pseudocheus,
Thou promisedst to write a chronicle
Of all thy travayles : prythee, haue a care
My travayles may be registred therein,
And lett that booke be my rare monument.
Eut. He is ambitious : how he desires
To haue his folly made immortall !
Dem. If thou wilt, Ile notifie it sufficientlie to the people. [*To* GELAS.
Gel. Will you ?—Pseudocheus, reward the oratour. —What, canst thou amplifie ?
Dem. Demosthenes could neuer paint a thinge out better in his collours. Thus I beginne. A jorney is vndertaken ; but of whome ? of a younge man. Of what manner of man ? not of a begger, but of one that yett is endued with the goodes of ffortune and body.—This is called the circumstance of the person : lett vs now come to the circumstance of the place.—What is th'end of his jorney ? not Sparta, not Thebes, not Myteline it selfe ; but he travailes to the Antipodes, the remotest region beneath the earth. What is the cause impulsive ? not merchaundize, not rapine, not warr, not——
Gel. Egregious orator, it is enough :
Howers haue wings, they quicky flye away ;
And 'tis noe wisemans parte to make delayes.
Farewell, my ffreinds, for a long tyme farwell.
Eut. Joue giue thy voyage ffortunate successe !

Dem. Goe that thou mai'st retorne; returne that thou mai'st goe; maist thou not perish by the way thou goest! farewell. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter TIMON *and* LACHES *with* 3 *spades*[1] *in their hands.*

Tim. Begone, I saye: why dost thou follow me?
Why art thou yett soe instant?
Lach. Faith commaunds.
Tim. Faith! what is faith? where doth shee hide her head,
Vnder the rise or setting of the sunn?
Name thou the place.
Lach. Here, in this brest.
Tim. Thou liest.
There is noe faith; tis but an idle name,
A shaddowe, or nearer vnto nothing,
If any thinge.
Lach. Lett me but followe thee.
Tim. If thou wilt follow me, then chainge thy shape
Into a Hydra that's in Lerna bred,
Or some strainge monster hatcht in Affrica;
Bee what thou art not, I will hugg thee then:
This former face I hate, detest, and flye.
Lach. What is the reason thou dost hate me thus?
Is this the recompence for all my paynes?
[*He discouers himselfe.*
Thou heretofore did'st turne me forth of dores,
When I did giue thee true and good advice:
Doth the same fury now possesse thye mynd?
What wickednesse doth make me soe abhor'd?
Tim. Thou art a man, that's wickednesse enough;

[1] One being required for Gelasimus; see what follows.

I hate that fault; I hate all humane kinde,
I hate myselfe, and curse my parents ghosts.
Lach. Doth greife and rage thus ouerflowe theire bancks?
When will they ebbe?
Tim. Thou sooner shalt vnite
Water to ffyre, heau'n to hell, darke to light:
My mynd is constant with a burning hate,
And knowes [not] how to chainge. Forsake me, then;
I thee desire my ffoe, and not my mate.
Lach. Thinck mee thy foe, soe that thou suffer me
To be thy mate: noe hardnes I'le refuse;
If thou commaund, my parents I'le despise,
Thou so commaunding, will them euer hate.
Tim. Thou hast prevayled, be thou then my mate;
But thou must suffer me to hate thee still:
Touch not our hand; and exercise thie spade
In the remotest parte of all the ground.
O Joue that darts't thy peircing thunderboults,
Lett a dire comett with his blazing streames
Threaten a deadly plauge from heau'n on earth!
Lach. Lett seas of bloudshedd ouerflow the earth!
Tim. Men, woemen, children perish by the sword!
Lach. Lett ffunerall follow funerall, and noe parte
Of this world ruyne want!
Tim. Lett greife teeme greife,
And lett it be a punishment to lyue!
Lach. Lett harvest cease!
Tim. Lett riuers all wax drye,
The hunger pyned parent eate the sonne!
Lach. The sonne the parent!
Tim. All plauges fall on this generacion,
And neuer cease! Heare me, O, heare me, Joue!
Ἐμεῖο ζῶντος[1] γαῖα μιχθήτω πυρί,

[1] "Sed nec populo, aut mœnibus patriæ, [Nero] pepercit. Dicente quodam in sermone convivii,
Ἐμοῦ θανόντος γᾶια μιχθήτω πυρί·

Lett Atlas burthen from his shoulders slide,
And the whole ffabrick of the heauens fall downe!
While Timon lyues, yea, now while Timon prayes,
Returne, earth, into thy former chaos!
Lett neuer sunn shyne to the world againe,
Or Luna with her brothers borrow'd light!
Lett Timon see all theis things come to passe!
Such a reuenge best fitts such wickednesse.

[TIMON *diggs at one end of the stage, and* LACHES *at the other.*

SCENE III.

Enter GELASIMUS *booted and spurd, with a watch in one hand and a riding rodd in th'other.*

Gel. Hee bad me should expect my Pegasus
In theis same feilds; I wounder hee's not come.—
Sirrah, thou digger, did'st thou see this day
A wynged horse here?

Tim. Thee, Joue confound thee,
Who e're thou art! hell swallow thee aliue,
And be tormented there among the sprites!

Gel. What ['s] this? vse rusticks thus to rage and curse?
I'le aske this other man.—All hayle, good man.

Lach. I will not; I had rather be sick than be the healthier for thy salutacion. I beseech Joue that some euill end may betyde!

Gel. Now, as I liue, this thinge is very strainge:
Perchaunce theis men haue stolne away my horse.
Ile aske one question more.—
Leades this way to Pyræum, I pray you?

'immo', inquit, *ἐμοῦ ζῶντος*. Planeque ita fecit. Nam quasi offensus deformitate veterum ædificiorum et augustiis flexurisque vicorum, incendit urbem," &c. Suetonius, "Nero," c. 38. Some critics have supposed the Greek to be a quotation from a lost drama of Euripides.

Tim. This way leade thee to the gallowes!
[*He throwes dust on him.*
Gel. O, most base deede, to dusty my new cloathes!
By Joue, by Joue, I'de sue thee at the lawe,
If I went not to the Antipodes.

Enter PÆDIO, *with a cappe made with asses eares.*

Pæd. Where shall I fynd my master?
Gel. What's the newes? speake; here I am.
Pæd. Pseudocheus is shippt and gone to sea,
And sent to thee this guift. [*Deliuers him the capp.*
Gel. Oh, oh, my gould!
My Pegasus, my gould, my Pegasus!
What shall I doe? which shall I first lament?
[*He putts the capp on.*
Tim. What sweete content delighteth thus my eares?
Noe harmony's soe sweete as humane teares.
Water thye cheekes, and lett thyne eyes gush out
Whole seas of teares; weepe, sigh, mourne, and complaine.
What, art thou wretched, and desirest to dye?
Ile tell thee where are wild beasts, where's the sea,
Where's a steepe place vpon a stony rock
Thats scytuated on a mountaine high,
And vnderneath the roaring sea doth swell:
Wilt thou goe thither? drowne thyselfe from thence?
Ile be thy guide, and helpe thee at a push,
And when thou fall'st into the lowest hell,
I will reioyce. What say'st thou, wilt thou dye?
Gel. I am already dead.
Tim. Thee therefore will I on theis shoulders beare;
Thy graue is made.
[*He offers to bury him in the earth he had digged.*
Gel. O, suffer me a while
To walke like to a shaddowe on the earth!
Or, yf thou be soe pleased, Ile digg with thee.

Tim. Put of theis asses eares.

[*He giues him a spade.*

Gel. Theis were the true armes of my graund-father.[1] [*He puts of his cap.*

Tim. Soe maist thou wander as a laughing stock
Throughout the cittie, and be made a scoffe,
A noted fable to the laughing people!
A fit reward for this thy foolishnes.

Gel. Nothing greiues me so much as that I may not marry the daughter of the kinge of the Antipodes.

Tim. Follow your asses function, bend downe thy back;
Thou shalt haue some flynt stones for thy paynes.

Gel. I am very patient. O, where haue you putt my owne proper heade? I would not loose it willinglie.

Pæd. Master, I tooke you for an Athenian; I see now thou art become an Arcadian. Other busynes calls me hence; I pray you, gyue me leaue to leaue you.

Gel. Yf my acquaintance meete thee by the waye,[2]
Tell them that Pegasus gaue me a fall.

[*Exit* PÆDIO.

Tim. Againe with this my spade Ile wound the earth. [*He diggs.*
Why do'st not gape, and open thy wide chincks?
Spew out thy vapours, and a blustring noyse
Of winds breake forth thy adoperted denns?
Whats this? I am amaz'd! what doe I see?

[*He fynds gould.*

Sp[l]endour of gould reflects vpon myne eyes:
Is Cynthia tralucent[3] in the darke?

[1] See p. 401.

[2] MS., "*meete thee by* thee by *the waye.*"

[3] *i.e.*, translucent (a common form of the word in early writers.)

Where shall I turne myne eyes? What, shall I hide
My new found treasure vnderneath the earth,
Or shall I drowne it in the ocean?
Though all the world loue thee, Timon hates thee:
Ile drowne thee in the seas profunditie.
[*He offers to goe drowne it.*

Lach. Stay, master, stay; where runn you headlong thus?

Tim. To drowne the ruyne of the world and me.

Lach. The gods would haue thee to be fortunate.

Tim. Figge for the gods! I wilbe miserable.

Lach. Wilt thou be wretched of thy owne accord?

Tim. Vnder bright gould lurks wretched miserie; I speake it by experience.

Lach. Vnder bright gould publique reuenge doth lurke:
Keep it, yf you are wise, keepe it, I saye;
Thus maist thou be reueng'd of thy false friends,
Exterminating them owt of thie dores.

Tim. Thou hast prevayled, Laches.
Farr from the cittie is a desart place,
Where the thick shaddowes of the cypresse trees
Obscure the daye light, and madge howlett whoopes:
That as a place Ile chuse for my repose.
Lett that day be vnfortunate wherein
I see a man! thee alsoe will I flye,
As[1] ffearefull of thee.

Lach. I will followe thee.

Tim. Thy loue doth vex me: Timon hates all men,
Yea, I detest them with a deadlie hate;
Neither the gods themselues doe I affect.[2]
[*Exeunt* TIM. *and* LACH.

Gel. O, yee good people, what will become of me?
My land is sould, and all my gould is fledd,
And nothing left me but this asses heade.

[1] MS., *Of.*

[2] *i.e.*, love.

O Pseudocheus, worst of travailers,
Hast thou thus cheated thy Gelasimus?
Is this the wedding thou didst promise me?
Is this my Pegasus? I am vndone;
A noble gentleman of the Goulden Hill,
The only propp and piller of his howse,
Gelasimus by name, is quite vndone.
Graunt me, O Fortune, graunt me one request,
And tell me whether thou wilt, yea or noe!
Fyve or six talents poure downe suddenlie
Into my hands, or hayle them on my heade!
What sayst thou? art thou deafe as thou art blinde?
Timon pul'd gould out from the earthes close iawes:
What yf I alsoe digg? Come hither, spade;
Digg out some gould, good spade.

SCENE IV.

Enter HERMOGENES, STILPO, SPEUSIPPUS.

Her. The ayre is temperate; lets walke awhile in theis ffeilds.

Gel. What company is this? Ile putt on this my proper head againe least they knowe me. [*Aside.*

Stil. Aristotle in his Meteorologickes, and the xv^teene^ page as I remember, defendeth παραδοξ *et* ἄτροπος.[1]

Her. Neither canst thou disproue him, ffor the Lord Paradox and the Lord Atropos perchaunce were[2] Aristotles freinds. Why walkes Speusippus soe?

Stil. Hee is a peripatetick.

Speus. Ile defend Aristotle to the death, yea, Ile sweare punctually to all hee writes.

Stil. Sweare thy hart out, Ile saye againe and

[1] So in MS. And see the next speech. [2] MS., *where.*

againe that Aristotle was a blockhead; besides his beard, he had not one hayre of learning.

Speus. Stirr not vp my choller.

Stil. I defyne a peripateticke: a peripatetick is a two legd liuing creature, gressible, vnfeathered, of an vnshorne heade, a writhled beard, beetle browed, of a shallowe witt.

Speus. Ile not endure this disgrace.

Stil. What wilt thou do? wilt thou fight, peripatetick?

Speus. A man may fight 2. manner of wayes, either *eminus* with his tounge, or *cominus* with his hands: Ile fight with the[e] *eminus* with my tongue. A peripatetick is not rightly defined; goe!

Her. O Joue immortall, what spectacle see I!

GELAS *sings.*

Come, come, O come Melpomene!
Singe dolefull elegies with me;
Bewayle my heauy destinie,
Most detestable!

With incke thats blacke on paper white,
Both morning, noone, and eke at night,
My fate, my life, my death endite,
Most lamentable!

Lett stoare of teares bedew thy face,
Breake sighings from thy heart apace;
Gelasimus is in a case
Most miserable!

Her. A prodigie, a prodigie! an asse sings.

Stil. The worke of nature is either ordinary, or extraordinary! this is an extraordinary asse.

Her. Soe the gods loue [me], what fayre ears hath he!

Speus. As well according to the longitude as latitude.

Her. Heare, thou asse; who hyred thee to digg this ground?

Gel. My master.

Her. Who'es thy master?

Gel. Hee that hyred me.

Her. Art not thou an asse?

Gel. Do'st thinck me such an asse as to confesse my self an asse?

Her. By Joue, who could haue made a wyser answeare?

Stil. Except me and Plato, and[1] noe man could.

Speus. Hee's an asse materially, not formally.

Stil. Or partiallie, not totallie.

Speus. I'le resolue it in one word; hee's an asse logically and capitally, not phisikallie and animallie.

Gel. Philosophers, I will decide this controuersy. Yee say that I am an asse.

Stil. Wee say not soe absolutely, but according to some transcendentall respect.

Speus. Haue yee the state of the question in brevitie thus. We say thou art an asse transcendentallie, not prædicamentally, that is (to expresse my selfe), reason not reasoning, but reasoned.

Gel. Well, wincke awhile, and yee shall see a wounderfull metamorphosis.

[*w . .*[2] *and he put . . cappe on* STILPO'S *head.*

Her. This philosopher is chainged into an asse.

Stil. A chainge is made either essentially or accidentallie; I am made an asse accidentallie.

Her. Art not thou in the ayre, Gelasimus?
Where's Pegasus, wherevpon thou mounted,
Booted and spur'd, fled'st to the Antipodes?

Gel. The skittish iade threw me from out the clouds
Downe headlong on the earth.

[1] Seems to have been inserted by mistake.

[2] Here a portion of the MS. is cut off.

Her. O cruell fate !
Gel. Soe it did please my euill spiritt : but
Buy, yf thou please, my bootes and gilded spurrs ;
Ile henceforth goe a foote.
Her. What company comes hitherwards ?
[TIMON, PHIL., CALL., BLAT., EUTR., DEM.,[1] *and* LACH. *passing ouer the stage.*
Gel. Timon hath found a mightie heape of gould :
See, see how many clyents follow him !
Her. Come, lett vs alsoe in among the rest ;
Perchaunce wee shall obteyne our former grace.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter TIMON, PHILARGURUS, CALLIMELA, BLATTE, GELASIMUS, HERMOGENES, EUTRAPELUS, LACHES, STILPO, *and* SPEUSIPPUS.

Tim. What company is this that followes mee ?
What would yee haue ?
Lach. They follow thee as crowes doe carrion.
Call. My Timon, why turn'st thou away thye face ?
I loue thee better then myne eyes or soule :
Do'st thou dispise my loue ?
Tim. Thou can'st not wynn me with thy flattering tounge :
Peace, peace, thou queane ! I sooner will receave
Megæra to my bedd, a hissing snake
Into my bosome.
Phil. Timon, good Timon, be not soe perverse ;
Drowne all things that are past in Lethes ffloud :
I willinglie gyue thee my Calimele
To be thye wyfe.
Tim. Giue her to Cerberus,
Or to the Furies, to be tost in hell.
Blat. Timon, behould that face, how fayre it is ;

[1] This name ought to be omitted : see p. 481.

A dainty girle, neate and compleate throughout;
Now, verylie, thou hast a stony hart,
If that face moue thee not: hould; embrace her,
Fasten sweete kisses on her cherry lips.
What, yf shee caste thee of? the falling out
Of louers doth renewe and strengthen loue:
Soe, when I was a girle, I did reiect
Those woers whome I lou'd most heartely.
Tim. Why vrge yee me? my hart doth boyle with hate,
And will not stoope to any of your lures:
A burnt childe dreads the ffyre.
Call. My honey, at the last be reconcild;
Bee not soe angry: sweete loue, be merry.
Blat. Hee hath a face like one's that is at cack,
Hee lookes soe sowerlie.
Tim. Is it this gould that doth allure your eyes?
Phil. Now, as I liue, 'tis very glorious;
How like to fyre it shynes!
Her. It b[l]yndes my eyes.
Tim. Art thou in loue with this gould, Callimele?
Thou, then, shalt marry it, kisse it sweetelie;
And it shall lye with thee in bedd.
Cal. Ile not refuse what Timon doth commaund:
It shall lodge with me, yf you please.
Lach. If gould
Gett children of thee, who shall father them?
Phil. Ile take a course for that; it shalbe gelt.
Lach. Yes, geld it, yf thou doe fynde it in thy daughters bedd.——
Master, good master, part not with that gould.
Phil. Timon, wilt thou dine at my house this day?
Lach. Hee baites his hooke to gaine some of thy golde;
I know this fellowes crafty pollicy.
Tim. Philargurus, doth this golde please your eies?
Phil. O my delight, my humor radicall,

My healthe, thou art farre brighter than the sunne !
My youth returnes, my bearde doth budde afreshe,
When I beholde thee, my felicity :
Let mee embrace thee and kisse the[e] awhile.
Lach. Tis vertue to abstaine from pleasing thinges:
Abstaine, good olde man ; doe your fingers itche ?
Tim. Thou yesterday thy daughter didst commaunde
To parte from mee, and to forsake my side ;
I was a begger worse than any dogge.
Her. Worse than a snake, than the diuell himselfe;
O base and most abhominable olde man,
Durst hee abuse braue generous Timon ?
Phil. I was a dotarde, and a lier too,
When I soe saide : thou art another Joue.
Eut. Away, thou mony-monging cormorant !
Thou art not worthy to see Timons face.
Her. No, nor to wipe his shoes ; away, stinkarde !
Blat. Thou wicked knaue, Ile scratche out both thine eies,
If thou provoke my master with such words.
Tim. Yee crowes, ye vultures, yee doe gape in vaine:
I will make duckes and drakes with this my golde ;
Ile scatter it and sowe it in the streetes,
Before your fingers touch a piece thereof.
Her. O sweetest Timon, let mee kisse thy feete !
So loue mee Joue, I'me gladde to see thee well :
I am your seruante ; what is't you commaunde ?
Impose that burthen that doth trouble thee
Vppon my shoulders.
Lach. O most noble fidler,
A fidle is a fitter fardle for thy backe !
Eut. Tauernes want takings, and vintners doe breake,
Now thou absentst thyselfe : forsake the woods,
Frequente the citie ; weele be iouiall,
Play the good fellowes.

Tim. O faithfull friendes, in all my miseries
What whirlewinde tooke yee all away from mee?
Her. Ile followe thee through fire to finde thee out,
To doe my Timon good.
Tim. I know thy faith,
Thy hollow heart how full of holes it is.
Eut. Thou alsoe well dost knowe my faithfullnesse:
I hate these double hollow hearted men,
Whose tongues and hearts consent not both in one.
Lach. Another Pylades!
Gel. Timon, beholde mee alsoe; I am one
Of your retinue.

Enter DEMEAS.

Dem. Giue mee free passage; yee knowen and vnknowen persons, gette yee out of my way, least, as I goe, I offende any with my heade, my elbow, or my breaste.
Lach. Vnlesse thy hornes offende, I nothing feare.
Dem. Wher's Athens piller? wher's my glory? wher's Timon? Thou hast blest myne eyes, now I see thee. Joue saue thee, who art the defence of Greece, and the whole worlds delight! the court and countrey both salute thee.
Lach. Thye eyes are purblynd; dost thou know this man?
Dem. Dost thinck me of soe weake a memory?—Heare, my humane Jup[iter], the decree that I haue written concerning thee before the Areopig[ites].
[*He takes*[1] *a pa*[*per*] *out of his* [*pocket, and reads*]
Whereas Timon, the sonne of Echeratides the Colitensian, a champion and a wrestler, was in one day victor of both in the Olympick games—
Tim. But I as yett neere saw th' Olympick games.

[1] Here a portion of the MS. is cut off.

Dem. What of that? that makes noe matter; thou shalt see them hereafter.

Tim. I neere as yett bore armes out of Athens.

Dem. But thou shalt in the next warr,—*ffor theis causes it seemes good to the court and the commonwealth, to the magistrates seuerallie, to the plebeians singulerlie, to all vniuersallie, to place Timon in Pallas Temple, houlding a goulden thunderbolt in his hand.* Demeas spake this suffragie because he was Timons disciple, for Timon is alsoe easily the prince[1] of rhetorick; in my orations I vse to vse his metaphores.

Her. Peace, oratour; wee alsoe ought to speake.

Dem. Would I had brought my litle sonne with me, whome I haue called Timon after thy name.

Tim. How canst thou? for thy wyfe had neuer a child.

Dem. But shee shall haue, and that shalbe borne shalbe a man child, and that man child shalbe named Timon.

Tim. Well hast thou said. Dissembling hypocrites, Thinke yee that I will be deceaued thus?

Call. My Timon, my husband!

Phil. My sonne in lawe!

Her. My Mæcenas!

Eut. My protector!

Dem. My sublunary Jupiter!

Lach. Thou asse, why braist thou not among the reste?

Gel. Seest thou me not a woing of this maide
Of 80 yeares?—What say you, my Blatte?
Art thou inflam'd with thy Gelasimus?
If thou wilt haue mee, Ile not seeke a wife
Mong the Antipodes: what saies my chicke,
My loue?—Sweete Timon, giue thy asse some golde,
To buy some toy for this olde pretty maide.

[1] A Latinism,—*facile princeps.*

Stil. Plato in his Acrostikes saith, it is better to giue than receaue.

Spe. Neither doth Aristotle dissent from Plato in his first of the Metaphysicks, the last text saue one.

Stil. Euery agent doth resuffer in his action. Wilt thou giue? so thou shalt receaue: wilt thou receaue? then giue. This therefore is the state of the quæstion: Timon is the terminus from whom; I the philosopher the terminus to whom; Timons hande is the medium, which mediating first from himselfe generating, then by remouing the impediment, gold is moued with a motion vniformally from Timon to mee in an instant.

Tim. Why vexe yee mee, yee Furies? I protest,
And all the gods to witnesse inuocate,
I doe abhorre the titles of a friende,
Of father, or companion. I curse
The ayre yee breathe: I lothe to breathe that aire;
I grieuve that these mine eyes should see that sunne,
My feete treade on that earthe yee treade vpon.
I first will meete Joue thundring in the clouds,
Or in the wide deuouring Scylla's gulfe
Or in Charybdis I will drowne myselfe,
Before Ile shew humanity to man.
[*He beates them with his spade.*

Lach. Master, wilt thou that I driue them away?
See how well arm'd I am!

Tim. Driue them to hell,
That Timons eies may neuer see them more.

Phil. O Timon,[1] * * * *
To be thus handled.

Her. Why dost thou * * *

Dem. Oh, wilt thou driue away thy orator?
Haue I not a decree concerning thee?

Tach. I am your driuer; hoi, gee, hence, away!—
What, stand yee idle, my foolcosophers?—

[1] Here a portion of the MS. is cut off.

Thou fidler, play the hunts vp[1] on thy fidle;
Dost thou not see how they beginne to daunce?
Gel. Sweete Timon,
Breake thou my heade with one small piece of gold.
[*Laches strikes him.*
Oh, ho.
Lach. Get yee before mee, then;—bee gone, I say:
Thus I will[2] follow [yee to] Athenes [aye].
[*Exeunt omnes except* TIMON.

TIMON. *Epilogue.*

I now am left alone: this rascall route
Hath left my side. What's this? I feele throughout
A sodeine change: my fury doth abate,
My hearte growes milde, and laies aside its hate.
Ile not affecte newe titles in my minde,
Or yet bee call'd the hater of mankinde:
Timon doffs Timon, and with bended knee
Thus craues a fauour,—if our comedie
And merry scene deserue a plaudite,
Let louing hands, loude sounding in the ayre,
Cause Timon to the citty to repaire.

[1] Properly,—a tune to rouse and call together the sportsmen in a morning.

[2] The transcriber has carelessly omitted some words in this line.

THE TAMING OF A SHREW.

EDITION.

A Pleasant Conceited Historie, called The taming of a Shrew. As it was sundry times acted by the Right honorable the Earle of Pembrook his seruants. Printed at London by Peter Short and are to be sold by Cutbert Burbie, at his Shop at the Royall Exchange. 1594. 4o.

THERE were later impressions in 1596 and 1607. See Hazlitt's "Handbook," p. 467, and his "Collections and Notes," 1875.

MR AMYOT'S INTRODUCTION.[1]

—o—

HAVING undertaken, with the concurrence of the Council of the Shakespeare Society, to prepare for the press a reprint of the old Play of "The Taming of *a* Shrew," on which Shakespeare founded his lively and popular Comedy of "The Taming of *the* Shrew," my desire has been to give, with scrupulous accuracy, the texts of the three earliest editions, published in 1594, 1596, and 1607. As these are all of the greatest rarity, there being but one copy known to be preserved of the first and second, and only three copies of the last of these editions, it seems desirable that a concise notice of each should be given, adverting to the circumstances which placed them in my hands.

The unique copy of the first edition, with the date of 1594, is the property of the Duke of Devonshire, for whom it was purchased at the sale of Mr Heber's library in 1834, at no less a price than £97. Great as was its pecuniary and intrinsic value, increased no doubt by its extraordinarily fine condition, his Grace most obligingly permitted it to remain in my hands for an indefinite period, in order that it might be transcribed for the press, and collated with the proof-sheets. To this favour his Grace added a further obligation, in allowing a fac-simile of the original

[1] To the Shakespeare Society's edition, 8°, 1844.

title-page to be made on stone, which has been performed with the greatest care and fidelity by Mr Netherclift. The head and tail-pieces have also been faithfully copied from accurate tracings, and executed on wood.

For the use of the copy of the second edition, printed in 1596, also unique, a debt of obligation is justly due to Lord Francis Egerton, in whose rich dramatic library it had long been deposited. His lordship most liberally and kindly permitted it to be used for the purpose of collating its text with those of the editions of 1594 and 1607. For the loan of the edition of 1607, thanks must again be rendered to the Duke of Devonshire, who became possessed of it in one of the very numerous volumes of Old Plays collected by the late distinguished ornament of the stage, John Philip Kemble, the whole assemblage, with many subsequent and most important additions, being now in his Grace's library. It appears that Pope had seen the copy of the edition of 1594: before that of 1607 passed into the hands of Mr Kemble, it was the property of George Steevens, who, in 1779, reprinted it in his collection of "Six Old Plays," on which Shakespeare had founded six. After Steevens's death the copy produced £20 at the sale of his library in 1800, it being then erroneously stated in the catalogue to be the *first* edition.

Of the use which Shakespeare, in his "Taming of *the* Shrew," made of this play, as well as of its "Induction," it is not necessary to advert at any length. The texts, both of the old plays and of the "Induction," are but faint outlines, which by his hands were embodied and enriched. To him, indeed, with reference to this and to many others of his plays, may be justly applied the praise which Johnson bestowed on Goldsmith, in his well-known epitaph, "*Nullum tetigit quod non ornavit.*" Conjectures would now be hope-

less as to the name of the author of the old play: all that is at present known on this subject will be found in Mr Collier's Introduction to Shakespeare's Comedy, in his valuable edition of the Works of Shakespeare.[1] The silence of Meres in 1598 seems conclusively to prove that "The Taming of *the* Shrew" was not then in existence. On the other hand, as Mr Collier mentions, "The Taming of *a* Shrew" was spoken of by Sir John Harington, in 1596, and had been several times entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company, the first entry bearing date on the 2d of May 1594, just prior to the appearance of the edition from which the following reprint has been made. There can hardly be a reasonable doubt of the disappearance of the old play from the stage, after Shakespeare's had been acted and printed. That the latter became a popular performance seems equally certain; yet, so far as the records of the stage are to be relied on, it had not been acted from the restoration of the stage in 1660, till 1844. So far, indeed, as the plot relates to Katherine and Petruchio, the afterpiece bearing that title, adapted to the stage by Garrick, and placed on it by him at Drury Lane in 1754, served as an amusing substitute for Shakespeare's Comedy during ninety years, the two principal characters, male and female, being always coveted by popular and distinguished performers. An attempt was however made, in 1828, at Drury Lane Theatre, to restore the double plots to the stage in the form of an Opera, written by Reynolds: it was played but four nights; and it remained for the present lessee of the Haymarket Theatre to bring before the public, in March last, Shakespeare's Comedy with its genuine

[1] Shakespeare's Works, published by Whittaker & Co., vol. iii., page 103.

text. A very valuable member of the Council of the Shakespeare Society, Mr Planché, was principally instrumental in this revival, in the form in which it was conceived to have been exhibited at the Globe or Blackfriars' Theatre in the lifetime of its author. The scene was not changed during the whole performance, and the characters in the "Induction," the Lord, his Page, and Christopher Sly, remained on the stage as audience. The play proved successful, and, being frequently repeated, was understood to have remunerated the lessee for his novel undertaking.

At the suggestion of my friend Mr Collier, our director, to whom, indeed, my obligations are due for some of the information I have already given, I now thank him for suggesting, as an Appendix, the republication of an old humorous poem, long considered to be connected with the principal plot of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," to which, in general points, it certainly has a strong resemblance. The quaint title it bears is, "A Merry Jest of a Shrewd and Curst Wife lapped in Morel's Skin." It is, indeed, already known to the readers of old English popular literature, from its having been reprinted in my friend Mr Utterson's "Pieces of Early Poetry," its accomplished editor willingly assenting to this republication.[1] As Mr Collier has kindly prepared a separate Introduction to the Poem, and has also superintended the printing of the text, I am glad to leave it in his hands, hoping that its readers will make due allowances for the style and character of the period in which it was written.

T. A.

November 1844.

[1] This "Merry Jest" forms part of our First Division, and is now given from Hazlitt's text.

Since the above Introduction was written, I have, through the kindness of Mr Tomlins, the secretary of the Shakespeare Society, received a communication addressed to him, which, with the writer's consent, will probably appear in the next volume of the Shakespeare Society's Papers, containing apparently the original story on which the Inductions of "The Taming of a Shrew" and of "Taming of the Shrew" were founded. As the discovery has been made since the ensuing play was printed, and has not yet been reported to the Council of the Society, I do not feel myself warranted in anticipating the contents of the writer's communication.[1]

[1] This communication was merely the paper respecting the fragment entitled "The Waking Man's Dream," printed in Part the First of this edition of "Shakespeare's Library."



A Pleasant Conceited Historie, called the Taming of a Shrew.

—o—

Enter a TAPSTER, *beating out of his doores* SLIE *Droonken.*

Tap. YOU whorson droonken slaue, you had best be gone,
And empty your droonken panch some where else
For in this house thou shalt not rest this night.
[*Exit* TAPSTER.

Sli. Tilly, vally, by crisee Tapster Ile fese you anon.
Fils the tother pot and alls paid for, looke you
I doo drink of mine owne Instegation, *Omne bene*
Heere Ile lie awhile, why Tapster I say,
Fils a fresh cushen heere.
Heigh ho, heers good warme lying.
[*He fals asleepe.*

Enter a NOBLEMAN *and his men from hunting.*

Lord. Now that the gloomie shaddow of the night,
Longing to view Orions drisling lookes,
Leapes from th' antarticke world vnto the skie,
And dims the Welkin with her pitchie breath,
And darkesome night oreshades the christall heauens,

Here breake we off our hunting for to night;
Cupple vppe the hounds and let vs hie vs home,
And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
For they haue all deseru'd it well to daie,
But soft, what sleepie fellow is this lies heere?
Or is he dead, see one what he dooth lacke?

Seruingman. My lord, 'tis nothing but a drunken sleepe,
His head is too heauie for his bodie,
And he hath drunke so much that he can go no furder.

Lord. Fie, how the slauish villaine stinkes of drinke.
Ho, sirha arise. What so sound asleepe?
Go take him vppe and beare him to my house,
And beare him easilie for feare he wake,
And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
And set a sumptuous banquet on the boord,
And put my richest garmentes on his backe,
Then set him at the Table in a chaire:
When that is doone against he shall awake,
Let heauenlie musicke play about him still,
Go two of you awaie and beare him hence,
And then Ile tell you what I haue deuisde,
But see in any case you wake him not.

[*Exeunt two with* SLIE.

Now take my cloake and gyue me one of yours,
Al fellowes now, and see you take me so,
For we will waite vpon this droonken man,
To see his countenance when he dooth awake
And finde him selfe clothed in such attire,
With heauenlie musicke sounding in his eares,
And such a banquet set before his eies,
The fellow sure will thinke he is in heauen,
But we will be [1] about him when he wakes,
And see you call him Lord at euerie word,

[1] *Be* is omitted in editions 1596 and 1607.

And offer him his horse to ride abroad,
And thou his hawkes and houndes to hunt the deere,
And I will aske what sutes he meanes to weare,
And what so ere he saith, see you doo not laugh,
But still perswade him that he is a Lord.

Enter one.

Mes. And it please your honour your plaiers be com
And doo attend your honours pleasure here.
Lord. The fittest time they could haue chosen out,
Bid one or two of them come hither straight,
Now will I fit my selfe accordinglie,
For they shall play to him when he awakes.

Enter two of the players with packs at their backs, and a boy.

Now sirs, what store of plaies haue you?
San. Marrie my lord you maie haue a Tragicall
Or a comoditie, or what you will.
The other. A Comedie thou shouldst say, souns thout shame vs all.
Lord. And whats the name of your Comedie?
San. Marrie my lord tis calde The taming of a shrew
Tis a good lesson for vs my lord, for vs y^{t} are married men.
Lord. The taming of a shrew, thats excellent sure,
Go see that you make you readie straight,
For you must play before a lord to night,
Say you are his men and I your fellow,
Hees something foolish, but what so ere he saes,
See that you be not dasht out of countenance.
And sirha go you make you ready straight,
And dresse your selfe like some louelie ladie,
And when I call see that you come to me,
For I will say to him thou art his wife,
Dallie with him and hug him in thine armes,

And if he desire to goe to bed with thee,
Then faine some scuse and say thou wilt anon.
Be gone I say, and see thou doost it well.
Boy. Feare not my Lord, Ile dandell him well enough
And make him thinke I loue him mightilie.
[*Ex.* Boy.
Lord. Now sirs go you and make you ready to,
For you must play assoone as he dooth wake.
San. O braue, sirha Tom, we must play before
A foolish Lord, come lets go make us ready,
Go get a dishclout to make cleane your shooes,
And Ile speake for the properties, My Lord, we must
Haue a shoulder of mutton for a propertie,
And a little vinegre to make our Diuell rore.
Lord. Very well: sirha see that they want nothing.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other with Slie *asleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the musicke plaieng.*

One. So: sirha now go call my Lord,
And tel him that all things is[1] ready as he wild it.
Another. Set thou some wine vpon the boord
And then Ile go fetch my Lord presentlie. [*Exit.*

Enter the Lord *and his men.*

Lord. How now, what is all thinges readie?
One. I[2] my Lord.
Lord. Then sound the musick, and Ile wake him straight,
And see you doo as earst I gaue in charge.
My lord, My lord, he sleepes soundlie: My Lord.
Sli. Tapster, gis a little small ale. Heigh ho.

[1] *Are* in edition 1607. [2] *Yea* in edition 1607.

Lord. Heers wine my lord, the purest of the grape.
Sli. For which Lord?
Lord. For your honour my Lord.
Sli. Who I, am I a Lord? Jesus what fine apparell haue I got.
Lord. More richer farre your honour hath to weare,
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.
Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad,
Ile fetch you[1] lustie steedes more swift of pace
Then winged Pegasus in all his pride,
That ran so swiftlie ouer the[2] Persian plaines.
Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deere,
Your hounds stands readie cuppeld at the doore.
Who in running will oretake the Row,
And make the long breathde Tygre broken winded.
Sli. By the masse I thinke I am a Lord indeed,
Whats thy name?
Lord. Simon and[3] it please your honour.
Sli. Simon, thats as much to say Simion or Simon
Put foorth thy hand and fill the pot.
Give me thy hand, Sim am I a Lord indeed?
Lord. I my gratious Lord, and your louelie ladie
Long time hath moorned for your absence heere,
And now with ioy behold where she doth come
To gratulate your honours safe returne.

Enter the Boy *in Womans attire.*

Sli. Sim. Is this she?
Lord. I my Lord.
Sli. Masse tis a prettie wench, whats her name?
Boy. Oh that my louelie Lord would once vouchsafe
To looke on me, and leaue these frantike fits,

[1] *Your.* Edition 1607.
[2] *The* is omitted in editions 1596 and 1607.
[3] *And if it please your honour.* Editions 1596 and 1607.

Or were I now but halfe so eloquent,
To paint in words what ile performe in deedes,
I know your honour then would pittie me.

Sli. Harke you mistrese, will you eat a peece of bread,
Come sit downe on my knee, Sim drinke to hir Sim,
For she and I will go to bed anon.

Lord. May it please you, your honors plaiers be come;
To offer your honour a plaie.

Sli. A plaie Sim, O braue, be they my plaiers?

Lord. I my Lord.

Sli. Is there not a foole in the plaie?

Lord. Yes my lord.

Sli. When wil they plaie Sim?

Lord. Euen when it please your honor, they be readie.

Boy. My lord Ile go bid them begin their plaie.

Sli. Doo, but looke that you come againe.

Boy. I warrant you, my lord, I will not leaue you thus.

[*Exit* Boy.

Sli. Come Sim, where be the plaiers? Sim stand by me and weele flout the plaiers out of their cotes.

Lord. Ile cal them my lord. Hoe where are you there?

[*Sound Trumpets.*

Enter two yoong Gentlemen, and a man and a boie.

Pol. Welcome to Athens my beloued friend,
To Platoes schooles and Aristotles walkes,
Welcome from Cestus famous for the loue
Of good Leander and his Tragedie,
For whom the Helespont weepes brinish teares,
The greatest griefe is I cannot as I would
Give entertainment to my deerest friend.

Aur. Thankes noble Polidor my second selfe,
The faithfull loue which I haue found in thee
Hath made me leaue my fathers princelie court,
The Duke of Cestus thrise renowmed seate,
To come to Athens thus to find thee out,
Which since I haue so happilie attaind,
My fortune now I doo account as great
As earst did Cesar when he conquered most,
But tell me noble friend where shal we lodge,
For I am vnacquainted in this place.

Pol. My Lord if you vouchsafe of schollers fare,
My house, my selfe, and all is yours to vse,
You and your men shall staie and lodge with me.

Aur. With all my hart, I will requite thy loue.

Enter SIMON, ALPHONSUS, *and his three daughters.*

But staie; what dames are these so bright of hew
Whose eies are brighter then the lampes of heauen,
Fairer then rocks of pearle and pretious stone,
More loulie farre then is the morning sunne,
When first she opes hir orientall gates.

Alf. Daughters be gone, and hie you to y^e^ church,
And I will hie me downe vnto the key,
To see what Marchandise is come ashore.

[*Ex. Omnes.*

Pol. Why how now my Lord, what in a dumpe,
To see these damsels passe away so soone?

Aur. Trust me my friend, I must confesse to thee,
I tooke so much delight in these faire dames,
As I doo wish they had not gone so soone,
But if thou canst, resolue me what they be,
And what old man it was that went with them,
For I doo long to see them once againe.

Pol. I cannot blame your honor good my lord,
For they are both louely, wise, faire and yong,
And one of them the yoongest of the three
I long haue lou'd (sweet friend) and she lou'd me,

But neuer yet we could not find a meanes
How we might compasse our desired ioyes.
Aur. Why, is not her father willing to the match?
Pol. Yes trust me, but he hath solemnlie sworne,
His eldest daughter first shall be espowsde,
Before he grauntes his yoongest leaue to loue,
And therefore he that meanes to get their loues,
Must first prouide for her if he will speed,
And he that hath her shall be fettred[1] so
As good be wedded to the diuell him selfe,
For such a skould as she did neuer liue,
And till that she be sped none else can speed,
Which makes me thinke that all my labours lost,
And whosoere can get hir firme good will,
A large dowrie he shall be sure to haue,
For her father is a man of mightie wealth,
And an ancient Cittizen of the towne,
And that was he that went along with them.
Aur. But he shall keepe hir still by my aduise,
And yet I needs must loue his second daughter
The image of honor and Nobilitie,
In whose sweet person is compriside the somme
Of natures skill and heauenly maiestie.
Pol. I like your choise, and glad you chose not mine.
Then if you like to follow on your loue,
We must deuise a meanes and find[2] some one
That wil attempt to wed this deuilish skould,
And I doo know the man. Come hither boy,
Go your waies sirha to Ferandoes house,
Desire him[3] take the paines to come to me,
For I must speake with him immediatlie.
Boy. I will sir, and fetch him presentlie.

[1] *Fretted.* Editions 1596 and 1607.
[2] *Means to find.* Editions 1596 and 1607.
[3] *To take.* Editions 1596 and 1607.

Pol. A man I thinke will fit hir humor right,
As blunt in speech as she is sharpe of[1] toong,
And he I thinke will match hir euerie waie,
And yet he is a man of wealth sufficient,
And for his person, worth as good as she,
And if he compasse hir to be his wife,
Then may we freelie visite both our loues.

Aur. O might I see the center[2] of my soule
Whose sacred beautie hath inchanted me,
More faire then was the Grecian Helena
For whose sweet sake so many princes dide,
That came with thousand shippes to Tenedos,
But when we come vnto hir fathers house,
Tell him I am a Marchants sonne of Cestus,
That comes for traffike vnto Athens heere,
And heere sirha I wil change with you for once.
And now be thou the Duke of Cestus sonne,
Reuell and spend as if thou wert myselfe,
For I will court my[3] loue in this disguise.

Val. My lord, how if the Duke your father should
By some meanes come to Athens for to see
How you doo profit in these publike schooles,
And find me clothed thus in your attire,
How would he take it then thinke you my lord?

Aur. Tush feare not Valeria let me alone,
But staie, heere comes some other companie.

Enter FERANDO *and his man* SAUNDERS *with a blew coat.*

Pol. Here comes the man that I did tell you of.

Fer. God morrow gentlemen to all at once.
How now Polidor, what man still in loue?

[1] *Sharpe in tongue.* Editions 1596 and 1607.
[2] *Censer.* Editions 1596 and 1607.
[3] *Thy.* Edition 1607.

Euer wooing and canst thou neuer speed,
God send me better luck when I shall woo.
San. I warrant you maister & you take my counçell.
Fer. Why sirha, are you so cunning?
San. Who I, twere better for you by fiue marke
And you could tell how to doo it as well as I.
Pol. I would thy maister once were in the vaine,
To trie himselfe how he could woe a wench.
Fer. Faith I am euen now a going
San. Ifaith sir, my maisters going to this geere now.
Pol. Whither in faith Ferando, tell me true.
Fer. To bonie Kate, the patientst wench aliue
The diuel himselfe dares scarce venter to woo her,
Signior Alfonso's eldest daughter,
And he hath promisde me six thousand crownes
If I can win her once to be my wife,
And she and I must woo with skoulding sure,
And I will hold hir toot till she be wearie,
Or else Ile make her yeeld to graunt me loue.
Pol. How like you this Aurelius, I thinke he knew
Our mindes before we sent to him,
But tell me, when doo you meane to speake with her?
Fer. Faith presentlie, doo you but stand aside
And I will make her father bring hir hither,
And she, and I, and he, will talke alone.
Pol. With al our heartes,[1] Come Aurelius
Let vs be gone and leaue him heere alone. [*Exit.*
Fer. Ho Signiour Alfonso, whose within there?
Alf. Signiour Ferando your welcome hartilie,
You are a stranger sir vnto my house.
Harke you sir, looke what I did promise you
Ile performe, if you get my daughters loue.
Fer. Then when I haue talkt a word or two with hir,

[1] *My heart.* Edition 1607.

Doo you step in and giue her hand to me
And tell her when the marriage day shal be
For I doo know she would be married faine,
And when our nuptiall rites be once performde
Let me alone to tame hir well enough,
Now call hir foorth that I may speake with hir.

Enter KATE.

Alf. Ha Kate, Come hither wench & list to me,
Vse this gentleman friendlie as thou canst.
Fer. Twentie good morrowes to my louely Kate.
Kate. You iest I am sure, is she yours alreadie?
Fer. I tell thee Kate I know thou lou'st me well.
Kate. The deuill you doo, who told you so?
Fer. My mind sweet Kate doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie Kate.
Kate. Was euer seene so grose an asse as this?
Fer. I, to stand so long and neuer get a kisse.
Kate. Hands off I say, and get you from this place;
Or I wil set my ten commandments in your face.
Fer. I prethe doo Kate; they say thou art a shrew,
And I like thee the better for I would haue thee so.
Kate. Let go my hand for feare it reech your eare.
Fer. No Kate, this hand is mine and I thy loue.
Kate. In faith sir no, the woodcock wants his taile.
Fer. But yet his bil will serue, if the other faile.
Alf. How now, Ferando, what saies[1] my daughter?
Fer. Shees willing sir and loues me as hir life.
Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.
Alf. Come hither Kate and let me giue thy hand
To him that I haue chosen for thy loue,
And thou tomorrow shalt be wed to him.
Kate. Why father what do you meane to do with me,

[1] *Saies* is omitted in edition 1607.

To giue me thus vnto this brainsick man,
That in his mood cares not to murder me?
[*She turnes aside and speakes.*
But yet I will consent and marrie him,
For I methinkes haue liude too long a maid,
And match him to, or else his manhoods good.
Alf. Giue me thy hand Ferando loues thee wel
And will with wealth and ease maintaine thy state,
Here Ferando take her for thy wife,
And Sunday next shall be your[1] wedding day.
Fer. Why so, did I not tell thee I should be the man,
Father, I leaue my louelie Kate with you,
Prouide your selues against our mariage daie;
For I must hie me to my countrie house
In hast to see prouision may be made,
To entertain my Kate when she dooth come.
Alf. Doo so, come Kate why doost thou looke
So sad, be merrie wench thy wedding daies at hand.
Sonne fare you well, and see you keepe you promise.
[*Exit* ALFONSO *and* KATE.
Fer. So, all thus farre goes well. Ho Saunder.

Enter SAUNDER *laughing.*

San. Sander I faith your a beast I crie God hartilie
Mercie, my harts readie to run out of my bellie with
Laughing. I stood behind the doore all this while,
And heard what you said to hir.
Fer. Why didst[2] thou think that I did not speake wel to hir.
San. You spoke like an asse to her, Ile tell you what,
And I had been there to haue woode hir, and had this
Cloke on[3] that you haue, chud haue had her before she

[1] *Our wedding day.* Editions 1596 and 1607.
[2] *Doost.* Edition 1607.
[3] *On* omitted in edition 1607.

Had gone a foot furder, and you talke of Wood cocks with her, and I cannot tell what.

Fer. Wel sirha & yet thou seest I haue got her for all this.

San. I marry twas more by hap then any good cunning

I hope sheele make you one of the head men of the parish shortly.

Fer. Wel sirha leaue your iesting and go to Polidors house,

The yong gentleman that was here with me,
And tell him the circumstances of all thou knowst,
Tell him on Sunday next we must be married,
And if he aske thee whither I am gone,
Tell him into the countrie to my house,
And vpon sundaie Ile be heere againe.

[*Ex.* FERANDO.

San. I warrant you Maister feare not me.

For dooing of my businesse·
Now hang him that has not a liuerie cote
To slash it out and swash it out amongst the proudest
On them. Why looke you now Ile scarce put vp
Plaine Saunder now at any of their handes, for and any
Bodie haue any thing to doo with my maister, straight
They come crouching vpon me, I beseech you good M.
Saunder speake a good word for me, and then am I[1] so
Stout and takes it vpon me, & stands vpon my panto filles
To them out of all crie, why I haue a life like a giant
Now, but that my maister hath such a pestilent mind
To a woman now a[2] late, and I haue a prettie wench
To my sister, and I had thought to have preferd my

[1] *I am.* Edition 1607.
[2] *Of late.* Editions 1596 and 1607.

Maister to her, and that would haue beene a good
Deale in my waie but that hees sped alreadie.

Enter POLIDORS *Boie.*

Boy. Friend, well met.

San. Souns, friend wel met, I hold my life he sees
Not my maisters liuerie coat,
Plaine friend hop of my thum kno you who we are.

Boy. Trust me sir, it is the vse where I was borne,
To salute men after this manner, yet notwithstanding
If you be angrie with me for calling of you friend,
I am the more sorie for it, hoping the stile
Of a foole will make you amends for all.

San. The slaue is sorie for his fault, now we cannot be
Angrie, wel whats the matter that you would do with us.

Boy. Marry sir, I heare you pertain to signior Ferando.

San. I and thou beest not blind thou maiest see, *Ecce signum*, heere.

Boy. Shall I intreat you to doo mee a message to your Maister?

San. I it may be & you tel vs from whence you com.

Boy. Marrie sir I serue young Polidor your maisters friend.

San. Do you serue him and whats your name?

Boy. My name sirha, I tell thee sirha is cald Catapie.

San. Cake and pie, O my teeth waters to have a peece of thee.

Boy. Why slave wouldst thou eate me?

San. Eate thee, who would not eate Cake and pie?

Boy. Why villaine my name is Catapie.
Bvt wilt thou tell me where my maister is.

San. Nay thou must first tell me where your maister is,
For I haue good newes for him, I can tell thee.
Boy. Why see here he comes.

Enter POLIDOR, AURELIUS, *aud* VALERIA.

Pol. Come sweet Aurelius my faithfull friend
Now will we go to see those loulie dames
Richer in beawtie than the orient pearle
Whiter then is the Alpine Christall mould,
And farre more loulie than the terean plant,
That blushing in the aire turnes to a stone.
What Sander, what newes with you?
San. Marry sir, my maister sends you word
That you must come to his wedding to-morrow.
Pol. What shall he be married then?
San. Faith I, you thinke he standes as long about it as you doo.
Pol. Whither is thy maister gone now?
San. Marrie hees gone to our house in the Countrie,
To make all thinges in a readinesse against my new
Mistresse comes thither, but heele come againe to-morrow.
Pol. This is suddainlie dispatcht belike,
Well sirha boy, take Saunder in with you
And haue him to the buttrie presentlie.
Boy. I will sir: come Saunder.
[*Exit* SAUNDER *and the* BOY.
Aur. Valeria as erste we did deuise,
Take thou thy lute and go to Alfonso's house,
And say that Polidor sent thee thither.
Poi. I Valeria for he spoke to me,
To helpe him to some cunning Musition,
To teach his eldest daughter on the lute,
And thou I know will fit his turne so well

As thou shalt get great fauour at his handes,
Begon Valeria and say I sent thee to him.
Val. I will sir, and stay your comming at Alfonso's house. [*Exit* VALERIA.
Pol. Now sweete Aurelius by this deuise
Shall we haue leisure for to courte our loues
For whilst that she is learning on the lute,
Hir sisters may take time to steele abrode,
For otherwise shele keep them both within,
And make them worke whilst she hirselfe doth play,
But come lets go vnto Alfonso's house,
And see how Valeria and Kate agreese,
I doute his Musick skarse will please his skoller,
But stay here comes Alfonso.

Enter ALFONSO.

Alf. What M. Polidor you are well mett,
I thanke you for the man you sent to me,
A good Musition I thinke he is,
I haue set my daughter and him togither,
But is this gentellman a frend of youres?
Pol. He is. I praie you sir bid him welcome,
He's a wealthie Marchants sonne of Cestus.
Alf. Your welcom sir and if my house aforde
You anything that may content your mind,
I pray you sir make bold with me.
Aur. I thanke you sir, and if what I haue got,
By marchandise or trauell on the seas,
Sattens or lawnes or azure colloured silke,
Or pretious firie pointed stones of Indie,
You shall command both them myselfe and all.
Alf. Thanks gentle sir, Polidor take him in,
And bid him welcome to[1] vnto my house,
For thou I thinke must be my second sonne.

[1] *To* omitted in edition 1607; *too* was, probably, the word meant in the first and second editions, completing the measure, and improving the meaning of Alfonso's instruction to Polydor.

Fer. Polidor doost thou not know
Must mary Kate, and to-morrow is the day.
Pol. Such newes I heard, and *I* came now to know.
Alf. Polidor tis true, goe let me alone,
For I must see against the bridegroome come,
That all thinges be according to his mind,
And so Ile leaue you for an houre or two. [*Exit.*
Pol. Come then Aurelius come in with me.
And weele go sit a while and chat with them,
And after bring them foorth to take the aire. [*Exit.*

[*Then* SLIE *speakes.*

Sli. Sim, when will the foole come againe?
Lord. Heele come againe my Lord anon.
Sli. Gis some more drinke hére, souns wheres
The Tapster, here Sim eate some of these things.
Lord. So I doo my Lord.
Sli. Here Sim, I drinke to thee.
Lord. My Lord heere comes the plaiers againe,
Sli. O braue, heers two fine gentlewomen.

Enter VALERIA *with a lute, and* KATE *with him.*

Val. The sencelesse trees by musick haue been moou'd
And at the sound of pleasant tuned strings,
Haue sauage beastes hung downe theer listning heads,
As though they had beene cast into a trance,
Then it may be that she[1] whom nought can please,
With musickes sound in time may be surprisde,
Come louelye mistresse will you take your lute,
And play the lesson that I taught you last?
Kate. It is no matter whether I doo or no,
For trust me I take no great delight in it.

[1] *To whom.* Edition 1607.

Val. I would sweet mistresse that it laie in me,
To helpe you to that thing thats your delight.
Kate. In you with a pestilence, are you so kind?
Then make a night cap of your fiddles case,
To warme your head, and hide your filthie face.
Val. If that sweet mistresse were your harts content,
You should command a greater thing then that,
Although it were ten times to my disgrace.
Kate. Your so kind twere pittie you should be hang'd,
And yet methinkes the foole dooth looke asquint.
Val. Why mistresse doo you mocke me?
Kate. No but I meane to moue thee.
Val. Well, will you plaie a little?
Kate. I[1] giue me the lute.
[*She plaies.*
Val. That stop was false, play it againe.
Kate. Then mend it thou, thou filthy asse.
Val. What, doo you bid me kisse your arse?
Kate. How now iacksause, your a iollie mate,
Your best be still least I crosse your pate,
And make your musicke flie about your eares,
Ile make it and your foolish[2] coxcombe meet.
[*She offers to strike him with the lute.*
Val. Hold mistresse, souns will you breake my lute?
Kate. I[3] on thy head, and if thou speake to me,
There take it vp and fiddle some where else.
[*She throwes it downe.*
And see you come no more into this place,
Least that I clap your fiddle on your face. [*Ex. Kate.*
Val. Souns, teach hir to play vpon[4] the lute?
The deuill shall teach her first, I am glad shees gone,
For I was neare so fraid in all my life,
But that my lute should flie about mine eares,

[1] *Yea.* Edition 1607.
[2] *Foolish.* Omitted in edition 1607.
[3] *Yea.* Edition 1607.
[4] *On the lute.* Edition 1607.

My maister shall teach her his selfe[1] for me,
For Ile keepe me far enough without hir reach,
For he and Polydor sent me before.
To be with her and teach her on the lute,
Whilst they did court the other gentlewomen.
And heere methinkes they come togither.

Enter AURELIUS, POLIDOR, EMELIA, *and* PHILENA.

Pol. How now Valeria, whears your mistresse?
Val. At the vengeance I thinke and no where else.
Aur. Why Valeria, will she not learne apace?
Val. Yes ber lady she has learnt too much already,
And that I had felt had I not spoke hir faire
But she shall neare be learnt for me againe.
Aur. Well Valeria go to my chamber,
And beare him companie that came to daie
From Cestus, where our aged father dwels.
[*Ex.* VALERIA.
Pol. Come faire Emelia my louelie loue,
Brighter then the burnisht pallace of the sunne,
The eie sight of the glorious firmament,
In whose bright lookes sparkles the radiant fire,
Wilie Prometheus slilie stole from Joue,
Infusing breath, life, motion, soule,
To euerie obiect striken by thine eies.
Oh faire Emelia I pine for thee,
And either must enioy thy loue, or die.
Eme. Fie man, I know you will not die for loue.
Ah Polidor thou needst not to complaine,
Eternall heauen sooner be dissolude,
And all that pearseth Phebus siluer eie,
Before such hap befall to Polidor.
Pol. Thanks faire Emelia for these sweet words,
But what saith Phylena to hir friend?
Phyl. Why I am buying marchandise of him.

[1] *Himselfe.* Edition 1607.

Aur. Mistresse you shall not need to buie of me,
For when I crost the bubling Canibey,
And sailde along the Cristall Helispont,
I filde my cofers of the wealthie mines,
Where I did cause Millions of labouring Moores
To vndermine the cauernes of the earth,
To seeke for strange and new found pretious stones,
And diue into the sea to gather pearle,
As faire as Iuno offered Priams sonne,
And you shall take your liberall choice of all.
Phyl. I thanke you sir and would Phylena might
In any curtesie requite you so,
As she with willing hart could well bestow.

Enter ALFONSO.

Alf. How now daughters, is Ferando come?
Eme. Not yet father. I wonder he staies so long.
Alf. And wheres your sister that she is not heere?
Phyl. She is making of hir readie father
To goe to church and if that he were come.
Pol. I warrant you heele not be long awaie.
Alf. Go daughters get you in, and bid your
Sister prouide her selfe against that we doo come,
And see you goe to church along with vs.
[*Exit Philena and Emelia.*
I maruell that Ferando comes not away.
Pol. His Tailor it may be hath bin too slacke,
In his apparrell which he meanes to weare,
For no question but some fantasticke sutes
He is determined to weare to day,
And richly powdered with pretious stones
Spotted with liquid gold, thick set with pearle,
And such he meanes shall be his wedding sutes.
Alf. I carde not I what cost he did bestow,
In gold or silke, so he himselfe were heere,
For I had rather lose a thousand crownes,

Then that he shauld deceiue vs heere to daie,
But soft I thinke I see him come.

Enter FERANDO *baselie attired, and a red cap on his head.*

Fer. Godmorow father, Polidor well met,
You wonder I know that I haue staid so long.
Alf. I[1] marrie son, we were almost perswaded,
That we should scarse haue had our bridegroome heere,
But say, why art thou thus basely attired?
Fer. Thus richlie father you should haue said,
For when my wife and I am[2] married once,
Shees such a shrew, if we should once fal out
Sheele pul my costlie sutes ouer mine eares,
And therefore am I thus attired awhile,
For manie thinges I tell you's in my head,
And none must know thereof but Kate and I,
For we shall liue like lammes and Lions sure,
Nor Lammes to Lions neuer was so tame,
If once they lie within the Lions pawes
As Kate to me if we were married once,
And therefore come let vs to church presently.
Pol. Fie Ferando not thus atired for shame
Come to my Chamber and there sute thy selfe,
Of twentie sutes that I did neuer were.
Fer. Tush Polidor I haue as many sutes
Fantasticke made to fit my humor so
As any in Athens and as richlie wrought
As was the Massie Robe that late adornd,
The stately legate of the Persian King,
And this from them haue I made choise to weare.
Alf. I prethie Ferando let me intreat
Before thou goste vnto the church with vs
To put some other sute vpon thy backe.

[1] *Yea.* Edition 1607. [2] *Are.* Edition 1607.

Fer. Not for the world if I might gaine it so,
And therefore take me thus or not at all.

Enter KATE.

But soft se where my Kate doth come,
I must salute hir: how fares my louely Kate?
What art thou readie? shall we go to church?
Kate. Not I with one so mad, so basely tirde,
To marrie such a filthie slauish groome
That as it seemes sometimes is from his wits,
Or else he would not thus haue come to vs.
Fer. Tush Kate these words addes greater loue in me
And makes me thinke thee fairrer then before,
Sweete Kate the[1] louelier then Dianas purple robe,
Whither then are the snowie Apenis,
Or icie haire that groes on Boreas chin.
Father I sweare by Ibis golden beake,
More faire and Radiente is my bonie Kate,
Then siluer Zanthus when he doth imbrace,
The ruddie Simies at Idas feete,
And care not thou swete Kate how Ibe clad,
Thou shalt haue garments wrought of Median silke,
Enchast with pretious Iewells fecht from far,
By Italian Marchants that with Russian stemes,
Plous vp huge forrowes in the Terren Maine,
And better farre my louely Kate shall weare,
Then come swete loue and let vs to the church,
For this I sweare shall be my wedding sute.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*
Alf. Come gentlemen go along with vs,
For thus doo what we can he will be wed. [*Exit.*

Enter POLIDORS BOY *and* SANDER.

Boy. Come hither sirha boy.

[1] *Thou.* Editions 1596 and 1607.

San. Boy, oh disgrace to my person, souns boy
Of your face, you haue many boies with such
Pickadeuantes I am sure, souns would you
Not haue a bloudie nose for this?
Boy. Come, come, I did but iest, where is that
Same peece of pie that I gaue thee to keepe.
San. The pie? I you haue more minde of your bellie
Then to go see what your maister dooes.
Boy. Tush tis no matter man I prethe giue it me,
I am verie hungry I promise thee.
San. Why you may take it and the deuill burst
You with it, one cannot saue a bit after supper,
But you are alwaies readie to munch it vp.
Boy. Why come man, we shall have good cheere
Anon at the bridehouse, for your maisters gone to
Church to be married alreadie, and thears
Such cheere as passeth.
San. O braue, I would I had eate no meat this week
For I haue neuer a corner left in my bellie
To put a venson pastie in, I thinke I shall burst my selfe
With eating, for Ile so cramme me downe the tarts
And the marchpaines, out of all crie.
Boy. I, but how wilt thou doo now thy maisters
Married, thy mistresse is such a deuill as sheele make
Thee forget thy eating quickly, sheele beat thee so.
San. Let my maister alone with hir for that, for
Heele make hir tame wel inough ere long I warent thee
For he's such a churle-waxen now of late that and he be
Neuer so little angry he thums me out of all crie,
But in my minde sirra the yongest is a verie
Prettie wench, and if I thought thy maister would

Not haue hir Ide haue a flinge at hir
My selfe Ile see soone whether twill be a match
Or no : and it will not Ile set the matter
Hard for myselfe I warrant thee.

Boy. Sounes you slaue will you be a Riuall with
My maister in his loue, speake but such
Another worde and Ile cut off one of thy legges.

San. Oh, cruell iudgment, nay then sirra
My tongue shall talke no more to you, marry my
Timber shall tell the trustie message of his maister
Euen on the very forehead on thee, thou abusious
Villaine, therefore prepare thyselfe.

Boy. Come hither thou Imperfecksious slaue in
Regard of thy beggery, holde thee theres
Two shillings for thee ? to pay for the
Healing of thy left legge which I meane
Furiously to inuade or to maime at the least.

San. O supernodicall foule ? well Ile take your two shillings but Ile barre striking at legges.

Boy. Not I, for Ile strike any where.

San. Here here[1] take your two shillings again
Ile see thee hangd ere Ile fight with thee,
I gat a broken shin the other day,
Tis not whole yet and therefore Ile not fight,
Come come why should we fall out ?

Boy. Well sirray your faire words hath somethineg
Alaied my Coller : I am content for this once
To put it vp and be frends with thee,
But soft see where they come all from church,
Belike to be Married allredy.

Enter FERANDO *and* KATE *and* ALFONSO *and* POLIDOR *and* AMELIA *and* AURELIUS *and* PHILEMA.

Fer. Father farwell, my Kate and I must home,
Sirra go make ready my horse presentlie.

[1] *Here* is not repeated in editions 1596 and 1607.

Alf. Your horse? What son I hope you doo but iest
I am sure you will not go so suddainly.
Kate. Let him go or tarry I am resolu'de to stay,
And not to trauell on my wedding day.
Fer. Tut Kate I tell thee we must needes go home,
Villaine hast thou saddled my horse?
San. Which horse, your curtall?
Fer. Sounes you slaue stand your prating here?
Saddell the bay gelding for your Mistris.
Kate. Not for me: for Ile[1] not go.
San. The ostler will not let me haue him you owe tenpence
For his meate and 6 pence for stuffing my Mistris saddle.
Fer. Here villaine go pay him straight.
San. Shall I giue them another peck of lauender.
Fer. Out slaue and bring them presently to the dore.
Alf. Why son I hope at least youle dine with vs.
San. I pray you maister lets stay till dinner be don.
Fer. Sounes villaine art thou here yet?
[*Ex.* SANDER.
Come Kate our dinner is prouided at home.
Kate. But not for me, for here I meane to dine.
Ile haue my will in this as well as you,
Though you in madding mood would leaue your frends
Despite of you Ile tarry with them still.
Fer. I Kate so thou shalt but at some other time,
When as thy sisters here shall be espousd,
Then thou and I will keepe our wedding day,
In better sort then we can now prouide,
For here I promise thee before them all,
We will ere long returne to them againe,

[1] *I will.* Edition 1607.

Come Kate stand not on termes we will awaie,
This is my day, tomorrow thou shalt rule,
And I will doo what euer thou commandes.
Gentlemen farwell, wele take our leues,
It will be late before that we come home.
[*Exit* FERANDO *and* KATE.
Pol. Farwell Ferando since you will be gone.
Alf. So mad a cupple did I neuer see.
Eme. They're euen as well macht as I would wish.
Phyl. And yet I hardly thinke that he can tame her.
For when he has don she will do what she list.
Aur. Her manhood then is good I do beleeve.
Pol. Aurelius or else I misse my marke
Her toung will walke if she doth hold her handes,
I am in dout ere halfe a month be past
Hele curse the priest that married him so soone.
And yet it may be she will be reclaimde,
For she is verie patient grone of late.
Alf. God hold it that it may continue still
I would be loth that they should disagree
But he I hope will holde her in a while.
Pol. Within this[1] two daies I will ride to him,
And see how louingly they do agree.
Alf. Now Aurelius what say you to this,
What haue you sent to Cestus as you said,
To certifie your father of your loue,
For I would gladlie he would like of it,
And if he be the man you tell to me,
I guesse he is a Marchant of great wealth.
And I haue seene him oft at Athens here,
And for his sake assure thee thou art welcome.
Pol. And so to me whilest Polidor doth liue.
Aur. I find it so right worthie gentlemen,
And of what[2] worth your frendship I esteme,

[1] *These.* Edition 1607. [2] *That.* Edition 1607.

I leue censure of your seuerall thoughts,
But for requittal of your fauours past,
Rests yet behind, which when occasion serues
I vow shalbe remembred to the full,
And for my fathers comming to this place,
I do expect within this weeke at most.
Alf. Inough Aurelius? but we forget
Our Marriage dinner now the bride is gon,
Come let vs see what there they left behind.
[*Exit Omnes.*

Enter SANDERS *with two or three seruing men.*

San. Come sirs prouide all thinges as fast as you can,
For my Masters hard at hand and my new Mistris
And all, and he sent me before to see all thinges redy.
Tom. Welcome home Sander sirra how lookes our
New Mistris they say she's a plagie shrew.
San. I[1] and that thou shalt find I can tell thee and[2] thou
Dost not please her well, why my Maister
Has such a doo with hir as it passeth and he's euen
Like a madman.
Will. Why Sander what dos[3] he say.
San. Why Ile tell you what: when they should
Go to church to be married he puts on an olde
Jerkin and a paire of canuas breeches downe to the
Small of his legge and a red cap on his head and he
Lookes as thou wilt[4] burst thy selfe with laffing
When thou seest him: he's ene as good as a
Foole for me: and then when they should go to dinner
He made me saddle the horse and away he came.

[1] *Yea.* Edition 1607.
[2] *And if.* Edition 1607.
[3] *Doth.* Edition 1607.
[4] *Wouldst.* Edition 1607.

And nere tarried for dinner: and therefore you had best
Get supper reddy against they come, for
They be hard at hand I am sure by this time.
Tom. Sounes see where they be all redy.

Enter FERANDO *and* KATE.

Fer. Now welcome Kate: where's these villains
Here, what? not supper yet vppon the borde:
Nor table spred nor nothing don at all,
Wheres that villaine that I sent before.
San. Now, *ad sum,* sir.
Fer. Come hether you villaine Ile cut your nose,
You Rogue: helpe me of with my bootes: wilt please
You to lay the cloth? sounes the villaine
Hurts my foote? pull easely I say; yet againe.
[*He beates them all. They couer the bord and fetch in the meate.*
Sounes? burnt and skorcht who drest this meate?
Will. Forsouth Iohn cooke.
[*He throwes downe the table and meate and all, and beates them.*[1]
Fer. Go you villaines bring you[2] me such meate,
Out of my sight I say and beare it hence,
Come Kate wele haue other meate prouided,
Is there a fire in my chamber sir?
San. I forsooth. [*Exit*[3] FERANDO *and* KATE.

Manent seruing men and eate vp all the meate.

Tom. Sounes! I thinke of my conscience my Masters
Mad since he was maried.
Will. I laft what a boxe he gaue Sander
For pulling of his bootes.

[1] *Them all* in edition 1607. [2] *You,* omitted in edition 1607.
[3] *Exeunt.* Edition 1607.

Enter FERANDO *againe.*

San. I hurt his foot for the nonce man.
Fer. Did you so you damned villaine.
[*He beates them all out againe.*
This humor must I holde me to awhile,
To bridle and holde backe my headstrong wife,
With curbes of hunger: ease: and want of sleepe,
Nor slepe nor meate shall she inioie to night,
Ile mew her vp as men do mew their hawkes,
And make her gentlie come vnto the lure,
Were she as stuborne or as full of strength
As were[1] the Thracian horse Alcides tamde,
That King Egeus fed with flesh of men,
Yet would I pull her downe and make her come
As hungry hawkes do flie vnto there lure. [*Exit.*

Enter AURELIUS *and* VALERIA.

Aur. Valeria attend: I haue a louely loue,
As bright as is the heauen cristalline,
As faire as is the milkwhite way of Ioue,
As chast as Phœbe in her sommer sportes,
As softe and tender as the asure downe,
That circles Cithereas siluer doues.
Her do I meane to make my louely bride,
And in her bed to breath the sweet content,
That I thou knowst long haue aimed at,
Now Valeria it rests in thee to helpe
To compasse this, that I might gaine my loue,
Which easilie thou maist performe at will,
If that the marchant which thou toldst me of,
Will as he sayd go to Alfonsos house,
And say he is my father, and there with all
Pas ouer certain deedes of land to me,

[1] *Was.* Edition 1607.

That I thereby may gaine my hearts desire,
And he is promised reward of me.

Val. Feare not my Lord Ile fetch him straight to you,
For hele do any thing that you command,
But tell me my Lord, is Ferando married then?

Aur. He is: and Polidor shortly shall be wed,
And he meanes to tame his wife erelong.

Val. He saies so.

Aur. Faith he's gon vnto the taming schoole.

Val. The taming schoole; why is there such a place?

Aur. I: and Ferando is the Maister of the schoole.

Val. That's rare: but what *decorum* dos [1] he vse?

Aur. Faith I know not: but by som odde deuise
Or other, but come Valeria I long to see the man,
By whom we must comprise our plotted drift,
That I may tell him what we haue to doo.

Val. Then come my Lord and I will bring you to him straight.

Aur. Agreed, then lets go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SANDER *and his* MISTRES.

San. Come Mistris.

Kate. Sander I prethe helpe me to some meate,
I am so faint that I can scarsely stande.

San. I marry mistris but you know my maister
Has giuen me a charge that you must eate nothing,
But that which he himselfe giueth you.

Kate. Why man thy Maister needs never know it.

San. You say true indede: why looke you Mistris,
What say you to a peese of beeffe and mustard now?

Kate. Why I say tis excellent meate, canst thou helpe me to some?

San. I, I could helpe you to some but that

[1] *Doth.* Edition 1607.

I doubt the mustard is too colerick for you,
But what say you to a sheepes head and garlick?
Kate. Why any thing, I care not what it be.
San. I but the garlike I doubt will make your breath stincke,
And then my maister will course me for letting
You eate it: But what say you to a fat Capon?
Kate. That's meate for a King sweet Sander helpe
Me to some of it.
San. Nay ber lady then tis too deere for vs, we must
Not meddle with the Kings meate.
Kate. Out villaine dost thou mocke me,
Take that for thy sawsinesse. [*She beates him.*
San. Sounes are you so light fingerd with a murrin,
Ile keepe you fasting for it this[1] two daies.
Kate. I tell thee villaine Ile tear the flesh of
Thy face and eate it and thou prates[2] to me thus.
San. Here comes my Maister now hele course you.

Enter FERANDO *with a peece of mete vppon his daggers*[3] *point and* POLIDOR *with him.*

Fer. Se here Kate I haue prouided meate for thee
Here take it what ist not worthie thankes,
Goe sirra? take it awaie againe you shal be
Thankefull for the next you haue.
Kate. Why I thanke you for it.
Fer. Nay now tis not worth a pin go sirray and take it hence I say.
San. Yes sir Ile Carrie it hence: Maister let her
Haue none for she can fight as hungrie as she is.
Pol. I pray you sir let it stand, for Ile eate
Some with her my selfe.

[1] *These.* Edition 1607. [2] *Prate.* Edition 1607.
[3] *Dagger.* Edition 1607.

Fer. Well sirra set it downe againe.
Kate. Nay nay I pray you let him take it hence,
And keepe it for your owne diete for Ile none,
Ile nere be beholding to you for your Meate,
I tell thee flatlie here vnto the thy teethe
Thou shalt not keepe me nor feede me as thou list,
For I will home againe vnto my fathers house ;
Fer. I, when you'r meeke and gentell but not
Before, I know your stomack is not yet come downe,
Therefore no maruell thou canste not eate,
And I will goe vnto your fathers house ;
Come Polidor let vs goe in againe,
And Kate come in with vs I know ere longe
That thou and I shall louingly agree. [*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter AURELIUS VALERIA *and* PHYLOTUS *the Marchant.*

Aur. Now Senior Phylotus we will go
Vnto Alfonsos house, and be sure you say
As I did tell you concerning the man
That dwells in[1] Cestus, whose son I said I was
For you doo very much resemble him,
And feare not : you may be bold to speake your mind.
Phy. I warrant you sir take you no care,
Ile vse my selfe so cunning in the cause,
As you shall inioie your harts delight.
Aur. Thankes sweet Phylotus, then stay you here,
And I will go and fetch him hither straight.
Ho, Senior Alfonso a word with you.

Enter ALFONSO.

Alf. Whose there ? What Aurelius whats the matter
That you stand so like a stranger at the doore ?

[1] *At.* Edition 1607.

Aur. My father sir is newly come to towne,
And I haue brought him here to speake with you,
Concerning those[1] matters that I tolde you of,
And he can certifie you of the truth.
Alf. Is this your father? You are welcome sir.
Aur. Thankes Alfonso, for thats your name I gesse
I understand my son hath set his mind
And bent his liking to your daughters loue,
And for because he is my only son,
And I would gladly that he should doo well,
I tell you sir I not mislike his choise,
If you agree to giue him your consent,
He shall haue liuing to maintaine his state,[2]
Three hundred poundes a yeare I will assure
To him and to his heyres, and if they do ioyne,
And knit themselues in holy wedlock bande
A thousand massie ingots of pure gold
And twise as many bares of siluer plate,
I freely giue him and in writing straight,
I will confirme what I haue said in wordes.
Alf. Trust me I must commend your liberall mind,
And louing care you beare vnto your son,
And here I giue him freely my consent,
As for my daughter I thinke he knowes her mind,
And I will inlarge her dowrie for your sake.
And solemnise with ioie your nuptiall rites,
But is this gentleman of Cestus too?
Aur. He is the Duke of Cestus thrise renowned son,
Who for the loue his honour beares to me
Hath thus accompanied me to this place.
Alf. You weare to blame you told me not before,
Pardon me my Lord, for if I had knowne
Your honour had bin here in place with me
I would haue donne my dutie to your honour.
Val. Thankes good Alfonso: but I did come to see

[1] *These.* Edition 1607. [2] *Estate.* Edition 1607.

When as[1] these marriage rites should be performed,
And if in these nuptialls you vouchsafe
To honour thus the prince of Cestus frend,
In celebration of his spousall rites
He shall remaine a lasting friend to you,
What saies Aurelius father.

Phil. I humbly thanke your honour good my Lord,
And ere we parte before your honor here
Shall articles of such content be drawne,
As twixt our houses and posterities,
Eternallie this league of peace shall last,
Inuiolat and pure on either part:

Alf. With all my heart, and if your honour please,
To walke along with vs unto my house,
We will confirme these leagues of lasting loue.

Val. Come then Aurelius I will go with you.

[*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter FERANDO *and* KATE *and* SANDER.

San. Master the haberdasher has brought my Mistresse home hir cappe here.

Fer. Come hither sirra: what haue you there?

Hab. A veluet cappe sir and it please you.

Fer. Who spoake for it? didst thou Kate?

Kate. What if I did, come hither sirra, giue me The cap, Ile see if it will fit me.

[*She sets it one hir head.*

Fer. O monstrous, why it becomes thee not,
Let me see it Kate: here sirra take it hence
This cappe is out of fashion quite.

Kate. The fashion is good inough: belike you Meane to make a foole of me.

Fer. Why true he means to make a foole of thee
To haue thee put on such a curtald cappe,
Sirra begone with it.

[1] *As* is omitted in Edition 1607.

Enter the TAYLOR *with a gowne.*

San. Here is the Taylor too with my Mistris gowne.
Fer. Let me see it Taylor: what with cuts and iagges.
Sounes you [1] villaine, thou hast spoiled the gowne
Tay. Why sir I made it as your man gaue me direction.
You may reade the note here.
Fer. Come hither sirra Taylor reade the note.
Tay. Item. a faire round compast cape.
San. I thats true.
Tay. And a large truncke sleeue.
San. Thats a lie maister. I sayd two truncke sleeues.
Fer. Well sir goe forward.
Tay. Item a loose bodied gowne.
San. Maister if euer I sayd loose bodies gowne,
Sew me in a seame and beate me to eeath,
With [2] bottome of browne thred.
Tay. I made it as the note bad me.
San. I say the note lies in his throute and thou too
And thou sayst it.
Tay. Nay nay nere be so hot sirra, for I feare you not.
San. Doost thou heare Taylor, thou hast braued
Many men: braue not me.
Thou'st faste many men.
Tay. Well sir.
San. Face not me Ile neither be faste nor braued.
At thy handes I can tell thee.
Kate. Come come I like the fashion of it well enough,
Heres more a do then needs Ile haue it, I
And if you do not like it hide your eies,
I thinke I shall haue nothing by your will.

[1] *Thou.* Edition 1607.
[2] *With a bottome.* Editions 1596 and 1607.

Fer. Go I say and take it vp for your maisters vse.
San. Souns villaine not for thy life touch it not,
Souns take vp my mistris gowne to his
Maisters vse?
Fer. Well sir whats your conceit of it.
San. I haue a deeper conceite in it then you thinke for, take vp my mistris gowne
To his maisters vse?
Fer. Tailor come hether; for this time take it
Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.
Tay. I thanke you sir. [*Exit* TAYLOR.
Fer. Come Kate we now will go see thy fathers house
Euen in these honest meane abilliments,
Our purses shall be rich our garments plaine,
To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage,
And thats inough, what should we care for more
Thy sisters Kate to morrow must be wed,
And I haue promised them thou shouldst be there
The morning is well vp lets hast away,
It will be nine a clocke ere we come there.
Kate. Nine a clock, why tis allreadie past two
In the after noone by all the clocks in the towne.
Fer. I say tis but nine a clock in the morning.
Kate. I say tis two a clocke in the after noone.
Fer. It shall be nine then ere we[1] go to your fathers,
Come back againe we will not go to day.
Nothing but crossing of[2] me still,
Ile haue you say as I doo ere you[3] go. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter POLIDOR, EMELIA, AURELIUS *and* PHILEMA.

Pol. Faire Emelia sommers sun bright[4] Queene,

[1] *You.* Edition 1607.
[2] *Of* omitted. Edition 1607.
[3] *I.* Edition 1607.
[4] *Bright sun* in editions 1596 and 1607.

Brighter of hew then is the burning clime,
Where Phœbus in his bright equator sits,
Creating gold and pressious minerals
What would Emelia doo? if I were forst
To leaue faire Athens and to range the world.
Eme. Should thou assay to scale the seate of Ioue,
Mounting the suttle ayrie regions
Or be snacht up as erste was Ganimed
Loue should giue winges vnto my swift desires
And prune my thoughts that I would follow thee,
Or fall and perish as did Icarus.
Aur. Sweetly resolued faire Emelia,
But would Philema say as much to me
If I should aske a question now of thee
What if the Duke of Cestus only son
Which came with me vnto your fathers house,
Should seek to get Phylemas loue from me,
And make thee Duches of that stately towne
Wouldst thou not then forsake me for his loue?
Phyl. Not for great Neptune, no nor Ioue himselfe,
Will Phylema leaue Aurelius loue,
Could he install me Empres of the world,
Or make me Queene and guidres of the heauens
Yet would I not exchange thy[1] loue for his,
Thy company is poore Philemas heauen,
And without thee heauen were hell to me.
Eme. And should my loue as erste did Hercules
Attempt to passe[2] the burning valtes of hell,
I would with piteous lookes and pleasing wordes
As once did Orpheus with his harmony,
And rauishing sound of his melodious harpe,
Intreate grim Pluto and of him obtaine,
That thou mightest go and safe retourne againe.
Phyl. And should my loue as earst Leander did,

[1] *My.* Editions 1596 and 1607.
[2] *To passe* omitted in edition 1607.

Attempt to swimme the boyling helispont
For Heros loue : no towers of brasse should hold
But I would follow thee through those raging flouds
With lockes disheuered and my brest all bare
With bended knees vpon Abidas shoore,
I would with smokie sighes and brinish teares,
Importune Neptune and the watry Gods
To send a guard of silver scaled Dolphyns
With sounding Tritons to be our conuoy.
And to transport vs safe vnto the shore,
Whilst I would hang about thy louely necke,
Redoubling kisse on kisse vpon thy cheekes,
And with our pastime still the swelling waues.

Æme. Should Polidor as great[1] Achilles did,
Onely imploy himselfe to follow armes,
Like to the warlike Amazonian Queene
Pentheselea Hectors paramore,
Who foyld the bloudie Pirrhus murderous greeke,
Ile thrust myselfe amongst the thickest throngs,
And with my utmost force assist my loue.

Phyl. Let Eole storme : be mild and quiet thou,
Let Neptune swell, be Aurelius calme and pleased,
I care not I, betide what may betide,
Let fates and fortune doo the worst they can
I recke them not : they not discord with me,
Whilst that my loue and I do well agree.

Aur. Sweet Phylema bewties mynerall,
From whence the sun exhales his glorious shine,
And clad the heauen in thy reflected raies
And now my liefest loue the time drawes nie,
That Himen mounted in his saffron robe,
Must with his torches waight vpon thy traine,
As Hellens brothers on the horned Moone,
Now Iuno to thy number shall I adde,
The fairest bride that euer Marchant had.

[1] *Great* omitted. Edition 1607.

Pol. Come faire Emelia the preeste is gon,
And at the church your father and the reste
Do stay to see our marriage rites performde,
And knit in sight of heauen this Gordian knot,
That teeth of fretting time may nere untwist,
Then come faire loue and gratulate with me
This daies content and sweet solemnity.
[*Ex. Omnes.*

Sli. Sim must they be married now?
Lord. I my Lord.

Enter FERANDO *and* KATE *and* SANDER.

Sli. Looke Sim the foole is come again now.
Fer. Sirra go fetch our horsses forth and bring
Them to the backe gate presentlie.
San. I will sir I warrant you. [*Exit* SANDER.
Fer. Come Kate the Moone shines cleare to night
Methinkes.
Kate. The moone? why husband you are deceiued.
It is the sun.
Fer. Yet againe come backe againe it shall be
The moone ere we come at your fathers.
Kate. Why Ile say as you say it is the moone.
Fer. Iesus saue the glorious moone.
Kate. Iesus saue the glorious moone.
Fer. I am glad Kate your stomack is come downe.
I know it well thou knowest it is the sun,
But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
And crosse me now as thou hast donne before,
And trust me Kate hadst thou not named the moone,
We had gon back againe as sure as death,
But soft whose this thats comming here.

Enter the DUKE OF CESTUS *alone.*

Duke. Thus all alone from Cestus am I come,
And left my princelie courte and noble traine,
To come to Athens, and in this disguise,

To see what course my son Aurelius takes.
But stay, heres some it may be Trauells thether,
Good sir can you derect me the way to Athens?
[FERANDO *speakes to the olde man.*
Faire louely maide yoong and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautifull,
Then pretious Sardonix or purple rockes,
Of Amithests or glistering Hiasinthe,
More amiable farre then is the plain
Where glistring Cepherus in siluer boures,
Gaseth vpon the Giant Andromede,
Sweete Kate entertaine this louely woman.
Duke. I thinke the man is mad he calls me a woman.
Kate. Faire louely lady brighte and Christalline,
Bewteous and stately as the eie traind bird,
As glorious as the morning washt with dew,
Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
And golden sommer sleepes vpon thy cheekes,
Wrap[1] vp thy radiations in some cloud,
Least that thy bewty make this stately towne
Inhabitable like the burning Zone
With sweet reflections of thy louely face.
Duke. What is she mad to? or is my shape transformd,
That both of them perswade me I am a woman,
But they are mad sure, and therefore Ile begon,
And leaue their companies for feare of harme,
And vnto Athens hast to seeke my son. [*Exit* DUKE.
Fer. Why so Kate this was friendly done of thee,
And kindly too, why thus must we two liue,
One minde, one heart and one content for both,
This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
And glad he is[2] I am sure, that he is gonne,
But come sweet Kate for we will after him,
And now perswade him to his shape againe.
[*Ex. Omnes.*

[1] *Wrapt.* Editions 1596 and 1607. [2] *Is he.* Edition 1607.

Enter ALFONSO *and* PHILOTUS *and* VALERIA, POLIDOR, EMELIA, AURELIUS, *and* PHYLEMA.

Alf. Come louely sonnes your marriage rites performed,
Lets hie vs home to see what cheere we haue,
I wonder that Ferando and his wife
Comes[1] not to see this great solemnitie.
Pol. No maruell if Ferando be away,
His wife I think hath troubled so his wits,
That he remaines at home to keepe them warme,
For forward wedlocke as the prouerbe sayes,
Hath brought him to his night cappe long agoe.
Phi. But Polidor let my son and you take heede,
That Ferando say not ere long as much to you,
And now Alfonso more to shew my loue,
If vnto Cestus you do send your ships,
Myselfe will fraught them with Arabian silkes,
Rich affrick spices Arras counter poines[2]
Muske Cassia: sweet smelling Ambergreece,
Pearle, curroll,[3] christall, iett and iuorie,
To gratulate the fauors of my son,
And friendly loue that you haue shone to him.
Val. And for to honour him, and this[4] faire bride.

Enter the DUKE OF CESTUS.

Ile yerly send you from my[5] fathers courte,
Chests of refind suger seuerally,
Ten tunne of tunis wine, sucket sweet druges,
To celebrate and solemnise this day
And custome free your marchants shall conuerse[6]
And interchange the profits of your land,
Sending you gold for brasse, siluer for leade,

[1] *Come.* Editions 1596 and 1607.
[2] *Pointes.* Edition 1607.
[3] *Curtol.* Edition 1607.
[4] *His.* Edition 1607.
[5] *Your.* Edition 1607.
[6] *Commerce.* Edition 1607.

Casses of silke for packes of woll and cloth,
To binde this friendship and confirme this league.
Duke. I am glad sir that you would be so franke,
Are you become the Duke of Cestus son,
And reuels with my treasure in the towne,
Base villaine that thus dishonorest me.
Val. Sounes it is the Duke what shall I doo
Dishonour thee why, knowst thou what thou saist?
Duke. Her's no villaine: he will not know me now.
But what say you? have you forgot me too?
Phy. Why sir are you acquainted with my son?
Duke. With thy son? No trust me if he be thine,
I pray you sir who am I?
Aur. Pardon me father: humblie on my knees,
I do intreate your grace to heare me speake.
Duke. Peace villaine: lay handes on them,
And send them to prison straight.
[PHYLOTUS *and* VALERIA *runnes away.*
[*Then* SLIE *speakes.*
Sli. I say wele haue no sending to prison.
Lord. My Lord this is but the play, theyre but in iest.
Sli. I tell thee Sim wele haue no sending
To prison thats flat: why Sim am not I Don Christo Vary?
Therefore I say they shall not go to prison.
Lord. No more they shall not my Lord,
They be run away.
Sli. Are they run away Sim? thats well,
Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.
Lord. Here my Lord.
[SLIE *drinkes and then falls asleepe.*
Duke. Ah trecherous boy that durst presume,
To wed thy selfe without thy fathers leaue,
I sweare by fayre Cintheas burning rayes
By Merops head and by seauen mouthed Nile
Had I but known ere thou hadst wedded her,

Were in my brest the worlds immortall soule,
This angrie sword should rip thy hatefull chest,
And hewd thee smaller then the Libian sandes,
Turne hence thy face oh cruell impious boy,
Alfonso I did not thinke you would presume
To mach your daughter with my princely house
And nere make me acquainted with the cause :
Alf. My Lord by heauens I sweare vnto your grace
I knew none other but Valeria your man,
Had bin the Duke of Cestus noble son,
Nor did my daughter I dare sweare for her.
Duke. That damned villaine that hath deluded me,
Whome I did send [1] guide vnto my son
Oh that my furious force could cleaue the earth,
That I might muster band of hellish feendes,
To rack his heart and tear his impious soule.
The ceaselesse turning of celestiall orbes,
Kindles not greater flames in flitting aire,
Then passionate anguish of my raging brest.
Aur. Then let my death sweet father end your griefe
For I it is that thus haue wrought your woes,
Then be reuengd on me for here I sware,
That they are innocent of what I did,
Oh had I charge to cut of Hydraes hed
To make the toplesse Alpes a champion [2] field
To kill vntamed monsters with my sword,
To trauell dayly in the hottest sun
And watch in winter when the nightes be colde,
I would with gladnesse vndertake them all
And thinke the paine but pleasure that I felt,
So that my noble father at my returne,
Would but forget and pardon my offence.
Phil. Let me intreat your grace vpon my knees,

[1] *For guide.* Editions 1596 and 1607.
[2] *Champaine.* Edition 1607.

To pardon him and let my death discharge
The heauy wrath your grace hath vowd gainst him.
Pol. And good my Lord let vs intreat your grace
To purge your stomack of this Melancholy,
Taynt not your princely minde with griefe my Lord
But pardon and forgiue these louers faults,
That kneeling craue your gratious fauor here.
Eme. Great prince of Cestus, let a womans wordes
Intreat a pardon in your lordly brest,
Both for your princely son, and vs my Lord.
Duke. Aurelius stand vp I pardon thee,
I see that vertue will haue enemies,
And fortune will be thwarting honour still,
And you faire virgin too I am content,
To accept you for my daughter since tis don,
And see you princely vsde in Cestus courte.
Phyl. Thanks good my Lord and I no longer liue
Then I obey and honour you in all.
Alf. Let me giue thankes vnto your royall grace,
For this great honour don to me and mine,
And if your grace will walke vnto my house
I will in humblest maner I can, show
The eternal seruice I doo owe your grace.
Duke. Thanks good Alfonso, but I came alone,
And not as did beseeme the Cestian Duke,
Nor would I haue it knowne within the towne,
That I was here and thus without my traine,
But as I came alone so will I go,
And leaue my son to solemnise his feast.
And ere't belong Ile come againe to you,
And do him honour as beseemes the son
Of mighty Ierobell the Cestian Duke,
Till when Ile leaue you, Farwell Aurelius.
Aur. Not yet my Lord, Ile bring you to your ship.
[*Exeunt Omnes.* SLIE *sleepes.*
Lord. Whose within there? come hither sirs my Lords

Asleepe againe: go take him easily vp,
And put him in his one[1] apparel againe,
And lay him in the place where we did find him,
Iust vnderneath the alehouse side below,
But see you wake him not in any case.
Boy. It shall be don my Lorde come helpe to beare him hence. [*Exit.*

Enter FERANDO, AURELIUS *and* POLIDOR *and his Boy and* VALERIA *and* SANDER.

Fer. Come gentlemen now that suppers donne
How shall we spend the time till we go to bed!
Aur. Faith if you will in triall of our wiues,
Who will come sownest at their husband's call.
Pol. Nay then Ferando he must needes sit out,
For he may call I thinke till he be weary,
Before his wife will come before she list.
Fer. Tis well for you that haue such gentle wiues
Yet in this triall will I not sit out,
It may be Kate will come as soone as yours.[2]
Aur. My wife comes soonest for a hundred pound.
Pol. I take it. Ile lay as much to youres,
That my wife comes as soone as I do send.
Aur. How now Ferando you dare not lay belike.
Fer. Why true I dare not lay indeede;
But how so little mony on so sure a thing,
A hundred pound: why I haue layd as much
Vpon my dogge, in running at a Deere,
She shall not come so farre for such a trifle,
But will you lay five hundred markes with me,
And whose wife soonest comes when he doth call,
And shewes her selfe most louing vnto him,
Let him inioye the wager I haue laid,
Now what say you? dare you aduenture thus?

[1] *Own.* Editions 1596 and 1607.
[2] *As soone as I do send.* Edition 1607.

Pol. I weare it a thousand pounds I durst presume
On my wiues loue : and I will lay with thee.

Enter ALFONSO.

Alf. How now sons what in conference so hard,
May I without offence, know whereabouts.
Aur. Faith father a waighty cause about our wiues
Fiue hundred markes already we haue layd,
And he whose wife doth shew most loue to him,
He must inioie the wager to himselfe.
Alf. Why then Ferando he is sure to lose,[1]
I promise thee son thy wife will hardly come,
And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.
Fer. Tush father were it ten times more,
I durst aduenture on my louely Kate,
But if I lose Ile pay, and so shall you.
Aur. Vpon mine honour if I loose Ile pay.
Pol. And so will I vpon my faith I vow.
Fer. Then sit we downe and let vs send for them.
Alf. I promise thee Ferando I am afraid thou wilt lose.
Aur. Ile send for my wife first, Valeria
Go bid your Mistris come to me.
Val. I will my Lord. [*Exit* VALERIA.
Aur. Now for my hundred pound.
Would any lay ten hundred more with me,
I know I should obtaine it by her loue.
Fer. I pray God you haue not laid too much already.
Aur. Trust me Ferando I am sure you haue,
For you I dare presume haue lost it all.

Enter VALERIA *againe.*

Now sirra what saies your mistris?
Val. She is something busie but shele come anon.

[1] *Lose it.* Edition 1607.

Fer. Why so, did I not tell you this before,
She is[1] busie and cannot come.
Aur. I pray God your wife send you so good an answere.
She may be busie yet she sayes shele come.
Fer. Well well: Polidor send you for your wife.
Pol. Agreed: Boy desire your mistris to come hither.
Boy. I will sir. [*Ex.* Boy.
Fer. I so so he desiers her to come.
Alf. Polidor I dare presume for thee,
I thinke thy wife will not deny to come,
And I do maruell much Aurelius,
That your wife came not when you sent for her.

Enter the Boy *againe.*

Pol. Now wheres your Mistris?
Boy. She bad me tell you that she will not come
And you haue any businesse you must come to her.
Fer. Oh monstrous intollerable presumption,
Worse then a blasing starre, or snow at midsommer,
Earthquakes or any thing vnseasonable,
She wil not come: but he must come to her.
Pol. Well sir I pray lets here what
Answere your wife will make.
Fer. Sirra command your Mistris to come
To me presentlie. [*Exit* Sander.
Aur. I thinke my wife for all she did not come,
Will proue most kinde for now I haue no feare,
For I am sure Ferandos wife she will not come.
Fer. The mores the pittie: then I must lose.

Enter Kate *and* Sander.

For I haue won for see where Kate doth come.
Kate. Sweet husband did you send for me?

[1] *Was busie.* Edition 1607.

For. I did my loue I sent for thee to come,
Come hither Kate, whats that vpon thy head,
Kate. Nothing husband but my cap I thinke.
Fer. Pull it of and treade it vnder thy feete,
Tis foolish I will not haue thee weare it.
[*She takes of her cap and treads on it.*
Pol. Oh wounderfull metamorphosis.
Aur. This is a wonder almost past beleefe.
Fer. This is a token of her true loue to me,
And yet Ile trie her further you shall see,
Come hither Kate where are thy sisters.
Kate. They be sitting in the bridall chamber.
Fer. Fetch them hither and if they will not come,
Bring them perforce and make them come with thee.
Kate. I will.
Alf. I promise thee Ferando I would haue sworne
Thy wife would nere haue donne so much for thee.
Fer. But you shall see she will do more then this
For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

Enter KATE *thrusting* PHYLEMA *and* EMELIA *before her, and makes them come vnto their husbands call.*

Kate. See husband I haue brought them both.
Fer. Tis well don Kate.
Eme. I sure and like a louing peece your worthy
To haue great praise for this attempt.
Phyl. I for making a foole of her selfe and vs.
Aur. Beshrew thee Phylema, thou hast
Lost me a hundred pound to night,
For I did lay that thou wouldst first have come.
Pol. But thou Emelia hast lost me a great deale more.
Eme. You might haue kept it better then,
Who bad you lay?
Fer. Now louely Kate before there husbands here,
I prethe tell unto these hedstrong women
What dutie wiues doo owe vnto their husbands.

Kate. Then you that liue thus by your pompered[1] wills
Now list to me and marke what I shall say
The'ternall power that with his only breath,
Shall cause this end and this beginning frame,
Not in time, nor before time, but with time, confusd,
For all the course of yeares, of ages, moneths,
Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,
Are tund and stopt, by measure of his hand,
The first world was a forme without a forme,
A heape confusd a mixture all deformd,
A gulfe of gulfes, a body bodiles,
Where all the elements were orderles,
Before the great commander of the world
The King of Kings the glorious God of heauen,
Who in six daies did frame his heauenly worke
And made all things to stand in perfit course,
Then to his image he did make a man.
Olde Adam and from his side asleepe,
A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make,
The woe of man so termd by Adam then,
Woman for that, by her came sinne to vs,
And for her sin was Adam doomd to die,
As Sara to her husband so should we
Obey them, loue them, keepe, and nourish them
If they by any meanes doo want our helpes,
Laying our handes vnder theire feete to tread,
If that by that we, might procure there ease,
And for a president Ile first begin
And lay my hand under my husbands feete.
[*She laies her hand vnder her husbands feete.*
Fer. Inough sweet, the wager thou hast won,
And they I am sure cannot denie the same.
Alf. I Ferando the wager thou hast won,
And for to shew thee how I am pleasd in this,

[1] *Pampered.* Editions 1596 and 1607.

A hundred poundes I freely giue thee more,
Another dowry for another daughter,
For she is not the same she was before.
Fer. Thankes sweet father, gentlemen godnight
For Kate and I will leaue you for to night,
Tis Kate and I am wed, and you are sped.
And so farewell for we will to our beds.
[*Exit* FERANDO *and* KATE *and* SANDER.
Alf. Now Aurelius what say you to this?
Aur. Beleeue me father I reioice to see
Ferando and his wife so louingly agree.
[*Exit* AURELIUS *and* PHYLEMA *and* ALFONSO *and* VALERIA.
Eme. How now Polidor in a dump, what sayst thou man?
Pol. I say thou art a shrew.
Eme. Thats better then a sheepe.
Pol. Well since tis don let it go, come lets in.[1]
[*Exit*[2] POLIDOR *and* EMELIA.

[*Then enter two bearing of* SLIE *in his Owne apparrell againe and leaues him Where they found him, and then goes out. Then enter the Tapster.*

Tap. Now that the darkesome night is ouerpast,
And dawning day appeares in chrystall sky,
Now must I hast abroad: but soft whose this?
What Slie oh wondrous hath he laine here alnight,
Ile wake him, I thinke he's starued by this,
But that his belly was so stuft with ale,
What how[3] Slie, Awake for shame.

[1] In edition 1607 the whole line is thus:—
"Well since tis done come lets goe."

[2] *Exeunt.* Edition 1607.

[3] *Now.* Editions 1596 and 1607.

Sli. Sim gis some more wine, whats [1] all the
Plaiers gon : am not I a Lord?
Tap. A lord with a murrin : come art thou dronken still?
Sli. Whose this? Tapster, oh Lord sirra, I haue had
The brauest dreame to night, that euer thou
Hardest in all thy life.
Tap. I [2] marry but you had best get you home,
For your wife will course you for dreaming here to-night.
Sli. Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt vpon it all this night till now,
And thou hast wakt me me out of the best dreame
That euer I had in my life, but Ile to my
Wife presently and tame her too.
And [3] if she anger me.
Tap. Nay tarry Slie for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

[1] *What.* Edition 1607.
[2] *Yea.* Edition 1607.
[3] *And* is omitted in edition 1607.

THE END.

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